

September 15, 1965

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 15, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 16

CONTENTS

Regular Features

Social	12, 13
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell	17
TV Parade	19
Beautiful Australia	35
Stars	70
Teenagers' Weekly	71-74
Mandrake, Crossword	75

Fashion

Paris Fashions to Make for Spring	30, 31
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	33
Fashion Frocks	36
Needlework Notions	60
Butterick Patterns	75

Special Features

The Royal Servants	21, 23
How I Learnt to Keep House	53, 55
HOW TO COOK CHINESE	Centre lift-out

Fiction

The Incident at Versailles, Margaret Cousins	24, 25
The Thirtieth Birthday of Clara Hawkins, Lynne Reid Banks	27
Mink and Spaghetti, Nelle Parriah	37
Myra, Will Stanton	41

Family Affairs

Prize Recipe, Home Hints	39
Transfer	44
Gardening: Chrysanthemums	47, 49
At Home with Margaret Sydney	63
Home Plan	65
Collectors' Corner	67

WORTH REPORTING

MOST old photographs are dismaying to the people pictured in them. But this one (below) would bring a joyful smile to the impassioned gypsies.

Can you guess who they are? It's the film "Golden Earrings" and the year 1946.

Can't guess? The answer is Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich, all got up in rich brown make-up.

Marlene was then 42, just before her post-war career got under way. For Marlene today, see Betty Best's story which begins on the opposite page.

FOR women who succumb to the temptation of sitting astride chairs, folded arms resting on the back, here's news — a chair designed for sitting this way.

Danish architect Hans Olsen, of Copenhagen, designed the "reading chair," which has an upholstered seat and wide armrests atop the chair back. A shelf is hinged to the back, and comes up to form a book-rest.

Four chairs can be grouped round a specially designed table-top for a card game.

The whole unit won a medal at the Exhibition of International Design in New York as "the best item of functional furniture displayed in the U.S." for the year.

OUR COVER

● Almost-one-year-old Kim Dall makes friends with a tame finch belonging to a friend, Rex Newton — who has even taught the bird to stand on its head. Kim is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Dall, of Cheltenham, Vic. The picture was taken by Frank Park, also of Cheltenham.

IF "there's a place for everything, and everything in its place," then chewing gum must have its place, too. But NOT in the mouths of wading toddlers and swimming youngsters at pools and beaches.

The American Women's Medical News Service cautions that a sudden gasp can lodge the gum so deep in the larynx that a rescuer couldn't reach it, even if he knew it was there.

Lofty fashions

OUR reporter was the shortest woman in the crowd at a recent Sydney fashion show arranged by and for the Tall Women's Association.

Members, who are all at least 5ft. 7in. tall, watched a parade of ready-to-wear day dresses modelled by four "tall women" members.

Mrs. Marie Irvine, the association's president, compered the parade, bending down to speak into the too-short microphone.

At 5ft. 10in., she is far from the tallest member (about 6ft. 2in.), but half-way through the show she slipped out of her high heels.

"I think I'll take my shoes off, if you don't mind," she said. "I'm getting a kink in my neck from bending down."

The parade was organised to show members that more off-the-peg clothes in their sizes are being made and to encourage them to try to find dresses in the shops.

"I asked the manager in one Sydney store's dress department why there were no tall sizes," Mrs. Irvine said, "and he answered that they rarely had any tall women shopping there."

"I told him, 'Yes. For the very good reason that they know you have nothing to fit them.'"

Rock-climb in Tokyo

MOUNTAINEERS in Tokyo are scaling a 65ft.-high rock — at 5/- an hour.

The rock's chief advantage is its locality. It rises out of the bustling entertainment and shopping district of Shibuya on the facade of a building!

When the makers of mountain-climbing equipment had a new building constructed they had the front facade, from the second floor to the roof of the sixth floor, made of concrete to resemble a mountain rock.

Known simply as the "Tokyo Rock," it is 32ft. 7in. wide. In addition to a few channel-like "chimneys" and overhangs, 130 hakens (spikes used in mountaineering) have been fastened to its face.

The "Tokyo Rock" was designed under the supervision of leading rock-climbing experts. They wisely included a safety net.



● Can you guess who they are? See the item above the picture.

Family interest

THE relationship of home economists to current scientific trends in their professional field is being discussed this week in Armadale, Vic., at the first conference of the Home Economics Association of Australia.

Addresses on foods and nutrition, housing and family living, textiles and clothing, and education are being delivered by experts drawn from Commonwealth Government departments, the re-

search divisions of manufacturing firms, and the staff of the Home Economics and Foods Departments at Lar-nook Teachers' College, where the conference is being held.

Inaugural address speaker Dr. Elizabeth Gregory is Professor Emeritus of Home Science at the University of Otago, N.Z. Another overseas lecturer is Dr. Marie Dye, Professor Emeritus of Home Economics, Michigan State University, U.S.A.

One result of the four-day conference is expected to be the formation of an Australia-wide Home Economics Association, with planned tri-annual conventions.



● Rock — for climbing — on a Tokyo building.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1965



Magic Marlene



Excitement generated by Marlene Dietrich is evident in these pictures of her with theatre crowds in London last month.

She loves red geraniums, mends that transparent diamond-studded chiffon dress... an exclusive interview with the glamor queen who visits Australia soon

It had been a month since I'd seen her. A month since she'd held out a delicate, tiny hand and agreed to the idea of a private interview with a brief, "Yes, yes, call me at Claridges" — and sounded as if she meant it.

But I'd made at least ten telephone calls every day since then, from Brighton to Birmingham and back to London, without ever once getting through to that inimitable, halting voice.

A month of pleading with agents and publicity officers, all of whom sounded terrified at the very thought that I should claim a whole hour of Miss Dietrich's time to myself.

By then my mental picture of her was becoming a little unsure. Perhaps that brief meeting among a horde of people in the excitement of a first arrival had been misleading.

Perhaps the apparent ease and friendliness of the magic Marlene was just an effect, switched on like her magnificent stage personality, for an audience which expected it.

Police cordons

In between times I'd heard of the packed schedule of a tour which stopped in each city for only a week, which included intense rehearsals with each orchestra, with her arranger Bert Bacharach (who flew from the U.S.A. specially), an entire one-woman radio play for the BBC somehow jammed into the London week; of fantastic hold-ups every night after each show while fans besieged the stage doors so that Dietrich could not emerge without special police cordons.

Perhaps I was hoping for too much. Then I got word that she was fed up with English reporters asking about nothing but her age, her looks, her clothes, and that most forbidden of all subjects, her

family—about whom she will never speak.

All the signs were against my ever getting to see her at all. Yet, throughout I had a curious belief that it would come off—because of the geranium.

Miss Dietrich had, that first night, told an endearing story:

"I've just made a new LP. The songs of old Berlin as I remember them as a child. They are beautiful songs, real songs of the people. And because they always meant so much to me, I wanted to do everything about this record myself. Even to designing the cover. Me, I'm not an artist. But I had my ideas. I always see Berlin as a grey city—grey walls, streets, everything."

"So I got paints and

cotta pot sitting on the wash-basin in the corner.

Beside it on the wall was a symbol of that very private side of Dietrich's life she seldom mentions, a large framed and inscribed portrait of Ernest Hemingway, wearing a polo-necked sweater and looking young and adventurous.

On a previous occasion I had once managed to get her to touch on her great friendship with this man who wrote of her: "I think she knows more about love than anyone. I know that every time I have seen Marlene Dietrich she has done something to my heart and made me happy."

It was when she was railing against the agonies of work on tour:

"It is not the performances I mind. They are fine. Once

least all last year since she first appeared at the Edinburgh Festival.

It was there she said she had the greatest surprise of her life as far as a doting audience was concerned. In the cool dark after midnight the entire audience had lined up outside the stage door, not only to cheer but to walk her all the way home to her hotel.

Directions

I had just time to glance around the dressing-room and to notice the gossamer-fine, flesh-tinted chiffon gown embroidered with diamonds lying under a fresh white tissue on the chaise-longue when there was a flurry at the door and in came Marlene.

Behind her was Tony Chardet, H. M. Tennent's stage manager for the English tour. His face was a picture of intense concentration.

Miss Dietrich marched straight to her bag on the dressing table, extracted a handful of sealed envelopes with a christian name on each, in bold, determined handwriting, and handed them to him with quick, precise directions.

"Here are the lists. This one for Eileen, this for Tom. Oh, now I have one somewhere for Blezzard. Yes, here it is. Now everything is there tell them, everything. Someone should clean that room with all the flowers. It is a mess, yes?" She had him back out through the door.

I took a deep breath ready to begin, but Miss Dietrich had thought of something and was speaking to someone else through the door. For three more minutes her meticulous organising continued.

Then she was with me—but only just.

"Oh, there is so much to do,

"People ask me why I don't have six people travelling with me to do it. I say by the time I've explained how I want it I could have

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

made a beautiful grey pattern. Then, because I'm not an artist, I went to a stationer's and bought those letters children use to scratch with a pencil and that come out on paper.

"Then on the bar of the 'H' at the end of my name I put a lovely little pot of bright red geraniums. When I took it proudly to the publisher, he said, 'Why the geraniums there?' I tried to explain that it is the flag of the little people in grey cities everywhere. The big gesture of the bourgeois toward beauty. And I am a bourgeois and I love geraniums.

"But, of course, he couldn't understand. Never mind, I kept my geranium on the cover—just as I always keep one in my dressing-room wherever I go."

And sure enough, when finally, after many cancellations, I got to her dressing-room at Golder's Green Hippodrome on the outskirts of London, there it was. Not a grand florist's specimen, but a simple little scarlet single in a common terra-

I am in front of people I can recharge my batteries from them.

"It is the terrible chore of packing and unpacking. Of never having a minute to myself or a second for reading."

Then someone asked who was her favorite author and, suddenly, the whole face softened and glowed. She replied with the single word, "Hemingway."

She began to speak of the great respect and love she felt for him; her voice broke, she turned away with a final, "Life is not the same now he has gone."

Bag of heather

Beside his picture, which so dominated the little room at the Hippodrome, hung a pair of pink satin ballet point shoes and a bag of heather.

The first looked like a tribute from Russia, the second reminded me of her fondness for Scotland and her unashamed superstition.

Nearly half the heather blossoms had fallen from their sprigs, so I guessed she had carried it with her at



● In her car leaving the theatre in London besieged by fans. The pictures on this page were taken by David Magnus. Marlene (she will be 61 next December 27) is "re-charged" by audiences. She will appear in Sydney and Melbourne, October-November.



To page 4

finished doing it myself, and as I want it.

"It was different last year when my daughter was with me. She knows how it is done without discussion. Now I must do it myself."

Over on the wall-shelf sat a small pincushion in yellow velvet and a businesslike needlecase. Miss Dietrich picked them up, went to the chaise-longue and began to turn a sleeve of the famous Jean Louis gown inside out with infinite care.

"Can I help you?" I ventured.

"No, no, it is better for me to do it. The diamonds are set in metal. They catch the material. It is so delicate it tears."

She reversed the sleeve over a specially folded white napkin, settled herself on the couch, cut a small piece of spare chiffon and began to patch the sleeve.

Somehow there seemed nothing odd in the fact that this 20th-century goddess of glamor was settling down to a little home sewing job. She was completely at home with it and looked more than competent.

The voice went on without a glance in my direction: "Last night they threw hundreds of flowers on to the stage. I stooped down to pick some up and put my elbow through the sleeve. Look. That dress was not made for bending . . ."

The first smile I'd seen that day lit her lovely, sad face. "No, it is not," she added.

"Jean Louis is the best designer in the world. He is in Hollywood, you know. He has always made my stage costumes for me. It is not only the design, but also the workmanship."

"I shall go to Los Angeles for five days on my way to Australia for him to work on my gowns. I cannot get such craftsmanship anywhere else, not even in Paris."

"You see the metal settings? When we designed this dress we tried to make it with unset stones. It was flat under the lights—nothing. Set in metal there is a true jewelled effect."

Like a glittering second, skin

I remembered the time a year ago I had first seen that dress. The house lights went down, the orchestra blared forth with "Falling In Love Again," and into the spotlight at the side of the blackened stage stepped the glittering, golden figure.

From the diamond choker at the neck to the tips of her shoes and the end of her finely boned wrists, the gown clung like a second skin alive with flashing fire. The entire audience gasped. It was sheer magic, and the dress now being patched with loving care was part of that magic.

For a moment I wished the bravo-ing audiences could see her now.

Without looking up from her work she answered my questions about her first night in London on this trip. "Oh, it was fabulous. So many hundreds had waited outside the stage door I just

The golden head bent over her mending . . .

could not get to my car. They would not let me through. I tried for a quarter of an hour and even with two policemen helping it was hopeless.

"One of the policemen, a nice young man, said he would ring for reinforcements. He went to the public phone inside. After he had talked for a while I went in and asked him, 'Who are you calling?' 'Scotland Yard,' he said."

"I could not believe him. It sounded too much like a film."

"I said: 'But you don't call Scotland Yard for me. That's for big things,' and took the phone myself and asked, 'Who is it?'"

"Back came the answer, 'Scotland Yard.' Then they said 'We hear you're in trouble, we're sending all we can get!'"

"I laughed and thought they were mad until a little later a big shiny black van came up with 30 men in it!"

"Even then they had to form a cordon around the car when I was in it because people at the back always push the ones in front and I won't let my driver begin until they are safely away. It would be so easy to hurt someone."

"Oh, but the whole thing was unbelievable. Now the men come regularly every night or I can't get home."

The pure joy of this escapade was reflected in her eyes. They sparkled with pleasure like a child's. It was clearly one more tale she would treasure and tell again, and again like the Edinburgh walking home, or the Polish audiences who came from their villages to kneel at her hotel door.

"They brought me their cherished medals to show they knew I had been with them during the war. So many from concentration camps who knew I worked against the Nazis, who told me it had helped them to know that someone they respected was working for them outside."

"We still don't know how their underground movement got the messages through to them. But they knew and never forgot."

When she tells this her eyes fill with tears.

Her compassion for people in trouble is obvious—the greatest impetus in all the more serious songs she sings.

"Where Have All The Flowers Gone?" is a passionate plea for peace; "Shir Hatan," a ballad in Hebrew from Israel of the lonely, hungry child, a call for sanity and help for children everywhere.

Even "Lili Marlene," of which she says "it is not the song they cheer at the end. Their applause is for me as a person and what I did during the war. They all remember."

No doubt this is why her clothes, even the Chanel suits with their simple boxy jackets and pleated skirts, carry a little embroidered strip of scarlet over the left breast.

It is the Legion d'Honneur which she was awarded after her constant travels through the war zones of Europe when millions of Allied servicemen heard that husky, insinuating voice, and took heart.

I asked, "Do you believe that someone like yourself going between nations of Europe, here, and in Australia can help international understanding?"

It helps to cry, and to laugh

"Maybe not on the great scale we need now. But, yes, a little."

"When I went to Israel in 1960 there had been a ban on the German language ever since the war. Even in opera it could not be sung. I understood after all they had been through. But I said, 'I must try it or I lose a lot of songs from my program I'm not counting on losing. If they start hating it I stop.'"

"But when I sang German songs they wanted more and more. They let me sing in German because they knew my past history."

"Do you believe, then, that the job you do will help prevent war?"

Her face became even sadder, almost despairing.

"There'll always be war. There always has been, no? I can't say I really believe this helps. The people who hear and respond to my songs already agree with my philosophy of humanity."

"There is not a human being alive who wants war. I have never met one. But it's not the people who govern the world. Power always lies with people who have interests other than humanity. You can never get a message like this through to people who want money and power. They cannot hear."

"Then what do you want to give with your performance?"

"Emotion. Emotion. People want to be emotionally disturbed. To feel free to cry—and to laugh."

"I only want to go to the theatre to cry. The artistic things I remember, in books, in a theatre, are always the sad ones."

"Why?"

"I suppose it goes right back to the fairytales we heard when we were children. And all the greatness of Shakespeare, all that upheaval."

"Your performances to me are like an intimate dialogue with each member of the audience," I said.

Suddenly she was happy again. "Yes. You have

noticed that? Each performance is different, that is why. It is most intimate in countries where people have suffered; in Holland, for instance, where you may think people are not very emotional."

"Every time I sing in Amsterdam they cry, and I cry. Tears flow all the time. It is wonderful. Also in Russia and Poland—and, of course, Israel."

"You once said you were brought up to think very little about yourself. Isn't that hard for an actress?"

"On the contrary. This profession is like a continuation of that upbringing. Ours is the one profession where you can't go to the boss and say 'I have a headache or a fever' and he lets you go home."

"If an actress does not turn up to work they say she is drunk or something awful. That phrase 'The show must go on' may sound corny. But it is strictly true. We go on no matter how bad we feel."

"The theatre is a wonderful teacher. Whatever the profession demands you must obey. It is impossible to bring your private worries into the theatre and indulge them. You do the show and that's that."

"This is very Anglo-Saxon, isn't it? Look at the British people. They proved they could take so much. I admire this. They never take themselves too seriously."

"Well, that is how I was brought up."

"Is that how you brought up your own daughter, Maria?"

Just for a second she looked cross. I had gone out of bounds to mention a member of her family. Then she decided perhaps I was speaking more generally. She gave me one warning look not to pry further and then:

"I tried. But it is not easy in America. You cannot make a child a lone wolf. It is not fair, but I tried."

"Would it have been easier in Europe?"

"Tweak, tweak, and my hair is done"

"Perhaps. Of course, today I do not know how children are brought up in various countries. Certainly in America they think too much of themselves. Fortunately I did not have that trouble, so discipline was easy for me."

The mending was completed. She stood up and went carefully to put her needlecase in its place, then to the rather simple, uncluttered dressing-table.

Without apparent concentration she began to put on her eye make-up. There was a feeling in the air that I should go.



MARLENE DIETRICH on stage in the diamond-studded dress. "It wasn't made for bending," she said as she patched the sleeve.

"I'm told you take care of all your own grooming, hair and everything."

"Oh, yes. I always have. Now with my lovely little electric hair iron from Belgium it is easier."

"I used to wash my hair every day, set it, dry it, and only then be ready for the theatre. It took three hours. Now I come in, plug in the hair iron, and tweak, tweak, I am ready. Very bad for the hair, of course."

I looked at the healthy, sleek mop of gold and found it hard to believe. "But surely you're lucky. You have a strong constitution?"

She rushed to a wooden-backed chair and touched it for luck, giving me a look of "Don't tempt the fates."

"So far yes, thank God!"

"Are you religious?" I asked.

"Not really. I prefer people to ideas. In Birmingham just now they said to me, 'You must make time to see Coventry Cathedral.' I said I had not time, I was busy."

"At that moment I was sitting, as I did every night, with a young boy called Dennis, who worked the theatre lights."

"He has multiple sclerosis and is half paralysed, so each night I used to share

my champagne with him and we talked and talked."

"Come now," they said, 'you have time,' I said I would rather be with Dennis and I stayed."

"Actually today I am rather excited. You see, when I left Birmingham I told him he had to write to me and he said he couldn't with his bad hands. Today I sent him a nice typewriter and now he can go bang with one finger and write me."

"So you do make friends on tour?"

"I'm not good at making friends. Only keeping the few I have. Now I must go and dress."

As we shook hands and I wished her luck in Australia she suddenly looked terribly alone. "Will you be there when I am? I know no one at all in Australia."

I said no, but offered to give her the names of some friends she might like.

"Yes, please, tell them to come backstage and say they are friends of yours. I should like that." She smiled and shook hands.

"No, I won't ring them, they will come if they want to."

Two things became clear quite suddenly. Marlene Dietrich is often very alone and always rather shy.

Because she's touring with Peter, Paul, and Mary . . .



MARY, of Peter, Paul, and Mary, and her tour secretary, Laura Popper (above left), pre-medical student, both with long, straight hair. Right: Laura in a tweed poncho and skirt made in New York.



FRIENDS ALL ENVY LAURA

● "When people found out I was going around the world, they were excited. When they found out who I was going with, there were lynch mobs after my hide!"

SO said Laura Popper, a pre-medical student in New York, who got probably the best possible summer job during this year's U.S. university holidays—touring the world as secretary to Peter, Paul, and Mary.

"When people found out I was getting paid for it, they were absolutely destroyed," she added with a disarming grin.

Mary and Laura are New Yorkers whose mothers have been friends for years.

By chance, the two daughters didn't meet until nearly five years ago, but they have been friends ever since.

"Mary said, 'Come keep me company; you can work,'" Laura said. "Their new record 'See What Tomorrow Brings' is released in the States in September, and I have to write to 450 disc jockeys about it."

"I had already worked most of the summer vacation as an electro-cardiogram technician in a hospital. This came up very suddenly. Mary's that way. In a week and a half, I was preparing to go around the world."

"They didn't have to persuade me! The minute I knew, I ran to the library and got out all the books I could about the places I would visit."

"I have to see the Melbourne Botanical Gardens—they are supposed to be the most beautiful in the world."

Laura didn't expect to see kangaroos hopping up Sydney streets.

"I would have liked to have seen that, but I knew it wouldn't be so," she said.

At a Press reception during the group's first evening in Sydney, Laura said: "I could tell immediately I'd like Australians just from

the terrific salad I got for lunch."

Laura, 20, will be in her third year at the City College of New York when the term begins late this month. To be back in New York in

By
JUDE AINSWORTH

time, she will have to leave the group in Paris, before they begin their English appearances.

Laura's blonde hair is long and straight—like Mary's.

"People think that's why I wear it this way, but I've always worn it this way," she said. "We both have the same problem. You could put 50 perms in our hair and it wouldn't curl, it would bend."

"I would doubt if Mary knows how to set her hair—I don't. We both wash it three times a week (in sum-

mer I wash mine every day) and use a dryer comb."

Laura and Mary first met when their mothers arranged for Laura to step in as an emergency baby-sitter for Mary's daughter Erica.

"The new apartment was furnished with a bed, a kitchen table, and a TV—I was awed by the whole thing," Laura said.

When she arrived to "sit" again the next night, Mary had decided not to go out, so they sat over a cup of coffee and chatted—for five hours.

During the tour, Erica is being cared for by her nurse.

"I wouldn't want to take care of Erica," said Laura. "I'd have to be on my toes too much."

"She's at the stage now—she'll be six in November—when, if you're a girl, she might not even talk to you. If you're a man and you walk into the room, she'll love you."

Erica and her nurse are in California with Mary's husband, professional photographer Barry Feinstein.

"He's taking movies of a folk-rock group and will meet Mary in Paris," said Laura.

After years of sitting in on rehearsals ("They are perfectionists—it's hard to sit for two hours and listen to the same song"), Laura still plays the Peter, Paul, and Mary records "all the time."

She said, "I want you to know I'm very loyal. Whenever I go anywhere and they're on the juke-box, I play them."

With a serious look from under the dark-rimmed glasses she wears pushed up as a headband when she isn't using them, she said in a scholarly tone: "This is very unlike me. I'm not a fan type at all."

During the group's two-concert stay in Hawaii on the way to Australia, Laura said she learned one important thing: "You eat what you can, and you eat when you can eat."

"Dinner for them is at midnight after the show," she said.

"The first two nights I said, 'I don't want any din-

ner—I'm ready to go to bed."

"The third night I ate half my dinner, and last night I ate on a plane, something I could never do before."

"Peter eats the most—and he's the thinnest!"

Though Laura has heard the group perform all over the north-east U.S., including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Newport, she will go to all the tour concerts.

"I don't watch them all the time," she said. "I write postcards sometimes."

"It's not that I get bored because I've seen so many concerts. It's different when you know the performers. I can tell by their faces when something's gone wrong or been really beautiful. And I like to watch the reactions of audiences in different places."

"Before concerts Mary and Paul are very calm. Peter, though, I never saw anybody tune so much in my life."

"After seeing how hard they work and how much they travel, the fame, the money, and the kudos they get for it are nice to think about—but I'd rather be a doctor."

"I have no artistic talent, and whatever I do I'd like to do well—and be recognised for what I do."

Laura has even sung with the group, at the Newport Folk Festival this summer.

"Pete Seeger did the finale to one of the evening's concerts and called all performers up on the stage," she said. "Then he called up all the backstage people."

"I don't know how they do it. I got nervous just being there at the back of 50 people, where no one could see or hear me."

— Jenny Irvine

Daughter for Paul



PAUL (Stookey) and his wife, Elizabeth.

● "She's 9lb. 10oz. — or was two months ago when she was born. I think she's marvellous. No, she doesn't look like me. Maybe a bit like her mother."

THE tall man shrugged. "I don't know. She looks like a . . . baby."

Paul Stookey (the Paul of Peter, Paul, and Mary) was talking about his two-month-old daughter, Elizabeth.

"She's named after her mother, but we just call her 'Button'—she's as cute as a button."

"But in a few years when she's 5ft. 8in. tall (she will

be—I'm 6ft. 3in. and Elizabeth, my wife, is 5ft. 9in.) I guess we'll have to change that to Brette."

Paul, aged 28, has been married two years. He has known his wife since he was in high school.

"My best friend at high school was in love with her," he said, "but I never dated her when we were in school. I wasn't being noble. I guess

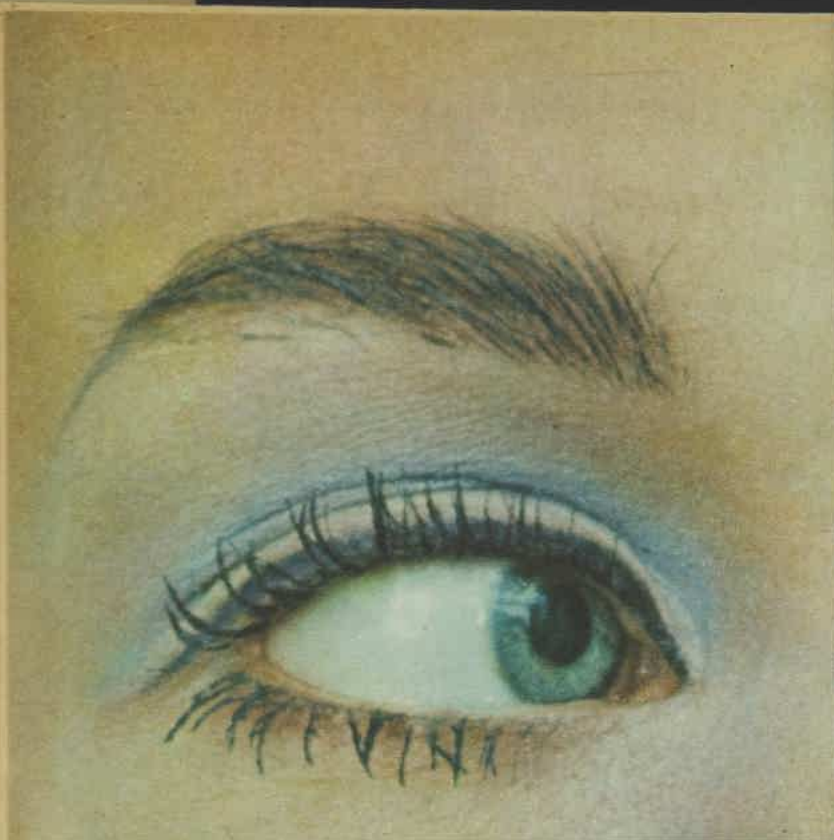
I was just too busy dating around with everyone."

"Then I didn't see Elizabeth for seven years. We met again a few years ago and decided to get married."

Recently Paul bought a water-softener factory in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village.

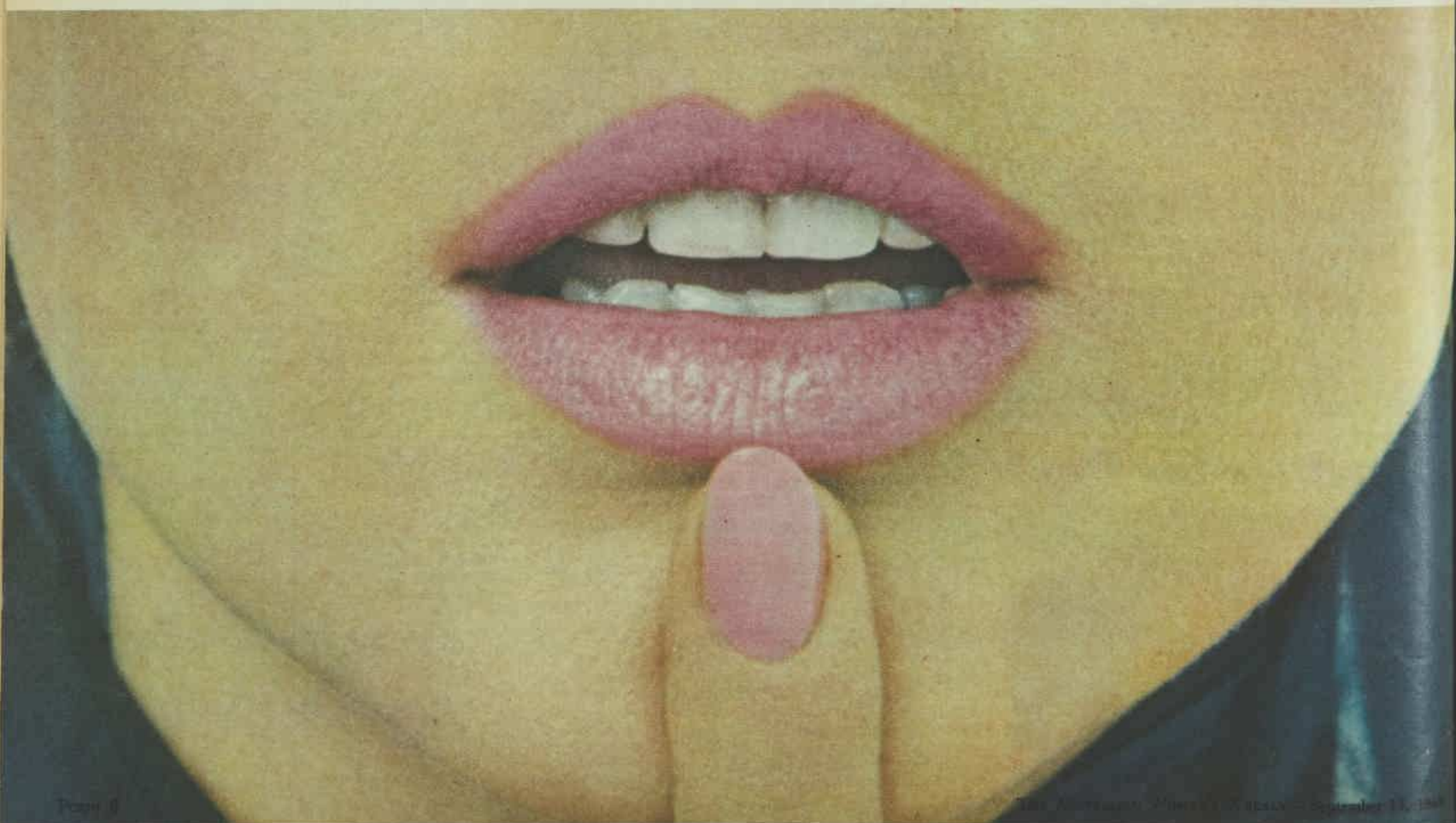
"We took the inside of it out, and converted it completely—it's our home," he said.

"It's fabulous and even has a secret passage behind the bookcase. You just press a button and there it is."



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Successful women discuss masculine prejudice

● "The best way to tackle prejudice," snapped the judge, "is to ignore it. Be good at your job and tell yourself you're good at it. As good as the next man."

THE voice crackled with authority, but the eyes were kind. Besides, I liked the judge's hairdo.

I was just deciding I could dare to disagree when an Australian woman lawyer did it for me.

"In this country," she said, "being as good as the next man isn't good enough. Not if you're a woman. You've got to be a whole lot better to stand any sort of a show."

"All right, then," shot back Judge Edra Ferguson, of Toronto, Canada, mother of two.

A chance

"Accept that and get on with it. The more women complain about sex prejudice, the more they draw attention to being women, rather than lawyers or doctors or what have you."

"Be confident. Be good at your job and you'll get there."

Judge Ferguson certainly was and had. I wondered how professional women fared in other countries, new and old, compared with Australia, and this party was a chance to find out.

The scene was Manning House, at the University of Sydney. The occasion was a dinner given by the Women Lawyers' Association of N.S.W. to visiting women delegates (and quite a few men) to the Third Commonwealth and Empire Law Conference, held in Sydney.

It was a very good party. For many, it was the first chance in a crowded week just to stand about and talk and get to know each other.

The dinner was smorgasbord-style. Guests lined up and served themselves, and most came back for more.

The talk sparkled and bubbled, and well it might. Some of the most distinguished women (and men, of course) in the world were present, but no one bothered about being distinguished.

For instance, there was a plump, smiling little lady in a sari. Within minutes of meeting, she proudly showed me a family picture, husband and self, son and wife, second son, only daughter.

While I admired, the little lady told me the big news and pushed us

just received from home: for the first time she'd become a grandmother!

That little lady's distinctions cover pages in any man's "Who's Who."

She was Mrs. Violet Alva, Deputy Chairman of the Senate of India, former Deputy Minister of Home Affairs, Professor of English, famous editor, magistrate, delegate to the United Nations, speaker of five languages, past president of the International Federation of Women Lawyers, and so on and on.

After exhausting the subject of first grandchildren, I asked her about women and professional prejudice.

I'd heard quite a bit about prejudice that very night, between courses.

There were Australian solicitors, for example, who just plain refused to brief a woman barrister, no matter who or how good she may be.

One Sydney woman barrister had told me that only a few weeks ago a male lawyer said to her, "You women have no place at all at the Bar, and I for one will see you're kept out."

Others had said that this attitude was extreme, and not universal in Australia.

One considered that, while the original breakthrough was very tough, once you had proved yourself, many men went out of their way to help you.

"Tough"

And another pointed out that the original breakthrough was tough for any young professional, male or female.

The fact remained that in a country which led most of the world, more than 60 years ago, in giving women the vote, there is still no Judge Ferguson, no Mrs. Alva, no equivalent of many other overseas women at the party.

Women in Australia, in fact, had made little impact on public and professional life, by contrast with countries where women have only recently emerged from purdah.

"Oh," said Mrs. Alva, dark eyes smiling, "in India there is no difference. There are women governors and ambassadors and judges and anything you wish to name."

"It was two men, Gandhi and Nehru, who pushed us

out of purdah because our country needed our services."

"You see, in the struggle for independence, there was no difference. Women, too, went to prison. We worked side by side, men and women."

"It was quite natural that when independence was won we should go on as full partners."

Her smile deepened. "My husband has been the main arbiter of my destiny."

"I was very shy. It was my husband who pushed me out into the law and politics. He is to blame for it all."

Was her husband, I wondered, never jealous of such spectacular success?

She laughed so hard and so infectiously that other delegates turned to look, breaking into smiles.

"Never," said Mrs. Alva. "An honor for me is an honor for him. He says, 'What does it matter, so long as it is an Alva!'"

She agreed that, for a married woman to succeed in the world outside the home, a generous and understanding husband was an absolute prerequisite.

"And harmony, perfect harmony, which we have," she added, and one only had to look at her to believe it.

I asked about the children. Didn't they ever feel neglected?

"They tell me they had a very full and happy childhood," said their mother, and having seen their pictures I believed that, too.

"Of course, in India it is customary for the young to look after the old and the old the young, and so my mother-in-law was with us for 20 years until she died."

"And the home was always my central place. I never cared for high society."

"No, the children never felt neglected. There was too much love."

I seized on that word "mother-in-law."

"No trouble there about your work outside the home?"

"But my mother-in-law

pushed me even harder than my husband," smiled Mrs. Alva. "She was very fond of me and very proud."

I heard about the quality of sharing, Alva-style. Husband and wife were the first married couple to enter Parliament together. They practised law together.

They also went to prison together, back in the days of struggle.

"We went to prison when my second son was only five months old," said Mrs. Alva calmly. "I had to take him with me."

"But that is long ago. Now we are a nation and our men have been so gracious as to ask us to sit with them in council and no door is closed to us."

By KAY KEAVNEY

Little, newly independent Sierra Leone has a long tradition of equality, male barrister Mr. C. L. Luke told me.

"The President of the Bar Association is a woman. There is a woman Cabinet Minister and Permanent Under-Secretary and so on, oh, many in positions of great responsibility."

"From long before independence, we made no difference between the sexes."

"The community was largely illiterate, so that the educated were accepted as leaders, regardless of sex."

"I should say the key was education rather than sex. Education and ability."

"We are a young nation which cannot afford to waste its human resources."

I produced all the problems which married women face in trying to combine marriage and a career.

"Of course, there are problems," said the man from Sierra Leone.

"It is so with us. But if the needs of a community create problems, the community must find solutions."

"It is, surely, so much a question of social attitudes."

HER HONOR Judge Edra Ferguson, of Canada (left), Mrs. Violet Alva, Deputy Chairman of the Senate of India (centre), and Miss Cecily Backhouse, president of the N.S.W. Women Lawyers' Association, were hosts at the party at Manning House, University of Sydney.

"Our women know their work has great value. They are respected, and thus they respect themselves."

He added very softly: "Also, we were for so long a subject race that we would not wish to subject anybody."

So much for the young countries. I referred the question to the Old Country, the very source of British justice and British law.

The former Miss Elizabeth Evatt, of the well-known legal Evatts, now Mrs. Southan, wife of an English lawyer and delegate, is a member of both the N.S.W. and the London Bar.

"In England, if you're good, that's good enough," said Mrs. Southan.

"Just a couple of weeks back there was the last big breakthrough when a woman judge was appointed to the High Court."

"I was the first barrister to appear before her," said Mr. Southan with a grin.

"I solved the shattering problem of how to address her by calling her 'Her Lordship.'"

"Good enough," cut in Judge Ferguson. "It's nonsense making an issue out of mere nomenclature."

"Don't fret"

Her smile flashed out vividly. "I had to get used to being called 'Her Honor.'"

"Now I never think of it and neither does anybody else. No time, with about 60 cases a day."

"Do your job and be good at it and don't fret about prejudice. Talent has a way of finding its own level."

Thus spoke one of Canada's many woman judges.

I'd been working out what I felt was an answer to the

prejudice felt by so many professional women in Australia. Things were tough for them, I'd decided, because they'd never been tough enough.

It had all been so easy.

No struggle

No struggle in which men and women fought and worked side by side, and proved each other's goodwill and quality and went on together from there.

It seemed a pretty sound thesis, but Canada had shot it sky-high.

Canada was so close to Australia in age and size and background and tradition, lying midway between emergent India and ancient England.

I'd hoped for answers and only found more questions. Or perhaps I did find an answer, from both India and Sierra Leone.

"Our country," Mrs. Alva had said, "needed our services."

And Mr. Luke, of Sierra Leone: "We are a young nation which cannot afford to waste its human resources."

Australia, too, is a young nation, short on population, manpower, and skills.

Already there is a call to mobilise its human resources, to stop the wastage of the talents of half its people—the women.

Perhaps the solution lies there—in the need. As to the problems involved, let a man for once have the last word:

"Of course, there are problems. But when the needs of a community create problems, the community must find solutions. It is, surely, so much a question of social attitudes," said the delegate from young Sierra Leone.



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The 'jolly swagman' from New Zealand

By JUDE AINSWORTH

● Strong-willed even as a boy of 12, Alfred H. Reed, C.B.E., refused to let doctors amputate his injured leg. Now, 77 years later, that leg is helping to carry him on a marathon walk from Sydney to Melbourne.

MR REED began his walking career with a six-mile return daily trip to school in the country north of Auckland, and still insists that his feet were toughened by his job as a gumdigger in the kauri forests — "We never thought of wearing socks!"

But until Mr. Reed turned 70 most of his time was taken up in running the publishing firm he founded in 1907 in Dunedin.

"Once a month I'd sneak off for a whole day in the hills behind Dunedin, and I'm sure the city council considers me Public Transport Enemy Number 1—I never give the buses any revenue!" he said with relish.

'Used up supply'

"I got a fad to celebrate my 70th birthday with a distance walk," he explained. Since then, Mr. Reed has virtually used up the supply of roads throughout New Zealand, and has written a series of chatty travel books about these journeys.

"You know, this is the first time I've had a walk here in Australia. It's HIS risk," Mr. Reed joked, pointing to his great-nephew, John Reed, who heads the Sydney office of A. H. and A. W. Reed.

"It's a brilliant idea of John's. If it's a flop, I'll say 'You told me to do it!' Then he'll say 'Well, I expected a good book!'"

"Aren't I fortunate, at my age, close on 90, still to be able to earn? If I finish this walk and book, as I've no doubt I will, I'll be able to pay those royalties into our trust."

One of Mr. Reed's major interests is the charitable trust he and his wife founded, which he finances in memory of her and his sister. The trust "publishes books that couldn't stand on their own feet, that require backing."

A collection of "views of the afterlife" was the trust's first publication. When Mr. Reed announced that he would send complimentary copies to bereaved persons, he received more than 400 requests from all over New Zealand.

"I had some lovely letters back from people telling me it was a help and a comfort to them," he said.

Mr. Reed has offered to send copies to the first 500 readers who post requests to: A. H. and A. W. Reed, 143 York Street, Sydney.

Another interesting trust publication is the New Zealand Radio Hymnbook, a

collection of hymns from all churches to enable listeners to church service broadcasts to sing along with the congregation.

"Many churchmen announce a hymn as 'number so-and-so in the radio hymnbook.' We've given 10,000 copies to hospitals, old folks' homes, and shut-ins."

Mr. Reed is such a popular identity in New Zealand that his admirers turn out along the roadside to cheer him on, chat a while, or to offer hospitality when he is on a "marathon."

(A genuine gentleman of the old school, Mr. Reed noted in one of his books that "When passing a farm, I stop to speak to anyone near the road, but, if people are near the house and some distance from the road, I forbear from seeming to look in their direction lest it might be construed as a hint to be invited in.")

After meeting many thousands of New Zealanders as he chalks up his steady 14 or 15 miles a day, Mr. Reed makes this comment on human nature:

"I've found that in 99 cases out of 100 if you show a friendly attitude toward people, they'll respond. There are a good many who are shy and reserved; they won't make the first friendly advance, but they'll respond."

He likes to call in on schools along his way and speak to the children: "What I'm sorry about on this walk is the school holidays. It will be a good few miles before the schools open again."

Mr. Reed travels light, but it's no hardship, since he normally leads rather a Spartan life at home. "I came back from a walk some years ago," he said, "and I thought, I've slept completely comfortably outside in my sleeping-bag, why not inside? And I've done that ever since."

Walking kit

Besides the sleeping-bag, Mr. Reed carries a change of underwear, a camera, spare shirt, a set of lightweight nylon rain gear—leggings and parka—and a book.

"I nearly always take one of Anthony Trollope's," he said. "Small volumes, but a lot of reading!"

At home between walks, Mr. Reed devotes himself largely to working on the collection of rare books he has given the Dunedin Library—"We have sets of Dickens and Johnson, and the most comprehensive collection of early English Bibles in this hemisphere."

He finds a boyish delight in confounding his constant audience with his sprightly

habits, like walking down stairs two steps at a time in preference to taking lifts.

"There are two girls who sit near the foot of the stairs at the Dunedin Library—they sit there thinking, Oh, that old man, he'll come a cropper one of these days!"

A new suit

He is too interested in his charities and walking to think much about eating or clothes—he never eats meat at home, because he can't be bothered cooking it, and he flourishes threadbare cuffs with supreme unconcern.

"Long as I go decent I'm happy," he said. "I don't spend more on myself than I can avoid. I have an old neighbor, a lady I've known since she was a girl, and I go down there every Sunday for tea and to listen to the church broadcast. A while ago she told me I had to get a new suit, that the old one was terrible."

"I get very absent-minded with clothes. One day, I had my coat slung over my shoulder, and left it along the road where I'd rested. Weeks after, I met some school inspectors with a parcel for me—somebody had picked up the coat and sent it with them, being sure they'd meet me on the road."

With his tough feet and sturdy boots, Mr. Reed says he's "good for any kind of road."

"The only kind I don't like are the rough and stony, loose-metal roads," he said.

"I didn't get any blisters when I walked the length of New Zealand in 1960-61."

Mr. Reed neither drinks nor smokes, and has issued a challenge to any heavy drinker or smoker 15 years his junior to beat him in a 20-mile walk anywhere on the route. "I may fall in badly over that," he said with a wink, "but even if I get beaten, I think I won't disgrace myself."



ALFRED REED, C.B.E., sets off from Sydney at the start of his marathon walk to Melbourne.

A DOUBLE LIFE

● New Zealand television star Max Cryer's most ardent fans are his own pupils at Otahuhu High School in Auckland.

MAX, a 6ft. 6in. bachelor, leads a double life. By day he teaches English and music at the co-educational high school, by night he is a TV star.

"The kids are used to seeing me on TV by now—comparing a fashion show or perhaps a quizmaster on a quiz kids' program," said Max, who came to Sydney for a seminar on education and television.

"The pupils are no longer interested in me as a person,

but they are inquisitive about the people I meet and sometimes interview."

"Recently I organised and compered a teenage fashion spectacle with Miss New Zealand and 45 teenage models—the kids asked me questions about that for days."

He attributes his television success to one thing: "Good teeth."

Every Thursday evening he acts as a comper on the national TV program "Top of the Form," and occasionally he interviews personalities on television.

He also writes a "Focus on

Fashion" column for an Auckland newspaper and contributes fashion and television news to an agricultural newspaper.

With an unlisted phone number, Max asks his friends to ring him before 8 a.m.

"I work on the theory practised by the late Lady Mountbatten—that if people really want to contact you, they will ring you before breakfast."

Working an 80-hour week with a tight schedule of activities and deadlines, Max finds the only way he can keep track of his appointments is to keep a chart above his desk in his flat.

He doesn't find that teaching and television are incompatible.

"Both require a certain kind of salesmanship, you know," he said.

"Selling knowledge—and the organisation of it—to the kids is very similar to the selling you do as a fashion comper."

A talented singer with a tenor voice, Max became interested in fashion and theatrical fields when he was an undergraduate at Auckland University.

After his graduation as an MA with Honors in English in 1960, he studied the Italian language and singing at Perugia, in Italy.

During his year in Italy,

Max earned money as a male model for a fashion magazine and as a film extra in "Come September" (with Gina Lollobrigida) and "St. Francis of Assisi" (with Bradford Dillman).

With his film earnings he went to London, where he won the role of the First Magistrate in "Volpone" with the Sadler's Wells Company.

"Apart from a recital which I gave at Wigmore Hall, that was the pinnacle of my singing success," Max admitted. He likes to joke that he gave up singing because he makes more out of "just plain talking."

During the London season, Max escorted Victoria Fairbanks, daughter of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

"That seemed to qualify me somehow for getting on THE LIST," he said.

For the entire summer he was asked to squire debutantes to the many social functions.

On his return to New Zealand Max was appointed to Otahuhu, and branched out into TV.

Recently he arranged a "pop" concert for his school, and took part as a singer.

"My classical voice has deteriorated to the extent that I can now sing only pop songs," he said.



TV STARS Don Lane (left) and New Zealander Max Cryer, who combines a television career with a teaching job.

AS SIDNEY NOLAN SEES ANTARCTIC



● An exhibition of 26 paintings from Sidney Nolan's Antarctic collection will be opened by the Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe, at the Australian Galleries in Melbourne on September 21.

ONE or two of the Antarctic paintings have been exhibited elsewhere, but this will be the first full showing.

They were painted by Sidney Nolan after he and Australian author Alan Moorehead made a brief visit to the Antarctic in a USAF aircraft in September, 1964.

"There could be many more to come," said Mr. Tom Purves, Director of the Australian Galleries. "Nolan usually paints until a subject is right out of his system."

"He spent 20 years on his Gallipoli collection, and it's not ready for exhibition yet."

Both Nolan and Moorehead said that their reactions to the dry ice deserts of the Antarctic and those of rock and sand in the heart of Australia were almost identical.

Both are timeless, changeless, frightening. The human

being is a midget in these immense spaces and could be blotted out in a moment.

"But the color in the Antarctic was a complete surprise to me," Nolan told Mr. and Mrs. Purves. "I had expected only the white of ice and snow, but this is not so. It is black, ochre, dark green, and blue, with an oyster-colored sky and an indigo sea."

"The colors appear as if under intense moonlight."

Nolan also has said he felt as he did when he visited Gallipoli—as if time had stood still. This was especially so when he saw Scott's hut perfectly preserved, without rust, or mold, or corruption.

When the Antarctic paintings were first exhibited in New York, Alan Moorehead wrote an introduction to the catalogue.

Some of his comments are used on these pages in conjunction with the pictures.

"... these are regions where it is not normal that human beings should ever be ... The polar explorer is an embattled figure with staring, goggled eyes and a swirl of protective covering round his head and body."



"... in this immensity of white and blue, one single dot of warm color strikes like an explosion, whether it be the patch of yellow feathers in the king penguin's head or a man-made flag making a pathetic but defiant little bid for identity in such an endless waste of ice."



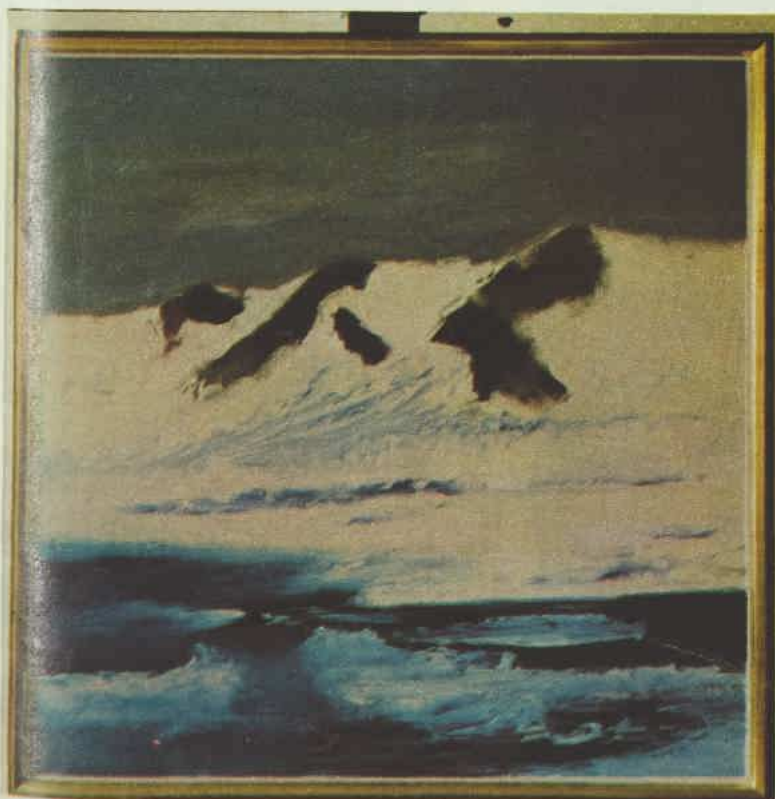
"There are great rewards for anyone who penetrates into this wilderness, not only in the things he sees, which are like nothing else on this earth, but also in the sense of freedom and clarity he feels in simply being there at all."



"Sometimes as you gaze upward a tremendous mirage forms. It creates a second range of mountains on top of the first, impossibly, unbelievably high. It is a relief after a while to rest one's eyes from such phantasmagoric grandeur."



"This is a petrified world where no green thing grows. Glaciers that are pitted and ruffled by the wind like a choppy sea creep down from the mountain sides to the ocean."



"The really spectacular effects are on the coast, where there is a constant procession of icebergs floating by, and the mountains are the reverse of the usual thing — white on top and dark below: they thrust their sharp, black lava peaks out of the frozen snow into the pale blue sky."



"... in the end it was the Antarctic itself that captivated the explorers: its calm, immaculate serenity and the sense of heightened living they seem to have found there."

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LONDON WEDDING. Lieutenant Owen Archer, R.A.N., and his bride, the former Miss Robin Horwitz, of Roseville, after their wedding at All Saints' Church, Fulham, with their attendants, Lieutenant Nigel Manger, R.N., the bride's sister, Mrs. Ernesto Eckstein, of Brasil, Miss Barbara Norton, of Narromine, and Miss Annette Friend, of Killara. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. G. Horwitz and of the late Mr. Peter Horwitz. A reception was held later at The Hurlingham Club.

Social Roundabout

By Mollie Lyons

TEARFULLY farewelled last week in the Monterey was Sydney-Elizabeth, an adorable sad-faced basset hound belonging to Mr. and Mrs. George Batterson, jun., and their small son, Blake.

However, the parting is only for three weeks, when the Battersons (who leave by air on September 12 after two years here) will greet her on the wharf at San Francisco.

Mrs. Batterson had planned a farewell party for Sydney-Elizabeth and her doggy friends in the neighborhood of Burraneer Bay, but had to cancel it when two of the five guests left home unexpectedly.

The only luggage Sydney-Elizabeth took aboard with her for the trip was a tennis ball, the "familiar toy" described as a MUST in the book Mrs. Batterson read on "How to Ship a Dog."

AFTER what I've heard of the barbecue and dance five young hostesses are arranging for September 11 in the woolshed at "Mungarra" at Forbes, I'm sure it will be a case of "all tickets sold" by that date. The property belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Perry, parents of Meg Perry, one of the hostesses; the other four are Mrs. Ian Perret, Mrs. Tom Hall, Mrs. Stephen Jones, and Mrs. Robert Hall. The girls, who are busy spraying ivy branches for the decor, are hoping to raise a large sum for the local branch of Legacy.

A FORMER American Field Service student, Mrs. Peter Sally, wife of the acting Consul-General for Denmark, will be guest of honor at the curry and claret luncheon at Mrs. Don Hudson's home at Darling Point on September 15. The party is to raise funds to establish an emergency fund for Australian AFS children.



FILM DAY. Mrs. Warwick Fairfax with her son, Warwick (left), and Hugo Heath, son of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Heath, at the Children's International Film Day at the Wallace Theatre at Sydney University which was arranged by the Sydney University Settlement.

I SAW more exciting gowns at the first night of the opera than at any ball to which I've been this year. Loveliest fashions I thought were the different versions of the theatre ensemble which stood out from the ordinary full-length evening dresses. The most elegant were worn by raven-haired Julie Zerky (hers was a slim white-and-silver brocade three-piece—a long skirt, sleeveless high-neck blouse, and long-sleeved Courreges coat); Mrs. John Stanbury, whose long black dress had a loose, tailored gold brocade jacket with collar and cuffs of the black; Mrs. Andrew Kaldor and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Kaldor, who was my choice as the best-dressed woman of the evening. (See photo at top right of page 13.)

AND speaking of clothes, Joan Sutherland has a magnificent personal wardrobe. For THAT Press reception she donned an elegant side-fastening coat-dress in a rich off-white silk trimmed down the front and around the hem with a four-inch band of layered black ostrich feathers. Her antique earrings of gold and amethysts matched her bracelet.

THE six male members of the Art Gallery Ball Committee who are organising an exhibition "with a difference" are being so independent they've refused (very politely, of course) any help at all from the female members of the committee. The men—Robert Shaw, Daniel Thomas, Douglas Dundas, Alan Loder, Tom Gillies, and Dennis Colsey—have called their exhibition The Private Collector, and it consists of drawings, paintings, etchings, and sculptures from 24 private collections, all belonging to men. First night of the show at the Darlinghurst Galleries on September 17 is to be a glamorous cocktail party. The sum raised from the three days it will be open will go to the final total of the amount made at the Gallery Ball, as the exhibition originally was planned as a pre-ball function and had to be postponed.

JUST engaged and planning a honeymoon trip through the Far East is Gemile Scarf, who will wed John Mellick late in October. Gemile is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scarf, of Point Piper. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mellick, of Coogee.

I'VE been to some most unusual parties—on board small boats, in boatsheds, on the beach, and to picnics in the bush—but the idea of dressing-up in formal clothes (plus mask) to go dancing on board a steam train I suspect could possibly top the list. This is the latest fund-raising idea thought up by the Pros and Cons Committee for the Knights of Charity Cancer Research Appeal for the Royal Hospital for Women. Starting-point is Central Station on September 11 at 8.14 p.m., and destination Picton, where a chicken supper will be served at the local hotel. En route there'll be champagne and dancing. Although this is probably the first of these "train" parties in Sydney, it brings back vivid memories of the deb season in London five or six years ago when parties on board tube trains in the early hours of the morning were the rage.

DATES for your diary... September 25 at 3 p.m., when Dame Pattie Menzies will open the Green Fingers Garden Centre at Warriewood. Proceeds from the opening day will go to Mona Vale District Hospital; and September 25 again, which is also the date of the Riverview College Indian Bazaar at the college.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1955



FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE. Among those at the opening night of the Sutherland-Williamson's International Grand Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre to see Joan Sutherland appear in *Lucia di Lammermoor* were Mr. and Mrs. Brian Northam (at left), who were accompanied to the opera by Mrs. Northam's sister, Mrs. Jim Graham.



THREESOME pictured in the theatre vestibule at first interval, Mr. and Mrs. John Kaldor (at left) and Mrs. Andrew Kaldor were among the glamorously dressed audience who filled the theatre to capacity for the gala opening.

FIRST NIGHT AT THE OPERA



ELEGANT full-length gowns were worn by Mrs. Walter Phillips (left) and her daughter, Miss Alexandra Ross, who were photographed arriving at the theatre before the opera commenced.



ABOVE: One of the prettiest dresses at the gala opening was worn by Mrs. Bill Edwards, who was escorted by her husband. Members of the audience had to push their way through the large crowd which gathered outside to see people arriving.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walsh arriving at the theatre. With her full-length beaded satin coat Mrs. Walsh wore a delicate waterfall spray of tiny flowers tucked into her coiffure.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Wakil (at left) and Mr. and Mrs. M. Hershon were early arrivals. After the final scene the entire company took seventeen curtain calls. Many fans waited until after midnight to see Miss Sutherland leave the theatre.



YES, IT'S A RIGHT-HANDED WORLD

By KAY KEAVNEY

● "Scissors," mused the surgeon. "My one real problem has been with scissors. They wear differently when I use 'em. All made for right-handers."

"Are left-handed bricklayers hand-capped? I hope not," said the man at the Master Bricklayers' Association. "I was a left-handed bricklayer."

"Can't have been too bad, either. These days I employ about a hundred bricklayers, left-handed and right-handed."

MY impromptu survey of handicaps for the left-hander in the modern world was just a bypath.

Actually I was investigating new answers to an old, vexed question: whether to force the left-handed child to use his right.

In the bad old days, of course, there was no question about it. Left-handers were different. They must be taught to conform. Put the pen into the right hand and stand no nonsense.

But researchers began asking why some people display this odd preference. They even gave the nuisance a respectable name — Lateral Dominance.

Came the bombshell. Published reports stemming from research went so far as to say that if you forced a left-hander to change over he would develop a stammer or other nervous disorder.

There was a world-wide backing-off.

Grandmothers stopped telling harassed mothers, "You'll have to do something about that child. He keeps reaching for his rattle with the wrong hand."

The new era of Leave-the-Child-Alone had dawned.

Often the left-hander was left to sink or swim while the busy teacher concentrated on the right-handed majority. But at least he was now permitted to use what doctors called "the preferred, or master, or leading hand."

TEACHERS WATCH FOR STRESS

Then further research indicated that conversion need not cause speech disorders. Authority caught its breath and recovered.

All over the world there is now a tendency to revert to the old insistence on conformity.

I asked officers of the N.S.W. Department of Education whether policy in this State has undergone a change.

"Say, rather, a modification," said the Deputy-Director of Primary Education. "Now the teacher will initially suggest the right hand, but desist if the child shows himself strongly left,

or if stress seems likely to develop."

I wondered whether teachers are all competent to decide when a child should be considered strongly left or that there is a risk of stress.

The Deputy-Director was reassuring. "There's an elaborate machinery set up to help parent, teacher, and child — Inspectors, School Counsellors, Guidance Centres, free clinics, with the onus of the parent to follow through."

And his colleague, a Chief Research Officer, explained the reasoning behind the new policy.

"You see, we live in a right-handed world."

"At the Infant stage, it doesn't really matter which hand is used. Most children prefer the right and a few the left, but there's a middle group which still has no strong preference. If they can be encouraged to use the right, life can be so much easier for them."

It sounded like solid good sense.

But I told them what an experienced officer of the department's Division of Guidance and Adjustment, which works with disturbed school-children, had said: that a child should always be allowed to choose for himself the hand he is to use.

Both educationists felt that the difference in approach was only minor. The teacher would never, they repeated, persist to the point of stress.

"And children," said the Deputy-Director, "are adaptable and highly imitative, and by nature anxious to conform. We feel the attempt is well worth trying."

They told me that once a child has established himself as a true left-hander he is trained in the use of the left hand, just as a right-hander is trained to the right.

It still seemed sound good sense. But I decided to look at this question of "initially suggesting the right hand" a little harder.

I took it to the medical people.

And found out how little is really certain, even about the basic causes of what I soon learned to call "Laterality."

(*Laterality*, adj., relating to the side. *Laterality*, n.)

I learned to bandy terms

BUT . . .

Don't nag Lefty

like handedness and footedness and earedness and eyedness with all the aplomb of Ben Casey, and filled notebooks with notes, and asked myself, sighing, another old, vexed question, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Said the first child psychiatrist I consulted: "Why subject the child to experiment? Where's the point? Children should always use the hand that comes naturally to them."

TOO LATE ALREADY TO CHANGE?

A leading pediatrician wanted to know how teachers could judge when stress is likely to develop. "There are all sorts of imponderables a teacher can't possibly know — home background, family relationships, whether the

psychiatrist, himself an unconverted left-hander. "Anyway, by school age it's already too late to make a change."

It was startling to learn how very early the "preferred hand" is usually chosen. In fact, mothers, if you look very carefully at your infant in his cot, you can already notice a tendency to move the limbs and turn the neck in a prevailing direction.

The "right tonic neck reflex" is already present in the 28-week-old foetus!

Often a child has fixed on the right hand or the left by six months and even earlier. He may chop and change, or even use both hands, but for most children this is transient.

A small group still shows no preference either way by school age, and this is the

DEXTEROUS: right-handed, deft, resourceful, adept.
SINISTER: on the left hand, evil-looking, unlucky.

child is already under stress."

A professor of psychiatry felt a lot depended on the spirit in which the "suggestion" is made. If it's done in a tyrannical manner, or makes the child feel inferior, or if the child has too-severe or perfectionist parents (the ball kept coming back pretty squarely to the parents), harm could ensue.

But he saw no reason why most well-adjusted children should suffer any harm.

A neurologist instantly shot the professor down in flames.

"How many children are really well-adjusted? And how can a busy teacher know if they are?"

"Remember, too, there may be physical reasons for the left-handedness. Sometimes, for instance, a child favors the left because his right hand is incompetent due to undisclosed brain damage."

"Leave the child alone," counselled a prominent child

group the department hopes to help.

But many authorities advise training the hand which has the greater capacity, whether left or right, when the balance is as close as this. Many dispute that there is any such thing as true ambidexterity.

And they believe that where a child has shown a strong preference early, it is highly dangerous to try to change him at school-age.

In effect, this is asking him to try to make his brain work back-to-front.

DOMINANT SIDE OF THE BRAIN

As a neurologist explained, the brain has two distinct sides or hemispheres. In the average person the left side becomes specially developed to control "handedness," speech, and the fine acquired skills of reading and writing.

Since the controls work, as it were, by opposites, most people are right-handed, right-footed, right-eared.

In a minority (according to an American survey, 6.6 percent of male and 3.8 percent of female adults) the right side of the brain undergoes this special development, and the left hand, foot, etc., are preferred.

In an even smaller minority, both sides develop to roughly the same extent and produce so-called ambidexterity.

A still smaller group have Crossed Laterality, or Mixed Dominance. They may write with the left hand but sight with the right eye. Control of the arms may develop in one hemisphere, the legs in the other. This can set up very real practical and psychological difficulties.

Speech, too, is controlled mainly by the dominant side of the brain.

It's all very intricately balanced, and in some people it doesn't take much to trip the mechanism.

True, lots of people who have lost the use of the "good hand," for various reasons, have successfully trained the weaker one to take over.

But again success depends on a number of imponderables; all the more so, one would expect, in the case of a young child.

I discussed this with the N.S.W. Director of Maternal and Child Health and his Assistant Director in Clinical Services, who is also a practising pediatrician.

They were both vehement exponents of Leave-the-Child-Alone.

"At the very best there's the risk of intense frustration," said the pediatrician. "The child has to get his cerebrum working backward. He exhibits temper. Depending on the emotional fibre, he may develop a stammer or an eye-blink."

The two doctors listed a string of other psychic and physical difficulties which may and do follow "conversion."

I reminded them that teachers are only directed to "suggest" the right hand and not to persist to the point of stress.

They felt, to put it mildly, that this left an appreciable margin for error.

I asked if the attempt were not still worth making, since children are so adaptable. Like most other medical experts who deal constantly with disturbed humanity, they had learnt to question human adaptability under stress.

And they agreed that children dislike being "different," but showed that the argument can be a two-edged sword. All the more reason, they said in effect, not to attempt an experiment which, for the majority of these children, is actually expected to fail.

"Why risk the child's feeling that he is being allowed to use his natural hand on

sufferance, having failed to use the better, more desirable right?"

"Let him accept his left-handedness from the start as completely normal."

"So the left hand is normal — for the left-hander!"

In this last proposition, the Education Department completely concurs.

Once a child has established himself as "a true left-hander," he is helped in every possible way. Teachers are instructed in his special difficulties and how to overcome them — the correct placing of the paper, the best way to hold the pen.

For the writing of Italic script, a special oblique pen is provided.

In this, department policy is in advance of many overseas education systems, where the child, though permitted to use the leading hand, is not trained in its use as his right-handed companions are.

In fact, he needs much more training and encouragement from teacher and parent alike.

A right-handed world?

Well, written language is constructed for right-handed reading and writing. Lighting and seating arrangements are geared to the right-hander.

In the world outside, so much is designed for him (think of taps, doorknobs, watchwinders, tools — yes, and scissors) that I began to wonder how the unregenerate southpaw manages to survive, let alone prosper.

THEN THE SUCCESS STORIES

Which is where I came in.

I conducted an impromptu survey of left-handers' particular problems.

"Merely a nuisance," said the left-handed psychiatrist. "You adjust. Mind you, I had sensible parents, and no one at school ever tried to change me."

"Scissors," said the surgeon. The physicist said, "Scissors."

There were others, all at random, and all success stories.

Difficulties, intelligently and manfully handled, often maketh man.

Most reassuring was the left-handed Master Bricklayer who cheerfully confessed to a Laterality more crossed than any bitzer.

"Let's see, I lay bricks with the left hand but kick a football with the right foot. I play tennis with the left hand and golf with the right and I sight with the left eye and —"

Or was it golf with the left and tennis with the right —?

No matter. He sounded so amiable and well-adjusted and competent I felt sure he did all of them pretty well.

I passed all this on to a Leave-it-to-the-Child pediatrician, who barked, "Bet that bricklayer had a sensible grandmother."

"I asked him," I answered. "And he did."

"Please don't talk about horror pictures"

● Most people know the face of actor Vincent Price (right) as the elegant — or horrific — film and TV villain, but few know him as America's No. 1 art lecturer and an expert cook who doesn't mind getting up at 5.30 a.m. to bake "Daddy's bread" just to please his daughter, Mary Victoria, 3.

FAMOUS actor Vincent Price was paid in noodles the first time he appeared on American TV, in 1948.

The second time he was paid in cigarette lighters.

Today he is in Australia, speaking the narration for a TV series, being paid in hard currency — much easier to give away.

"The first show I did I got scads of noodles," he said. "There were noodles everywhere, and macaroni. I think we still have some of it. We gave away what we could, and have eaten our way through it solidly ever since, and that is nearly 20 years ago.

"That was better, though, than the cigarette lighters, the whole 150 of them. I gave them away until I couldn't give away any more.

"What a tremendous medium TV is," said Vincent Price. "The first show was telecast to five cities on the West Coast, the second was the first trans-continental show.

Magic of Garbo

"No one was particularly impressed by this, we were rehearsing just as usual, and then someone said: 'Tonight this show will have an audience of 50,000,000 people.' We all got panic-stricken."

Although he is all for TV and enjoys it, he has a couple of quarrels with it. He thinks it has killed the art of conversation and killed a lot of the glamor that surrounds TV stars.

"Once Hollywood was full of color and eccentricities. Today it has become very prosy, and the aura that surrounded the stars has gone.

"TV has taken the glamor

away. Once you know what Sandra Dee has for breakfast, do you really see her as you once would have viewed a movie star?

"Recently I had dinner with Greta Garbo and a number of other people. Even today when Garbo walks into the room she still carries that aura of magic, the glamor of stardom.

"It was strange. There were several of today's very successful actors and actresses there, but when she walked in for the first time everyone exploded into a kind of excitement that you only get occasionally now."

Vincent Price was a very pleasant surprise to me. He is 54, 6ft. 4in. tall, a big, slender man with blue eyes and a good head of wavy hair, although he is already a grandfather twice.

He has two grandsons, sons of Barrett Price, 25, the son of his first marriage.

His little daughter, Mary Victoria, 3, who, he says, "will obviously be the most spoiled little girl in America," arrived after 16 years of marriage to his second wife, Mary.

He is a most interesting man to talk to, full of good conversation, with masculine interests and a zest for life and living.

I must admit I had expected him to be wearing a shawl-collared velvet smoking jacket, and bats to fly from behind his front door, but I spent a most normal hour with him.

Sunshine streamed into the room, the harbor dipped and dappled in an afternoon breeze, flowers grew round the door. Mr. Price told me all about Mary Victoria and his many interests.

I didn't scream once.

Just as I was leaving I

suddenly realised we hadn't talked about horror pictures much. I mentioned this.

"Please don't let us talk about horror pictures," he said. "I am sick to my soul of them."

Mr. Price doesn't seem very American to me, although he is. (He was born in St. Louis.)

By NAN MUSGROVE

He is an elegant man, the sort you would expect to meet in Europe or London, not in Hollywood.

He is famous as America's No. 1 art lecturer, he buys original paintings for Sears Roebuck, and has a "tremendous budget" to spend on Australian art while here.

"Two fellows here are putting together a great exhibition of Australian art for me to see while I am here.

"I hope to buy pictures by well-knowns as well as those of young people who have not yet made their name."

Price says he is crazy about Sidney Nolan's paintings and was lucky enough to buy some when he was last in Australia in 1955, before their prices soared.

"I have some Nolans in my private collection," he said. "Nolan had just come back from Italy, and these are landscapes. Actually they look rather like finger-painting and are done on very slick paper."

He is also trying Australian wines.

"I also work for the Wine Institute of California, so I know quite a lot about wine, and your wines have come as a great surprise to me.

"They are marvellous, especially the white wines, the Rhine types."

Mr. Price is a co-editor with his wife, Mary, of a

truly magnificent cookbook called "A Treasury of Great Recipes."

He and his wife travel a great deal, and wherever they have eaten good food they have collected recipes, tried, and included them.

"Gourmet cooking is where you find it," he said. "It is not necessarily exotic or expensive. It is simply a matter of excellence of preparation, imagination, and performance."

Bread is his favorite food. "I can live on bread alone," he said. "I bake bread three mornings a week—ordinary bread, sweet breads, coffee cakes.

"Mary Victoria will eat only my bread. She refuses all others and says she wants 'Daddy's bread,' which is very flattering, but means, with my film commitments, I am often in the kitchen busy baking at 5.30 a.m."

He thinks Australian bread is excellent. American bread, he says, is awful—over-refined and soggy.

"Daddy's bread" is featured in the cookbook, which is also a travel book.

Tested recipes

There is also a toothsome mushroom recipe called after Mary Victoria.

The cookbook was published last Easter (the Prices have their own press, Ampersand Press Inc.) in a first edition of 100,000 copies.

Already 90,000 copies have been sold at 20 dollars a copy (about £A9), "simply marvellous," said Mr. Price.

One of the things he is proud of is that the recipes are clear and plain to follow.

"I read every proof, tried every recipe. If I couldn't understand it and cook it I found out why.

"One recipe, for instance, said to cook something in a 'blazer.' I'd never heard of a blazer, so I rang up the woman who gave me the recipe and asked her what the hell a blazer was.

"It was only a saucepan in which brandy could be warmed and flamed."

I can vouch that the Price recipes are plain. Mr. Price lent me his cookbook.

Sometimes Mr. Price's interests overlap. He was telling me what he thought an ideal dinner menu for guests.

He started with baby prawns in sauce "with brandy to give it a kick."

"I would follow this with some of this wonderful Australian fish I have just tasted," he said.

"It is called Tom Roberts, I think."

Tom Roberts was a famous painter, and photographer Don Cameron quickly put Mr. Price straight.

"I think you mean John Dory," he said.

He was right. Mr. Price is more than enthusiastic about John Dory.

"I'd cook the John Dory meuniere (grilled in butter) and garnish it with slivers of almond," he said.

After the chicken dish, "Chicken Mary" (called after his wife), Mr. Price would end the meal with trifle, on which he dotes.

I was surprised at such an un-American sweet, and he said he had learned about trifle from his wife, Mary, who is English.

"Once in Spain we found a restaurant that listed 'Sopas Anglaise' (English soup) in the desserts. We thought we would adventure and try it. It turned out to be trifle."

The cookbook isn't Mr. Price's first venture as an author. His most famous book is about art (he started life as an art teacher) and is called "I Like What I Know."

Talking of "If These Walls Could Speak," the Australian-made series he is narrating, Vincent Price said that he is most impressed with the scripts and the films made by NLT, an Australian company headed by entrepreneur Jack Neary.

"I think this series could well be the beginning of a very big TV industry in Australia, which is what most excites me about it."



● "That's wonderful . . ."



Australian fish. Is it . . .



. . . Tom Roberts? No?



John Dory! That's it."

Her 'specs' made them goggle!

● How DO people react to a new, "way out" Paris fashion? To find out we went around Sydney with a model decked out in clothes designed by Paris "ideas" designer Andre Courreges.

AT the Paris spring showings Courreges shook the fashion world to its foundations (broadly speaking).

A HUMAN in blinkers! It isn't horse-sense. Our Courreges - dressed model surprises a well-turned-out carthorse.

And, according to local fashion experts, sales in Australia already indicate that this spring lasses here will pluck up their Courreges and follow the fashion leader.

For half a day the model wandered around town wearing a square, flat hat tied under the chin, huge plastic goggles with no lenses—just

narrow slits in the filled-in frames—a sleeveless, square-cut dress with hipster belt, and open-toed, calf-high white boots.

The goggles drew a lot of attention. (A taxi-driver darkly warned that the model risked her eyesight wearing "the silly things.")

But the rest of the outfit seemed to stir few people. Not even women.

Not one woman we talked to stoutly defended the female's right to dress to please herself.

Even more interesting was the apathy of the males.

"Few yearned for the dear, dead days when spring dresses and shoes acknowledged that lasses had legs and curves," said our reporter—a male with no respect for fashion.

The most outspoken comment came from a worker on a new skyscraper who vowed he would leave home if his wife wore such gear.

A carthorse showed a lot of interest when the model posed alongside him.

He, it turned out, had a certain link with Paris fashions.

His stables are at Balmain!



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* (Gloss-Masta is known in New Zealand as Masta-Gloss)



Why the Digger's hat brim turns up

READER Rush Smith wanted to know the reason why the Australian Digger hat turns up at the side. Well, here you have it—in black and white. This



postcard was sent to me by my brother, Private C. Little, during the 1914-18 war. No wonder they say, "Watch those Diggers!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Holland, Mayfield, N.S.W.

THE same question was asked by a very distinguished visitor to an A.I.F. camp near the Suez Canal in 1916. (Many an old Digger will remember the large tent in which the reception was held, and how the Diggers, who stole all the whisky before the visitor's arrival, forgot where they had buried it in the desert.)

The only reason I ever heard for the hat being turned up was that originally worn turned down the rising sun badge was too good a target for snipers. (P.S.: The visitor was the Duke of Windsor, then a very young Prince of Wales.)

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Howes, Caulfield, Vic.

MY two uncles, who were on Gallipoli, once told me their hats were turned up so as not to throw a shadow when they were fighting their rifles, especially in the trenches.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Gillespie, Wollongong, N.S.W.

THE slouch hat was designed by Colonel Tom Price in 1885, and was originally worn turned up on the right side to enable troops to look the inspecting officer in the eye. It was first worn by Victorian Mounted Rifles. The Australian military forces wore it in 1890 with, however, the brim turned up on the left side to assist in area drill.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Newbeck, Wallerawang, N.S.W.

THE side of the slouch hat, which dates back before the Boer War, is turned up to show the "Sheath of Swords" badge ("rising sun") or, in some cases, the badge of the corps. The side is turned up for parades and various duties. While on active service or on exercises, the side is worn down, and, during war, rarely turned up.

£1/1/- to Jonathan Graham, Canterbury, N.S.W.

(Army authorities say the turn-up was changed from right-hand to left-hand side before World War I for easier rifle handling and smooth change from order-arms position to slope arms. Ed.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1965



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Ashamed to refuse?

RECENTLY I became invisible for a few hours, or at least almost invisible. A few people could hear and see me, but to the majority I represented merely an area of pavement to be avoided. My secret was in my hand—a collection box for a charity which should make every mother thank God she could donate to it and not receive from it. I am not suggesting that everyone should donate to every charity, but there are many ways of saying "no."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Mary P. White, Wollongong, N.S.W.

At six, time goes slowly

IN her last letter Mum gave my six-year-old brother as the reason why she doesn't write more often. "Only two more days to Friday," he announced at breakfast. As it was then Tuesday, she said that he wasn't right. He then pointed out that there was Wednesday and Thursday—two more days to Friday. "So you now see why I never get time to write," Mum explained to me. "The weeks just go too fast!"

£1/1/- to J. Du Vautier, Kurmond, N.S.W.

Dreams come true

AS a young lad my son was an avid reader of comics. Brick Bradford was a favorite. I often read some myself, but liked the cowboy ones, not "those fantastic ones." (At the time Brick Bradford was spinning round the world in a time top, and was able to get out and walk around.) With satellites, Gemini, and men walking in space, my son, now a grown man, said recently, "My comics weren't so fantastic, after all," and I had to admit he was right.

£1/1/- to B.A.L. (name supplied), Newstead, Vic.

So like a husband!

MY husband, who had been coping admirably with two small children, doing washing, getting meals, etc., called at the maternity hospital to collect me and our new son. Imagine my astonishment, on stepping into the car, to hear him ask, "What's for lunch?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. Patricia Shaw, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

The human factor

TWO elderly sisters have been left a nice home and a small pension to live on. Now their problem is how to manage to live together agreeably. They are both opposites, physically and in mental outlook. How have others solved this problem?

£1/1/- to "A Friend" (name supplied), Carlingford, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA lately gave some details of her plans for visiting Australia.

She said, "While I am there I shall go to the beach, but not in a swimsuit." I took this to mean she would wear ordinary clothes.

She added, with attractive frankness, "I'm not much good at swimming."

These remarks, from a lady as pretty as Miss Lollobrigida, caused me some surprise.

For years I have been reading interviews with Australian beauties. One and all they declared, "I love surfing in the summer. I am a typical outdoor girl."

No local belle would dream of saying she was an indoor girl. Nor would she dare admit to being a poor swimmer, even if she had barely mastered the dog-paddle.

Outdoor girls have it all their own way here. The others have to conform. They spend their summers on the beach whether they like it or not (and sunburn can be very unpleasant).

Yet now we have a world-famous charmer saying firmly that she won't

UNDER COVER

go near the water. She will not hang her clothes on a gooseberry bush, either.

It is a new and refreshing attitude. I think the switch was overdue. In past times girls were not expected to be outdoorsy and sun-



tanned. On the contrary, poets and songwriters raved over white-skinned damsels.

It was "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar," not brown hands. In "The Wreck of the Hesperus," if my memory does not deceive me, the skipper's daughter had a bosom white as the hawthorn bud.

The famous and notorious beauties of history took care to

shield their "complexion," as it was called, from the weather.

Cleopatra was an exception; being Egyptian, she had a built-in tan.

But there is no record of Mary Queen of Scots saying, "I'm a typical outdoor girl." Nor did Nelson's Lady Hamilton belong to the surf-n-sun crowd—she was one of the night-blooming kind.

The idea of going back to all-over whiteness was taken up this year by some fashionable ladies in America.

I read in a magazine that they went to the beach muffled in track-suits to avoid getting a tan. But the idea was too revolutionary to be popular.

Perhaps Gina Lollobrigida's example will give encouragement to girls who would like to spend some of next summer away from the beach.

There are many other interesting things to be done. Reading, sewing, yoga, and playing cards are a few of the obvious ones.

I am waiting for the day when an entrant in the Miss Australia contest declares, "I like to have a year-round pallor. I am a typical indoor girl."



EDUCATION

• A London finishing school for girls includes in its curriculum a course on how to judge the quality of diamonds.

A smattering of music,
A little bit of art
(A school that claims to finish
Can give a girl a start).

Plus diamond assessment,
A truly worthwhile skill,
To guide the shrewder student
On when to say "I will."

But those who skip their homework
Were wiser (though they wince)
To learn to stretch a budget
And what to make from mince.

—Dorothy Drain

"Make yourself at home"

THE letter about long-staying visitors having on their "sitting-breeches" reminded me of my father's elderly aunt. When people called, she would say, "Well, make yourself at home—that's where you should be!"

£1/1/- to Miss C. Davidson, Caboolture, Qld.



My family thinks of me like THIS!

(Actually, I'm 5' 7", 35-22-35, eyes blue, hair upswept; preference in clothes, slinky.)

But in the eyes of my family, I'm still mentally a "little girl". Maybe that's not too bad, though. Maybe it helped me grow up faster. Because I wanted so desperately to make my own decisions that I got over making foolish ones fast.

What mother did fifteen or twenty years ago isn't necessarily what daughter wants to do today. But in the matter of sanitary protection, many thousands of mothers and daughters agree: there is no substitute for the advantages Tampax offers.

These advantages include: no odour, no chafing, no irritation, no belts, pins, pads. Tampax gives you freedom—freedom to wear what you like, do what you wish. You can bathe, shower or swim wearing Tampax. Spare Tampax are easy to carry, easy to conceal. And the satin-smooth Tampax applicator ensures correct and hygienic insertion.

Ask your mother about Tampax. Choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

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A SMOOTH, elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly, and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.

Australian nature series



KAREN, 9, and Cathy, 6, the Serventy daughters, find a green turtle stranded in coastal shallows. Life holds much excitement for children on safari.



LEANING river gum on the Greenough Flats, near Geraldton. These trees, said to be the most photographed in W.A., bent by prevailing southerly winds, grow grotesquely, parallel to the ground.



KAREN, 6, with a bearded dragon which is causing her some worry. Karen, with the other four big members of the family, keeps a daily diary of the trip, helps with classifying specimens, and organisation.



SERVENTY family at the four-wheel-drive vehicle which pulls their 18ft. caravan. Already the safari has taken them along the north-west coast from Perth to Broome, W.A., en route to Darwin.

Television

● These are the first pictures from a TV nature series which Perth naturalist Vincent Serventy is doing on Australia's wild and not-so-wild life.

The Serventy family is on a nature safari from Perth, gathering material that eventually will bring hours of entertainment to viewers.

Below, Mr. Serventy writes about their life on the road.

WE had always promised ourselves a trip around the northern half of Australia, looking at its wild life and scenery, yet some problem always stopped us. But the dream remained, the opportunity came. The great adventure has started, a six-month tour from Perth to Sydney around the top half of Australia to make natural history films.

So we are on the road — myself, my wife, Carol, daughters Karen, 9; Cathy, 6; and son Matthew, 18 months — in a four-wheel-drive vehicle pulling an 18ft. caravan with every home comfort.

It was a wrench to say goodbye to old friends and old places. Our home, which we had built in a tiny fragment of native bush, was hardest to leave. Yet, as consolation, was the adventure ahead.

Our life has now fallen into a steady pattern.

In the morning, after a dawn awakening and an early breakfast, the children settle to school work by correspondence, supervised by my wife. I work filming the area selected the night before.

After school time, my wife and children move in to assist, Carol as camerawoman, script-recorder, sound-recorder, actress, and child-controller.

Then once more we are on the road, until waning sunlight warns us of the need to stop.

After the evening meal all four of us settle in to write the day's diary, organise specimens, and make plans for the next day.

Matthew always surveys the scene with interest, or plays with a "treasure" he has found.

At times he is lured into scenes being filmed. Not that he needs much luring — animals have fascinated him since he could crawl.

Our itinerary has already taken us along the coastal route to Broome. Now it is east through Derby, on to Darwin, then south to the Alice, east to Mt. Isa and the Great Barrier Reef.

Finally we will go south to Sydney, journey's end, our new home.

● TCN9 and its affiliated stations throughout Australia will present the Serventy TV series next year. We will feature color pictures and stories on his travels from time to time.



CARDINAL GILROY.

"The Pill," says a Catholic doctor on a lively "Project '65" discussion,

"WON'T SOLVE ALL PROBLEMS"

By NAN MUSGROVE

● In one of the frankest discussions yet, TCN9 in its "Project '65" on Sunday, September 12, at 10 p.m., looks at the use of The Pill in Australia.

Television

THE Roman Catholic Church's present view on contraception has been one of the largest single factors causing disaffection and eventual breaking away from the faith, says a Catholic doctor, father of seven, on Channel 9's "Project '65" discussion.

The programme has been written and produced by Suzanne Baker.

This doctor says that despite the Church's ruling, he thought a considerable number of Catholic women were taking the pill. He did not know what they would do

if the Church decided unequivocally against the pill.

"Over the past 30 or 40 years, Catholics have found themselves out on a limb over the whole contraceptive business. They know their non-Catholic neighbors are using contraceptives—taking the pill, and so on.

"Now there is no doubt that the whole question about contraception has been a major cause of defection from the Church over the past 30 or 40 years."

One thing that struck me was the doctor's statement that he thought the hopes of a lot of Catholic people that the pill would be allowed by the Church "are a little naive."

"You get the impression, reading a lot of stuff on the pill, that if people can only use the pill, all their problems will be solved.

"Now some of their problems will be solved, but to say all our problems will be solved seems a naive view.

"I cannot say just off the cuff that people who use contraceptives are notably more happy in their married life than Catholics like myself who don't use contraceptives, and have a large number of children."

Cardinal Gilroy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, at present in Rome where Pope Paul VI is expected to make a statement on the use of the pill soon, spoke to Suzanne Baker before he left.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

He said that on September 5, 1958, Pope Pius XII declared "that oral contraceptives, according to the medical evidence then available, constituted a form of direct sterilisation and that their use for contraceptive purposes is gravely sinful."

Pope John set up a commission to inquire into the use of oral contraceptives, Cardinal Gilroy said, but Pius XII's declaration must be considered binding until Pope Paul should "feel bound

in conscience to announce any modification of it."

Cardinal Gilroy agreed with Miss Baker that many people believed the pill the greatest challenge to the Church since Martin Luther.

"But I'm not in a position to judge," he said. "Martin Luther's charge against the Church was dogmatic. This is something moral."

Asked whether he had any indication of what the decision of the Church would be about the pill, Cardinal

Gilroy said: "The Pope himself has said that he will make a declaration, should he consider it necessary, to say that there should be some change in that which was promulgated by his predecessor, Pope Pius XII."

The Catholic view, one of the liveliest and most controversial issues, is not the only one discussed in "The Pill." Every angle is covered.

Australia has the distinction of using more oral contraceptive pills per head of

population than any other country in the world: 350,000 women are now taking it. "Project '65" discusses the whole situation.

Doctors and gynaecologists discuss its effect, and Miss Betty Archdale, headmistress of Abbotsleigh Girls' College, in Sydney, talks about the pill and the schoolgirl.

Some of the other issues dealt with include:

- The pill's safety.
- Its cost.
- Its long-term effects.
- Its direct and immediate effect on the lives of the women taking it.

Incidentally, I pay Channel 9 for the best publicity gimmick of the year—one of the pills attached to the Press announcement of the documentary.

Twins into triplets

PATTY DUKE is one of the cleverest young women on TV, but I quail at the thought of her appearing in three roles in "The Patty Duke Show," scheduled on September 9 on TCN9 at 7 p.m.

In case you're not a regular viewer (and you are mad if you're not), she plays Patty Lane, speaking with an American accent, and her cousin, Cathy Lane, with an "international" accent.

"International" accents are unaccented, acceptable all over the English-speaking world, but not identifiable with any one country. (Actually, Patty's international accent has a bias toward an English one.)

Her dual roles call for tremendous concentration, and Patty deserves all the laurels she gets for it.

So do the producers, who do such an amazingly credible show using Patty talking to herself, and going

out with herself, and so on—if you see what I mean.

Now she has to do it in triplicate and be her own distant cousin from America's Deep South, Betsy Lane, with blond curls and a you-all accent.

No one could do it all better than Patty Duke, I'm sure, but someone really should say a few words to the producers.

I wonder how long it will be before Patty is called on to play quintuplets?

ALL this, strangely, reminds me of Don Lane and his "Tonight" show (TCN9, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9.30 p.m.), which generally I enjoy.

Lately the big thing is for him and Melbourne's Graham Kennedy to get together on the screen via the coaxial cable, or hooter. They sing together, dance together, talk together, and everything is very jolly.



PATTY . . . Cathy . . . and now Betsy.

The first time Graham came up the hooter and performed I thought it was novel and a clever technical exercise. I admired it. Now I could scream as, show after show, Graham appears in-

creasingly in "Tonight."

It is NOT true that if a little is good, more is better.

And if Kennedy is as good as all that, why not have him in Sydney in person?

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Electrical appliances

By MARY BROKER

● To return to the review of the performance of certain stocks I have recommended previously, I want to look again at three manufacturers of electrical appliances.

TWO of them, Pye Industries Limited and Kelvinator Australia Limited, are regarded as being among the leading stocks, while the third, Vulcan Industries Limited, is a second-line stock rapidly proving itself to have excellent qualities of growth.

This is, of course, an extremely competitive field, and one where the problem of bad debts is prevalent.

However, I feel that, over the years, investments in well-managed and efficiently run stocks within the industry must prove rewarding, if only because of the steadily rising population.

Pye manufactures television receivers (which, by the way, provide the lion's share of the company's turnover), vacuum cleaners,

and floor polishers, and also distributes the Colston automatic dishwasher.

However, the company is quite diversified, and the following are among some of the more important of its subsidiary activities:

● Firstly, the automotive division, which, following a contract signed with Chrysler and another big automotive company late in 1963/64, now supplies about 80 per cent of the automotive carburettor market, plus a large proportion of the market for air-filters for cars.

● Secondly, the pump manufacturing division, now one of the largest producers in Australia of small and medium-size pumps, both for government and industry.

● Thirdly, and perhaps most important in view of Australia's increasing defence expenditure, is a subsidiary formed about 14 years ago in conjunction with the giant United States Bendix Corporation, which supplies specialised scientific and aeronautical equipment.

Big contract

Among recent achievements here was a contract to re-equip the entire Qantas fleet of Boeing 707s with Bendix radio equipment.

After a downturn in 1963/64, profit this year rose to £325,171 from £294,000 in the previous year. Earning rate is high at 34.7 per cent

and easily covers the steady 10 per cent dividend.

The 5/- shares now sell at around 18/-, 100 costing about £92 for a dividend of £2 a year.

The second company, Kelvinator, is a well-integrated manufacturer of both household and commercial refrigerating and air-conditioning equipment, and maker of washing machines.

I say well-integrated because divisions for plastics and tooling are well-established, and, besides providing for the company's own needs, supply a range for other companies.

The two main plants are in South Australia, with additional properties in Sydney, Brisbane, and Perth.

Accounts are extremely conservative, which can be illustrated by the taxation provision for 1964/65 of £505,000, compared with a net profit of £414,000. (Profit in 1963/64 was £395,000.) A steady 15 per cent dividend has been paid since 1954.

One hundred of the 5/- shares in this efficient company, now selling at 22/6, would be £115, for a dividend of £3/15/- per year.

Domestic

The third company, Vulcan Industries Limited, was listed only in October, 1961, but results since that date have been very pleasing.

Vulcan specialises almost

exclusively in domestic heating—both oil and electric—and cooking appliances. Probably one of its best-known products is the Vulcan Conray room heater.

A recent introduction to the product range was the Vulcan Indola electric fan.

Sales of this product, unfortunately, did not live up to expectations in the first few months of production because of a cool summer, but should grow.

Results for 1964/65 are just out, with net profit up by 30 per cent to £134,090 from last year's £105,000, and gives an earning rate of 24.4 per cent. This gave a reasonable cover to the steady 10 per cent dividend.

One hundred 5/- shares at 11/9 will cost about £59. Dividend will be £2/10/- a year, yielding 4.3 per cent.

It's the sneezin' season



Time for Kleenex* tissues because...
only new Kleenex tissues
have wet strength for big
sneezes plus super
softness for tender noses



In pink, yellow, aqua, lilac, white. 100's, 200's, 300's.

THE QUEEN'S SERVANTS

● The chain of command which keeps the Queen's Household running smoothly begins with five key men, moves down through heads of departments, to the 12 men constantly cleaning palace windows, and the man who does nothing but wind the palace clocks every day.

TUCKED into the lower right-hand corner of Buckingham Palace's familiar facade is a small arched doorway. From the gravelled courtyard, a flight of shallow, red-carpeted steps leads through the double glass-and-mahogany doors into the shadowy interior of the palace's north wing.

By
ANNE BARRIE

This insignificant doorway, least known yet most widely trafficked of all Buckingham Palace's many entrances, is called the Privy Door.

Through it every day passes the small, vital army of men and women who help to run the Queen's official and private lives.

The men and women at the top, nearest the Queen, tend to be chosen more for their social status than for administrative ability. Eton and the Guards are faultless qualifications, and so is a baronetcy or hereditary peerage.

Of 35 top-ranking posts in the Queen's official Household, 26 are held by peers.

There are 12 ex-naval or army officers, and 15 Knights of the Royal Victorian Order or the Most Honorable Order of the Bath.

Officially, the Queen's Household in England, Wales, and Scotland totals a staggering 343 members, but of these 269 are political or part-time posts with only occasional ceremonial duties. They are paid a lump sum each year, according to how many days they have served.

The remaining 74 Members of the Household form a brisk chain of command

which controls and runs the households (in royal parlance, household with a small "h" denotes the lower, unofficial ranks—footmen, chambermaids, chauffeurs, cooks, and so on) within the Queen's royal residences.

Buckingham Palace has a staff of 220, of which 44 are Members of the Household.

Windsor Castle is run by seven Householders with a handful of cleaning staff.

Balmoral, Sandringham, and Holyroodhouse each have one member and a small caretaking staff.

When the Queen is in residence at one of her holiday homes, she takes a coachload of palace cooks, footmen, pages, and chauffeurs with her.

The five men behind the Queen

Five key men, topmost Members of the Royal Household, stand level immediately behind the Queen.

They are: Sir Michael Adeane, Private Secretary and Keeper of Her Majesty's Archives, Lord Tryon, Treasurer and Keeper of the Privy Purse, Sir Mark Milbank, Master of the Household, Lt-Col. John Miller, the Crown Equerry, and Lord Cobbold, the Lord Chamberlain.

Each man runs a separate department of the Queen's life, and beneath him sprawls his own complex pyramid of assistants, under-secretaries, clerks, and lower ranks.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Honorable Sir Michael Adeane is a small man whose fresh complexion, bald head, and clipped moustache give him the appearance of a successful bank manager.

Now 54, he has been serving royalty almost non-stop since the age of 13, when, as the bright-eyed grandson

of King George V's Private Secretary Lord Stamfordham, he caught the monarch's eye and was appointed Page of Honor.

He was Assistant Private Secretary to George VI and, after her accession, to Queen Elizabeth II.

In 1953 Private Secretary Sir Alan Lascelles (second cousin to the present Earl of Harewood) retired, and Sir Michael stepped easily into his shoes.

He is the first man, after Prince Philip, to see the Queen each morning.

As soon as she has finished her breakfast, flipped through her stack of newspapers (everything from the racy "Daily Mirror" to the "Times" special Royal Edition), and chatted to her children, she settles down at her desk, rings for Adeane.

It is 10 a.m., and the Queen's official day has begun.

The day's work for Adeane begins with the Queen's Red Boxes. Flat, rectangular, and covered in red (or green or black) morocco leather, with "The Queen" inscribed in gold letters on the lid, they arrive locked and hand-delivered each day from every government department.

Their contents may be vital, trivial, dramatic, dull, and it is up to Adeane to decide which should be put before the Queen.

Then follows the day's correspondence (about 250 letters), memos from the Household, menus, audiences, telephone calls, future programs, and the supervision of work to be delegated.

At day's end, Sir Michael dons his bowler hat and strolls down the Mall to his small grace-and-favor house in nearby St. James's Palace, where he lives with his attractive, dark-haired wife, Lady Helen, and their 26-



PRIVATE SECRETARY Sir Michael Adeane (above), the man closest to the Queen in her official duties, must remain aloof in public.

year-old son, George Edward. The Adeanes also have a small rent-free apartment at Windsor Castle, where they sometimes spend weekends.

As the man closest to the Queen (he accompanies her on all her more important outings, goes on every royal tour, spends weekends at Windsor Castle whenever she does), the Queen's Private Secretary is a present-day, plainclothes version of the old Grand Vizier.

Although in private Sir Michael may be the best of friends with the Queen and Prince Philip (on tour in Australia in 1963 he and Philip slipped away for a day's trout-fishing in a Snowy Mountains stream), protocol demands that in public he keep his distance.

This particular piece of protocol has plunged Adeane into some embarrassing dilemmas. At the end of a tour of the Warwickshire

Royal Show, the Queen climbed into a Land-Rover, caught her toe, and stumbled.

Because of protocol, Sir Michael felt unable to grab her, and he and Prince Philip hurried agitatedly forward while she picked herself up, ruefully rubbing a bruise on her chin.

How many cows graze to an acre?

The Queen's Treasurer and Keeper of the Privy Purse is another Old Etonian and ex-Grenadier Guards officer, Brigadier the Lord Tryon, KCB, KCVO, DSO. He has the task of balancing the Queen's budget.

He writes all the Queen's cheques, and settles the bills connected with the Royal Estates and Palaces, Queen's donations, Queen's scholarships, Royal Almonry, and Royal Patronage.

It is a job which calls for a calm, calculating mind steeped in rare knowledge, such as how many cows can profitably graze on an acre of parkland, who should receive Royal Maundy money, and how much it costs to heat Buckingham Palace.

Tall, greying, 59-year-old Charles George Vivian Tryon, second Baron of Durnford, knows all these answers—and many more.

Since 1760, British monarchs have traditionally handed over to the Exchequer all the incomes from the Crown Lands and other royal dues.

In return, the Queen gets an annual fixed income from the Government known as the Civil List, totalling £475,000 sterling, each year.

Of this, Household salaries soak up £185,000, household expenses £121,800; £13,200 is handed out in alms and Royal bounty, and another £95,000 is set aside for supplementary provision (a sort of cost-of-living bonus).

This leaves £60,000 for the Queen's personal Privy Purse. Although maintenance of the Royal Palaces, i.e., Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, St. James's Palace, Hampton Court, and Kensington Palace, is paid for by the Ministry of Works, the Queen pays for upkeep of Balmoral and Sandringham.

She also foots the bill for all her entertaining and travelling (including the lavish gifts she hands out to visitors at home and her hosts abroad), pays for all her cars, carriage horses and coaches, and her clothes.

The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, Lord Cameron Fremantle Cobbold, PC, GCVO, ex-Governor of the Bank of England, attends to the court ceremonial: the



NANNY Mabel Anderson, in charge of Prince Edward.



LORD COBBOLD: He attends to court ceremonial.



GOVERNESS Katherine Peebles, and Princess Anne.



LORD TRYON: He must balance the Queen's budget.

To page 23

Beautiful hair!

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After you've used New Fashion Quick you'll be amazed, (and go on being amazed, month after month) at the way your hair goes into up-to-date, glamorous styles with just a little coaxing from your comb.

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- SQUEEZE BOTTLE EASE
- CONDITION FOAMING NEUTRALIZER
- PERFORATED END PAPERS
- CRYSTAL PURE WAVE LOTION

by Richard Hudnut

THE QUEEN'S SERVANTS: They must do only their allotted tasks

From page 21

royal weddings, funerals, garden parties, State visits, precedence, uniforms, titles, and so on.

The man responsible for the domestic, day-to-day running of the Queen's five royal houses (Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, Holyroodhouse, Sandringham, and Balmoral) is Master of the Household Major Sir Mark Vane Milbank, KCVO, MC, fourth Baronet.

A tall (6ft. 3in.), breezy Yorkshireman of 58, Mark Vane Milbank might be anybody's favorite uncle.

He has no easy task. Out of the palace staff of 220 more than half come under Milbank's command.

Patrol on the palace carpets

One of these is Palace Superintendent S. A. Williams, who spends his days patrolling the palace's miles of corridors to check for signs of wear in the dark red carpet (two full-time carpet-layers are employed to shampoo the palace carpets, shift the stair carpets once a year, and replace worn strips with a new length), look for clocks that are out of time (one man does nothing but wind the palace clocks every day), and to see that the palace's windows and furniture are spotless and gleaming (a team of 12 window-cleaners and 12 furniture-polishers keep them that way).

When a failure occurs in one of the palace's 2500 electrical outlets, Superintendent Williams speeds one of his three electricians to the spot.

And his day always begins and ends with a visit to the ship-size boiler-room beneath the palace forecourt, where recently installed oil-fired central heating units pump a steady warmth throughout the palace's 600 rooms.

Superintendent Williams's feminine counterpart is the Palace Housekeeper, Mrs. Gladys Ramsay (she is, in fact, unmarried, but the royal housekeeper is always given the courtesy title Mrs.).

A bustling Scot, Gladys Ramsay has held the job for less than a year, but already rules her contingent of 24 housemaids and 12 daily charwomen like a firm but genial sergeant-major.

Linen room as big as a house

The palace linen room in the basement is an important part of Mrs. Ramsay's domain. Occupying the floor-area of a normal-size house, it takes three maids all their time to run it.

It is here that the palace's soiled linen (from towels and tablecloths to dusters) is sorted into cotton sacks ready for the laundry van twice a week.

Exceptions are the Queen's lingerie, which is hand-washed by her personal staff, Prince Philip's shirts, which are tended by his two valets, and Prince Andrew's and Prince Edward's clothes, washed in the nursery.

Although the charwomen arrive at 9 a.m. and leave at 5 p.m., all 24 housemaids live in the palace with a

half day off every second day.

Their rooms are on the top floor, tucked under the roof, and all identical: green carpet on the floor, green (or sometimes rust) window drapes), a single bed, wash-basin, wardrobe, chest of drawers, and reading lamp.

Senior servants are given the added luxury of a small writing desk and two arm-chairs.

Five floors below in the basement, similar rooms shelter the single men on the palace domestic staff—the unmarried footmen, pages, and stewards. (Those that are married are allotted rent-free apartments nearby.)

The palace employs ten pages, 14 footmen, and six stewards, and clothes them in trim battledress uniforms of navy-blue serge, with the royal cypher worked in gold on the breast pocket.

Their duties vary widely. Pages and footmen take turns to do a full day's work, from eight in the morning until the Queen and Prince Philip retire at night. The next day is free.

A footman may be called upon to lay tables, fetch the Queen's meals from the kitchen, clean her shoes, see to her luggage when she travels, and carry messages.

Pages are scaled slightly higher. They wait at table (wearing white gloves), sort the Queen's personal mail, and announce visitors.

Tradition and a stubborn resistance to change remain the biggest stumbling-blocks to efficiency.

"You must stand by protocol"

At Buckingham Palace senior servants still demand to be waited on at table, to have their rooms cleaned and errands run for them by the junior servants.

Recalls ex - chauffeur, second-class, Sidney Baker, who handed in his notice six months ago: "The final straw for me came when a junior chauffeur was sent to pick up Prince Charles at the station. Status was involved.

"Work with royalty is based on protocol, and to maintain your position you must stand by it."

It is typical of the out-moded system that no royal servant will handle a task he considers outside his job.

So when the Queen and Prince Philip take a handful of friends back to the palace after the theatre, as many as 12 domestic staff must be retained on late duty to serve them. The fare may be simple — ham sandwiches and coffee — but the production is not.

There must be footmen to swing open the doors as the guests approach, another footman to take the gentlemen's coats, and a housemaid to look after the ladies.

Below stairs, a chef cuts the sandwiches and brews the coffee, then beckons a "skivvie" to carry the tray — to hand to the footman, to hand to the pages who eventually serve the food.

Prince Philip, in an attempt to bypass the cumbersome routine, had an electric frypan installed to fry egg-and-bacon suppers for late-night guests.

Philip also planned a means of getting their own breakfast, but the Queen objected to the cooking smell.

In recent years, much below-stairs discontent has centred on the reportedly low wage rates.

Before World War II, house servants willingly accepted poor pay and conditions for the privilege of working for the monarch.

That ended the day an ex-Guards sergeant - major returned from the war to resume his old job as a Buckingham Palace porter. His pay at the end of the first week was £3/17/6.

Staff strikes for better pay

Outraged, he contacted the Civil Service Union and arranged a meeting between union officials and 22 of the palace's domestic staff.

Today, the Civil Service Union claims more than 200

to keep cooked food warm, and refrigerators.

Along the window wall are ranged four large stainless-steel sinks where three full-time odd-job men clean and prepare vegetables, wash dishes, and scour saucepans.

All the royal saucepans, frying-pans, and cooking pots are burnished copper, many of them relics of Queen Victoria's reign. They are still scoured with damp sand to keep them gleaming.

Another almost - antique which has survived is the big black gas stove which squats in an alcove in the Queen's kitchen, on which all her personal meals are cooked.

Victualling the royal household is the job of the Comptroller of Supply, Philip Venning. His daily order includes eight churns of milk (delivered daily from the Queen's Jersey herd at Windsor), one hundred-weight of potatoes, 100 loaves and 18 dozen fresh rolls, 24 dozen new-laid eggs, and so on.

To cope, Aubrey calls in more than a hundred extra staff from an approved list of employment agencies. Their main responsibility is to ferry the six-course banquet along the quarter-mile of corridors and up the three flights of stairs which separate the kitchens from the ballroom.

Although the food is transported on heated trolleys, most of it has to be hastily reheated on hotplates near the ballroom.

The morning of the banquet, Walter Fry, Yeoman of the Gold, ties on his green baize apron and swings open the heavy, safe-like doors of the Gold Pantry.

Locked inside is the Royal Gold — priceless silver-gilt knives, forks, spoons, cups, trays, salvers, and massive table centres (it takes four men to lift them into place) which are used for every State banquet.

Fry checks that every piece is clean before it is carried away — in leather

that he would "stay on for several years."

(But some months later, after further bickering, Chivers resigned again, this time for good.)

The group of low, gabled buildings at the rear of the palace is the most persistently turbulent trouble spot. Known as the Royal Mews, it is here that the Queen's cars, carriages, horses, grooms, chauffeurs, and stableboys are housed.

Head of the department is the Crown Equerry, 46-year-old Lt.-Col. John Mansel Miller, DSO, MC, one-time Welsh Guards officer.

Highly skilled at handling horses, he is possibly less so when it comes to handling men. In the first 18 months after his appointment in 1961, 18 mews staff resigned.

Those that remained were none too happy. Needled by military-type parades, where sergeant-majors lectured them on the art of boot-polishing, and by frequent last-minute changes in shift duty, they handed a petition to the Civil Service Union complaining about "excessive regimentation and 'bull' parades."

Part of the trouble lay in the fact that the salaries are low and the hours long. Stablehands get around £8-a week, plus overtime and free living quarters.

Investigation into inefficiency

Top basic wage for a chauffeur is about £11, again plus overtime and free accommodation.

Gumbled one: "For this we had to work up to 94 hours a week. It was car-washing, driving royalty, guests, secretaries, and equestrian, fetching groceries, collecting laundry, and more car-washing, from nearly sun-up to sundown."

To supplement their pay, many mews staff take spare-time jobs with the tacit but unofficial approval of palace authorities.

Two years ago, disturbed by charges of inefficiency, extravagance, and outmodedness which had been levelled against the palace, Prince Philip announced that "the Queen has arranged for a work-study investigation into every department of her household."

But in the two years since the investigation got under way, only minor innovations have been announced, although the Queen recently dismissed six of her 11 cleaning staff at Sandringham, an economy made possible by labor-saving devices.

Palace footmen and pages now wear their golden number one livery for four years instead of three. Royal gardeners make their green aprons last another year.

Yet, despite strong recommendations that cars should replace them, the Queen's horse-drawn broughams — stately black-and-gold carriages driven by top-hatted coachmen in red cape-collared greatcoats — still clip-clop through London's crowded streets.

This is one part of Britain, it seems, where traditional pomp is still more important than efficiency.



SPLENDOR of the Queen's progress-in-state through London reveals nothing of the discontent among staff in the Royal Mews.

paid-up members inside Buckingham Palace, with approximately 12-member branches in each of the other royal homes.

Lately a rash of strikes and disputes, followed by pay increases, have inched royal salaries up level with those offered by other rich, non-royal houses.

The secretary of an employment agency which has been supplying palace domestic staff for years says: "Chauffeurs, pages, and porters earn about £8 a week, footmen £6, and housemaids £5, plus free meals and living accommodation.

"Senior servants—the Queen's personal maids, nannies, and head stewards—may earn as much as £17 a week."

Situated in the extreme south-west corner of the palace, the three royal kitchens are linked by communicating doors. One is for the Queen's meals, one for Members of the Household, one for the domestic staff.

Vast, lofty, scrupulously clean, and painted white throughout, they have been stripped of much outdated equipment and are now fitted out with a battery of electric stoves, gas-heated hotplates

A large cold-storage room keeps the sides of bacon, carcasses of beef and lamb, fish, blocks of butter, sacks of vegetables, and crates of fruit fresh until they are needed. Beside it, a mammoth freezer holds out-of-season fruit, vegetables, and poultry.

Much of the produce comes from the Queen's farms at Windsor and Sandringham—and all the vegetable peelings and edible scraps are scraped into bins and sent back there to feed the royal pigs.

The Queen's meals are planned and cooked by her head chef, Yorkshire-born Ronald Aubrey, assisted by four under-chefs and a special pastry chef.

A choice of three menus

Each day Aubrey prepares a complicated menu for the following day, offering three choices for each course. It goes up to the Queen with her mid-afternoon tea tray, and she ticks off what she fancies.

State banquets are glittering, all-out affairs held in Buckingham Palace's spacious 60ft. by 120ft. gold-and-white ballroom.

buckets to prevent scratching — to the banquet tables.

Remote and aloof from the rest of the palace, the royal nursery occupies a suite of bright, airy rooms on the third floor.

Here the Queen's two youngest children, Prince Andrew and Prince Edward, are cared for by Nanny Mabel Anderson and her assistant, June Waller.

There are seven rooms in the suite. There is a day nursery, a night nursery for Edward, where Mabel sleeps, another night nursery for Andrew, shared by June, a bathroom, a small kitchen, a bedroom for Andrew's governess, Katherine Peebles, and a miniature schoolroom where Andrew has lessons.

Last year the Queen's favorite chauffeur, Bill Chivers, squabbled with the Crown Equerry, Colonel John Miller, and resigned. The Queen was dismayed.

Chivers had chauffeured her for 17 years, used to take Prince Charles on his knee to "steer" the Rolls-Royce in the private royal parks.

The Queen sent for Chivers and spent half an hour in private persuading him to change his mind.

Mollified, he announced

History was re-enacted as the barrier of time gradually fell away

The incident at Versailles

By
**MARGARET
COUSINS**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WHEN Mademoiselle Heloise Bertrand was given the run of the Palace of Versailles, it was in tribute to her scholarship and bilingual accomplishments. She was a tall, angular woman, middle-aged, with the fussy air of a confirmed spinster. She wore, usually, a black serge suit of durable cut and a white silk blouse, ivoryed from many launderings, with sensible shoes, which gave her the decent appearance of a provincial schoolmistress.

Actually, Mademoiselle Bertrand was a historian of some distinction, well equipped to conduct the party of American statesmen on a hurried trip through the palace after closing hours.

And she knew far more about the great building than they had time for her to tell them. (They seemed principally interested in the roof credited with having been restored by a Rockefeller trust, and the Hall of Mirrors, which they associated vaguely with Woodrow Wilson.)

Since she related a few salacious anecdotes about Pompadour and Du Barry that made them laugh, they subsequently spoke well of her in high places. She was officially designated to conduct personages through the resounding corridors and the private apartments of the palace, and she carried the keys.

Mademoiselle Bertrand had arrived at this eminence via her own spirit, which was inextinguishable, and a grubby apprenticeship. Offspring of the rabble of Paris, a by-blow of World War I, she had spent her early life in a Carmelite orphanage.

Since she lacked the beauty that gives such children appeal, she was always solitary and subject to daydreams, which the nuns found difficult to rout out. There was no gainsaying her good mind. She had native intelligence and a capacity for study, which the orphanage was not properly geared to gratify.

When it came time for Heloise to go out into the world — she was sixteen — she was placed with a family in Passy. The household was genteel but modest, and Mademoiselle was cook, nurse, laundress, and scullery maid. This left little time for the pursuit of learning; but between midnight and dawn she made free with the books in the house and set herself to learn English.

She continued her back-breaking career as maid of all work in numerous situations, basing her selection of employers on their library facilities. It was a spartan life, frugal beyond description and without friends or lovers.

This accounted for considerable chaffing in the house of the American Embassy family she had chosen for the improvement of her English conversation.

"Now, Heloise, don't tell me you haven't a man stashed out somewhere," Mr. Barton said, after he had had two or three martinis. "I'll bet you give him all your money."

Mademoiselle could not control her sneer. "M'sieu," she replied, "I prefer dead kings."

The Bartons were an easygoing, good-natured lot, for whom Heloise felt something approaching contempt. They had no sense of place. They were ignorant in spite of their fine educations. "Republicans!" she thought, for with less reason than anybody she herself was a royalist.

But it was through Mr. Barton that she was taken on at the American Express. After four

years, when he was recalled to the United States, he made the arrangement, giving her an excellent reference.

This constituted a turning point in her life, for it was there that she came to the attention of Morley Beggs, a desiccated Englishman of such erudition that only his single-minded dedication to the bottle had prevented him from attaining the high places of the world.

Instead, he was a guide on the lumbering buses of a travel organisation casting his pearls before the variegated swine of tourism. Off duty, Mr. Beggs was a drunkard.

Morley was a tall, cumbersome man, with the slovenly aspect, weak eyes, prominently veined red nose, and flushed countenance of a practising alcoholic. His secret, whatever it was, remained locked in his dyspeptic bosom. It was rumored among the staff that he had been a Cambridge don, sent down for some unimaginable scandal and condemned to live out his life far from family, friends, and home among the shards of his reputation.

He was a scholar, and those privileged to be on the American Express tour to Chartres or Versailles on one of his good days were occasionally shaken out of their complacency.

Very little was known of Beggs' past. His attitude toward employers and tourists was surly. It is conceivable that he was a man for whom the flame of life was such a conflagration that it had to be watered down with wine to keep it in check. He was too much a familiar of the pageant of history and the vagaries of human nature, so impervious to change, to be optimistic. He fled as often as possible to insensibility.

Morley's friendship with Heloise began in the following manner. She discovered him one evening in a stupor of anguish on the floor of the washroom where she was an attendant. Heloise reported this to the management, who explained wearily that Beggs would probably have to sleep it off again.

It was plain to Heloise that the man was in agony, and when she finished her duties, long after the offices were closed, she could not bring herself to leave him there alone. With all her crustiness, she was a kind person, and her life had left her without disgust for the squalor of those undone by excess.

She swabbed his face with a wet towel and plied him with coffee procured at her own expense. Beggs eventually lumbered to his feet and staggered to the sink, which then had to be cleaned all over again.

"Where do you live, m'sieu?" Heloise asked.

"What's it to you?" Beggs said.

"It is nothing to me," Heloise answered, "but I will take you there."

Beggs, his face contorted with a pain that seemed to sever his jugular vein and run down to the fingers of his left hand, slid to the floor, his head lolling against the wall. It occurred to him that he might be going to die, and his pounding blood rejected the idea of the white tile of the American Express.

"Lie down," Heloise said, stuffing his coat under his head. "It will pass."

Somewhat to Beggs' surprise, she proved right. He regained consciousness to find the slavy chafing his feet. It had been so many years since another member of the human species had laid a hand on him that he felt weak tears rising in his eyes. He regarded the rawboned girl with a mixture of embarrassment and distrust.

He saw that she was homely, and with the male arrogance that perseveres, no matter what

the condition of the male, he said, "There's not going to be anything in it for you. It's too late for all that."

"But it is necessary for you to get to your bed," Heloise said.

"I sleep alone," Beggs said, "and I will get to it alone." He tottered to his feet, but was unable to stand. It was obvious to both of them that he could not get to it alone. "Very well," Beggs said, "but don't get any ideas."

Heloise was not unmindful of the insult, but insult was not new to her. She draped the coat around him, set his old black hat on his head. "Lean on me," she instructed, slinging his limp arm around her shoulders.

Bearing his weight, she moved down the corridor and out the door, where she propped him against the wall of the building and went to find a taxi. With the help of the driver, she pushed and tugged his ungainly body into the cab and managed to elicit the address—a number on the Rue Nacre. Beggs fell at once into a sodden sleep and snored loudly.

When they rattled up to the door of the squalid house, Heloise paid the bill and began the tedious climb up the flights of soiled stairs without assistance from the concierge, who cursed and spat at the sight of Beggs. The single room resembled a sty more than a human habitation, but it was stacked with books.

Beggs fell on the disordered couch and turned his face to the wall. "Don't hang about," he said. "I don't need you any more." His stertorous breathing indicated that he was once more in slumber.

She did what she could to make him comfortable and sat down to wait. His mottled face, burning with fever, distressed her. She knew that he was very ill, and it did not seem to her that anyone should be allowed to die alone. She thought briefly that she ought to go out and find help—a doctor or a priest—but the part of town was strange to her and it was late.

As the hours wore on, Beggs began to toss and groan and cry out from nightmares. He reared up from the couch, his eyes wild, and launched into perorations in English, which she was at a loss to follow. From this he moved into transports of terror. To quiet his screams, she ran to him and put her arms around him, holding his straining body against her flat chest. But he pushed her away with a gabble of senseless accusation.

Toward morning these storms passed and he slept again—pale and mottled, the bristles of his beard standing out against the lard color of his jowls—as if he would never wake.

Heloise moved around the filthy room, eyeing the books with respect. She filled a pail with water and began to scrub the place, since she had never done anything else. The man disgusted her, but it seemed in her destiny to sustain him. There was no food in the cupboard, and shortly after daybreak she let herself out of the house and hunted up a market, where she purchased the makings of a meal and a bottle of red wine. She presumed he would need the latter.

Beggs roused to the odor of cooking and stared around. His head pounded, and it required some effort to focus on the figure attending the pots. He recognised the events of the night gone, but could remember nothing past his conversation in the washroom.

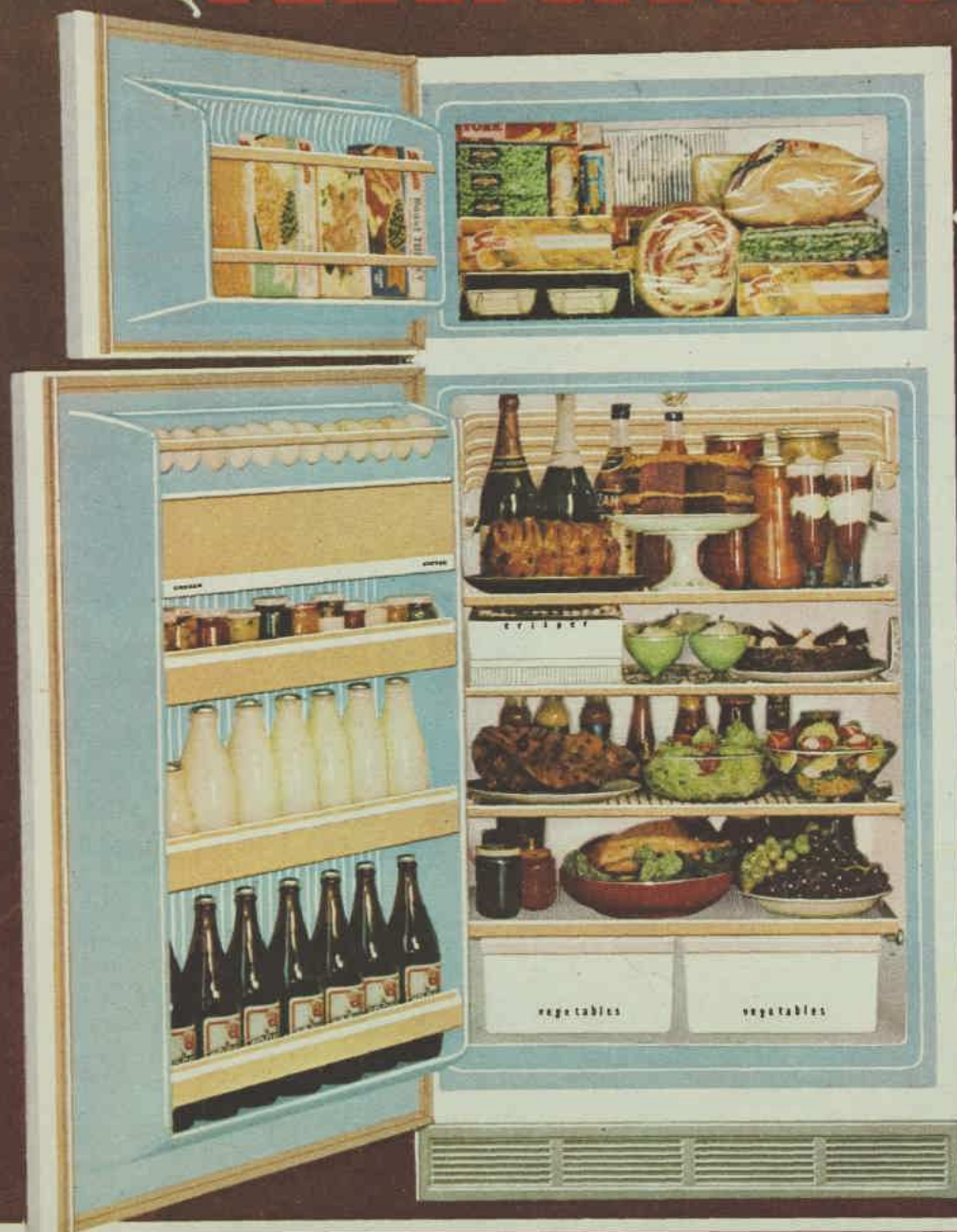
To page 36

The brilliant pageant formed a backdrop to Heloise as she addressed the crowd.





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KL968R



The thirtieth birthday of Clara Hawkins

The eventful day had come—a short story

By LYNNE REID BANKS

WHATEVER else was the matter with her, Clara Hawkins was not a stupid woman; nor was she cursed (or blessed) with the gift of self-deceit. She had known from the age of sixteen that she was not attractive to men. Of course, every rule has exceptions, and down the long years there had been men, of a sort, who had wanted Clara—for one reason or another.

There was the elderly friend of her father's, who had patted her eighteen-year-old knee under the table and been furiously mortified when she had told him loudly to stop. Three years later, in one of the many and indistinguishable offices through which she had passed in her early secretarial days, a poor young soul—lanky, spotty, with a stutter and fingernails bitten to the quick—had attached himself to her, because (she supposed) he had known he was safe with her.

In due course he had grown up, gained confidence, and, like a fledgling sparrow she had once nurtured, flown away. After that, there had been a gap of nearly five years—five manless, hardworking years—during which Clara had forced herself to overcome the boredom secretarial work inspired in her and, by dint of native intelligence and a total lack of distractions, had risen to a position of some importance and interest. The work was no longer tedious; she found a muted satisfaction in doing it well. The routine of her life kept it shapely and well ordered; the familiar faces that wallpapered her days obscurely consoled her—perhaps because she did not envy any of them, even the married ones.

Clara knew very little about marriage. Her father had been a widower almost all her life. But what little he had told her about his short, ecstatic marriage to her mother had firmly imbued her with one guiding principle: to enter the institution

To page 43

Clara watched as George brought one object after another from the bag.



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FASHIONS BY FAMOUS DESIGNERS IN

● Here, for the home dressmaker, are seven superb patterns, designed by Europe's most famous couturiers and showing the latest trends in spring fashions. Each pattern has an easy-to-follow step-by-step instruction chart.



1486. — Easy-fit one-piece (above) has low-placed waist; the skirt has a centre-front pleat. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1486 Vogue Paris original by Nina Ricci, the price 16/- includes postage.



1488. — Overblouse with slightly scooped neckline. Skirt is flared. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1488 Vogue Couturier design by Simonetta of Italy, the price 9/6 includes postage.

PATTERNS FOR SPRING

HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please state size required and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

1319. — Evening dress (right) has away-from-neckline collar and bell skirt with unpressed pleats. Self-belt ties at normal waistline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. 1319 Vogue Paris original by Patou, the price 18/- includes postage.



1401. — Dress (above) has an open-front overdress attached to a sheath. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1401 Vogue Couturier design by Jo Mattli of London, 9/6 includes postage.



1502. — Slender one-piece (above) has a front zipper and one-button closing. Ascot scarf is detachable. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1502 Vogue Paris original by Molyneux, 16/- includes postage.



1489. — Scarf dress (left) has stitched diagonal front seaming finished with pocket detail. Skirt is slit on left side only. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1489 Vogue Paris original by Molyneux, the price 14/- includes postage.

1483. — Chic coat (right) with high yoke covers a narrow sleeveless dress with curved seaming. Dress not illustrated. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1483 (coat and dress) Vogue Paris original by Laroche, 18/- includes postage.



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Dress Sense

By
**BETTY
KEEP**



6442. — One-piece dress and jacket in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6442, price 8/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This prettily waisted dress and short double-breasted jacket is my design choice for a spring outfit. The design is chosen for a young married woman who lives in Tasmania. A pattern is available for it.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, and my reply:

"Would you assist me with a style and pattern for a really attractive spring ensemble? I am size 16, 36in. bust. It keeps cool here till well into December, so I don't want too summery a design. The outfit is for attending a show in town or visiting. I am 26."

I don't think you could have anything more attractive than the dress and jacket illustrated above. Have the dress in a silk or silk-like material, and the jacket in light wool. The colors featured in the illustration are new and current. The dress is sleeveless, has a square-cut collarless neckline and a soft centre pleat gathered to the waistline. I hope you will like the design sufficiently well to order the pattern. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I have been invited to an opening night during the opera season. I am confused about the correct dressing and would like your advice. I want to be simple and right in my choice. My husband is wearing a dark lounge suit."

For a gala occasion it is usual to wear a floor-length dress. However, if your escort is wearing a dark suit, I feel it is acceptable for you to wear a short-skirted late-day dress. If you do, wear gloves and be sure to have a hairdo on that day.

"Would you please advise me about a small dressmaking problem? I am finishing the design with a self-belt and would like to know the correct fabric to use to keep the belt from curling up."

Belting or stiff grosgrain is the best interfacing for a self-material belt.

"What type of footwear is correct with a polo coat? The outfit is for country wear."

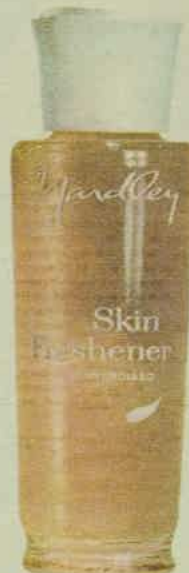
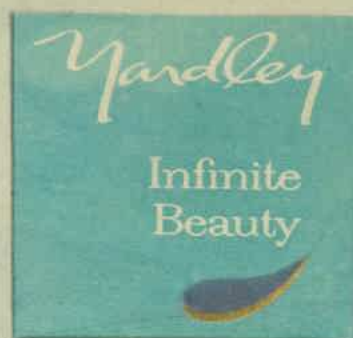
Just-above-the-ankle boots look especially smart with a coat like yours. If you don't fancy boots, a shoe with a good sturdy heel and rounded toe also would be correct.

"I have a formal black sheath evening frock with a draped cowl collar. I usually wear a necklace at night and it seems to look clumsy with the drape. What do you advise?"

I suggest you wear important earrings only.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a short evening dress suitable for dancing? I am 16 and have a 36in. bustline."

Our pattern department has a design for a very pretty low-backed evening shift. The dress is sleeveless and the neck outlined with a self ruffle. If you wish to order the pattern, please quote Butterick pattern 3181. Price 6/- includes postage. Address order to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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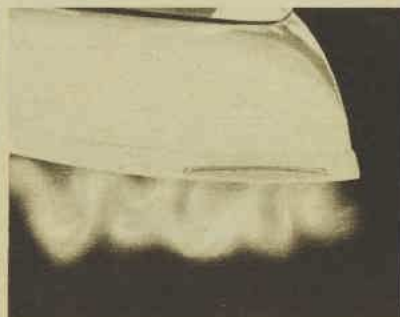
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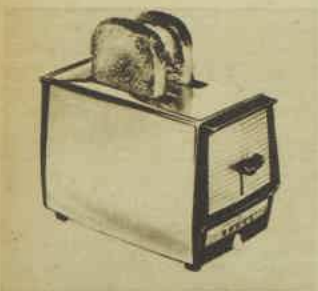
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Aspects of grandeur

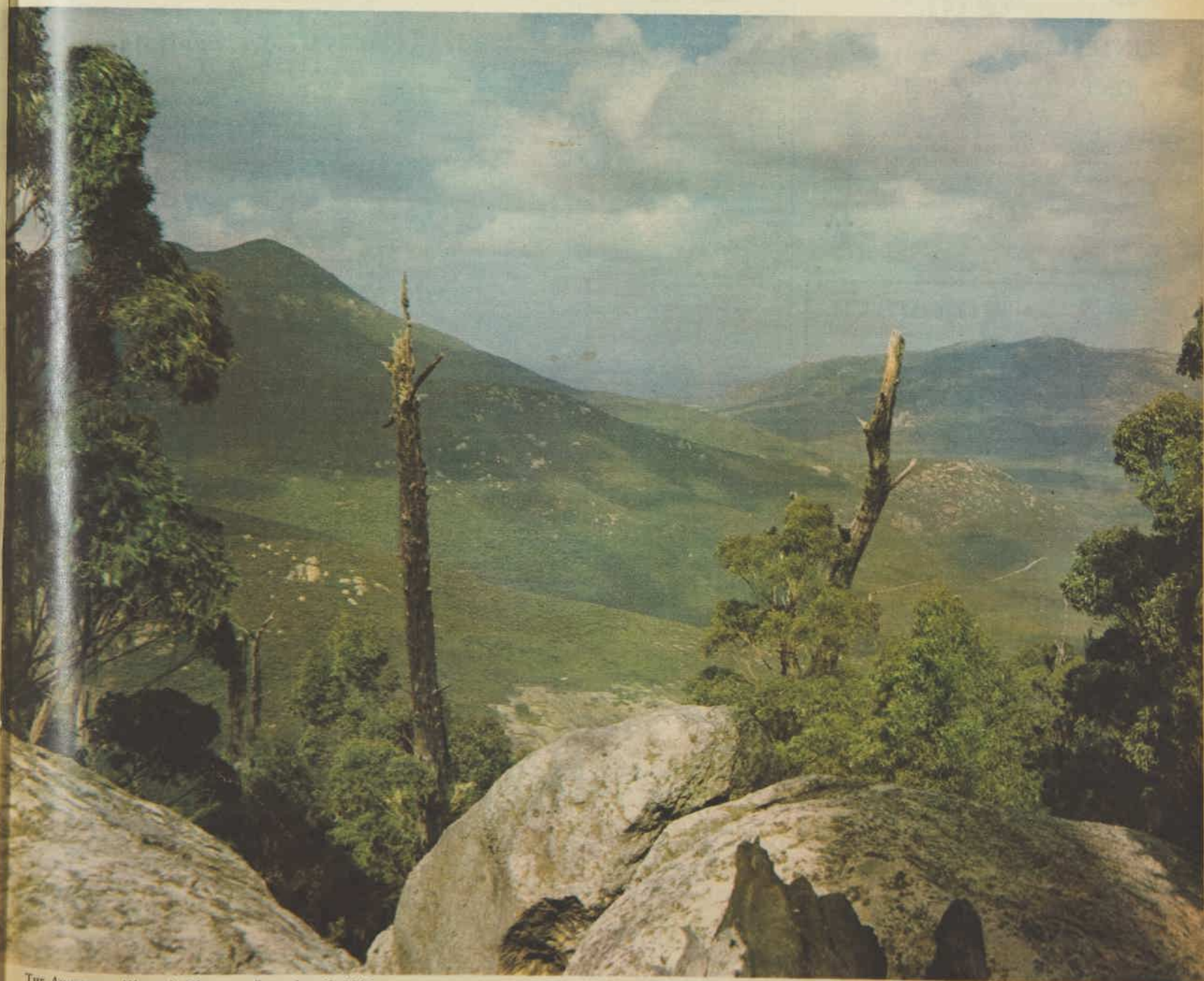
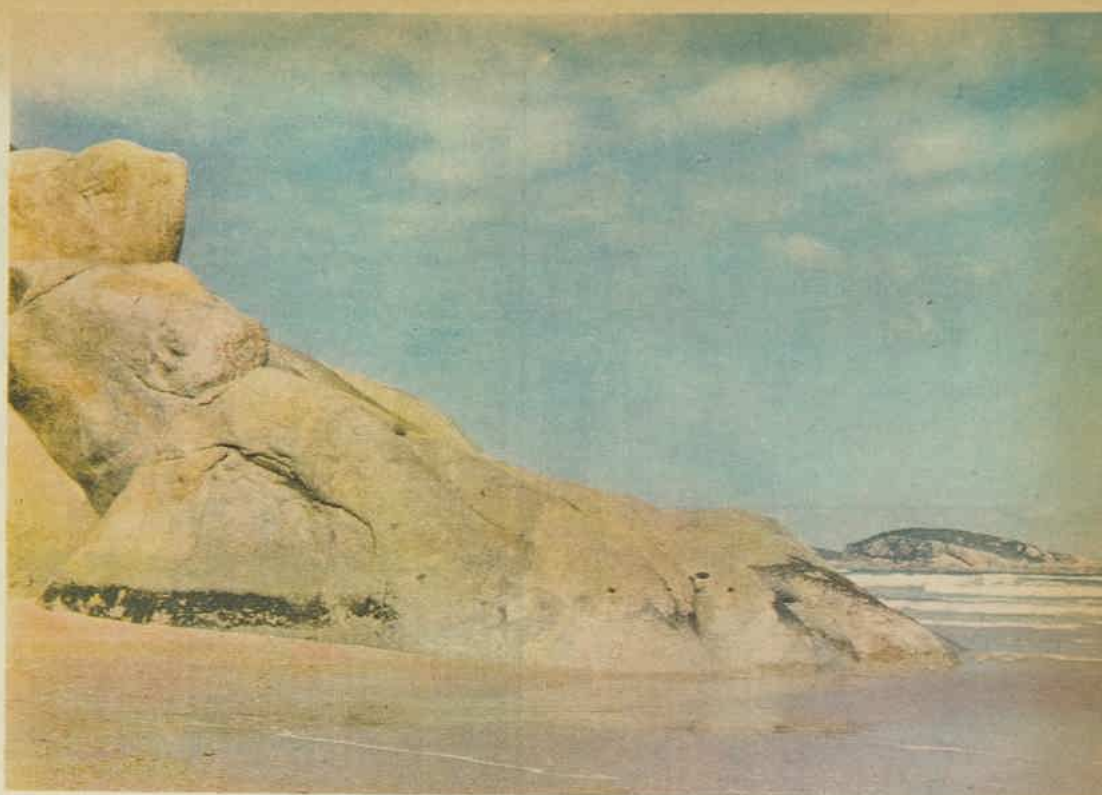
NATIONAL PARK at Wilson's Promontory, the most southerly point of the Australian mainland, presents two aspects of grandeur: the majestic mountains and valleys (below) that sweep down to lovely Bass Strait beaches and (opposite) the rugged coastline at Tongue Point.

Attached to the mainland by an isthmus, with Waratah Bay on the west and Corner Inlet on the east, the promontory was discovered in January, 1798, and named by Bass and Flinders after Thomas Wilson, of London.

Wilson's Promontory, renowned for its bird and animal life and wildflowers, was reserved as a national park and sanctuary in 1898. The park has 103,000 acres and an 80-mile coastline.

Its main tourist centre is Tidal River village, near Tongue Point, 147 miles from Melbourne.

Pictures by Mr. J. O. Colohan, Beaumaris, Vic.



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elegance



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"How did you get here?" he demanded. "I thought I told you to shove off."

"I'm just going to work," Heloise said. "I've just made some soup. Maybe you'll feel up to it later."

"Tell them down there I'm sick," Beggs said. "They'll have to get somebody else to take their blasted Versailles run today."

"Certainly, m'sieu," Heloise said, tying her scarf around her head. "I think that is wise."

Beggs stared at her plain face and stringy frame, as if he were trying to gather his forces to express appreciation. But he was unable to go so far. "Why did you bother?" he asked bitterly at last. "Why didn't you just let me die and get it over?" "I don't know," Heloise answered, shrugging. "Adieu, m'sieu."

"Au revoir," Beggs said, and turned back to the wall.

In ten days' time he was back on the Versailles bus. He looked as seedy as ever, but his health had improved by continence. The personnel manager had forced him to go to a hospital for a checkup. He was diagnosed as diabetic and suffering from various liver ailments and possible coronary involvement. The doctor advised him that alcohol could be his death warrant. Deprived of wine, Beggs was groucher than before, and scarcely accorded a civil word to anyone.

He came across Heloise mopping the tile one late afternoon and recognised her with a grunt.

"I hope you are feeling better, m'sieu," she said.

"I am feeling worse," Beggs replied, and started through the door. Heloise took no interest in his departure; but before the door had swung shut he came back and said, "Perhaps I ought to stand you to a meal. I imagine you saved my life, such as it is."

"That is not necessary," Heloise said.

"I know," Beggs answered truculently, "but I have invited you."

"I would have done it for anyone."

"I know that, damn it," he said. "That is why I have invited you."

While this reasoning may seem obscure, Heloise understood it. "Very well," she said. "At what hour?"

"As soon as you've finished. I hope you have no idea of going home and getting fancied up. I thought I made it plain—"

"M'sieu, you overestimate yourself," Heloise said calmly.

Beggs laughed then. The laughter seemed to crack his face and emerged like the grinding of a rusty hinge. "Touche," he said.

They went to a mean little cafe where Beggs usually took his meals and knew not only the host but the clientele. There was considerable railery when he entered with Heloise, wearing her decent black coat and mended gloves. She was a neat person, and there was something not undistinguished about her long-jawed face.

"From wine to women," the host said, seating Heloise with a flourish.

"None of that," Beggs growled. But he then devoted himself to her with a kind of creaky courtesy hauled out of the well of his being, as rusty as his laughter. In an effort to find some common topic for conversation he inquired after they had ordered, "Well, what interests you most, madame?"

"Mademoiselle," Heloise corrected, and added, "The past, I think."

"Indeed," Beggs said sar-

donically. "Who told you that was my specialty?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you. No one told me. I did not know it."

"We choose the past when the present is insupportable and there is no future," Beggs said.

"For my part," Heloise said, "I chose it because it is only by knowing the past that one can improve the present or cope with the future."

Beggs mulled over this remark. "That's very good," he said. "Is it possible you have it in mind to become a guide—to join my noble calling and spend your time mouthing inanities to fools?"

"I have it in mind to become an authority," Heloise said. "I suppose that will offend you. You see my ignorance, and you know that I am poor. Still, I have it in mind."

Beggs said nothing for several seconds, staring down into his plate at the veal and attacking it while some interior struggle took place in his head. He chewed noisily, as if by swallowing he could put back an impulse he had entertained that was at the same time hair-raising and ridiculous.

"It is necessary to have a goal," Heloise said, "is it not?"

BEGBGS then lost his battle. "Perhaps you would like a teacher," he said.

"Oh, m'sieu, I did not mean—" Her neck turned an unattractive red. "I was not implying—I know you could not take the time."

"I have very little else to do with my time."

"It was impossible not to notice the books. It would be more than enough if you could lend me one from time to time."

"Of course," Beggs said, "I can see that my company might repel you."

"You are unfair," Heloise returned, with spirit that in her amounted to coquetry. "I could not imagine that you would honor me with it."

Beggs bridled. "Let us go," he said, "and select your book."

Thus began that indescribable season when their minds groped toward each other. From the mouldering storehouse of his knowledge, Beggs dragged out his dusty treasure, forcing it into the yearning intelligence of the woman with driving instinct until they reached, now and again, an exalted climax.

Superficially, he did not change. He remained as uncouth, as irascible, as sardonic as he had ever been. He taunted her without kindness, flew into rages at her naivete. His gestures were all of contempt, and any approbation was cloaked in a sneer. He drove her as if possessed of, the Furies, substituting tyranny for the intoxication of alcohol. He was a born teacher and she was a brilliant student.

For her part, Heloise had little choice but to change. With the passion of learning, her whole nature came to pride and realisation. Possessed of poets and philosophers, she became at one with the human condition. She was also a woman, and life blazed up in her like a burning city. But she contained her love. She could not embarrass him with the knowledge of it. Her eyes softened and there was a bloom on her; but this went unremarked by anyone.

In the mazes of French history, when they got around to it, Beggs was his most eloquent. He had it in him to re-create in his ugly room the splendor of courts and ceremonials, the persons of kings

and consorts, cardinals and concubines, dukes and dauphins.

Along with the facts, he dealt in the legends and rumors, the intrigues and gossips, the love affairs and the duels to the death. He laid banquets, presided at levees, built palaces, incited the mob, and manned the guillotine. With his usual contrariness, he sided with the aristocrats.

"I always had a sympathy for Louis," he said. "Never deserved the bad time they gave him all the way round."

In some of these sessions, when the real world fell away and Heloise strode with him down the imaginary halls of Versailles, she was certain he did not know she was alive. But she was never more aware of him than at such times. She had to grip the edges of the table to keep from putting out her hand to touch his raddled face.

When he had subsided he would stare at her, bemused, for a moment, as if he had expected to find someone else. Having shaken off his mood, he would rise abruptly, saying, "That will be all for now."

Who could plumb the atrophied heart of the man? No one ever did. It would be interesting to know what went through Beggs's mind when so much had sprung alive between them. It was possible, surely, that the stone had begun to erode and that he was afraid of regaining his humanity. That could have driven him to drink.

On the other hand, he may have got bored with the project or disgusted with the adoration she exuded, like a strong perfume, for which he had no stomach. Or he may have had nothing left to teach her.

In any event, he went on a bender after a year of unimpeachable sobriety. And without waiting for the established frailties of his body to carry him off, Beggs staggered under the wheels of a taxi in the Place de la Concorde and died in a pool of his own blood.

When this news became general around the American Express, Heloise controlled her anguish. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did she indicate concern, but went on dusting the desks and scrubbing the tile. Her association with Morley Beggs was unknown. There was no way for anyone to tell that the world had ended.

She did not learn what was done with his broken body, since it had never been her province, or with his poor possessions, for they had been on loan. How could she lose what she had never had?

That which she had lost did not bear contemplation. She experienced a grief so paralysing that she lost track of time. She haunted the Rue Nacre at night, peering through the darkness at the doorway of the house, as if she expected him to emerge and snarl at her.

Her mind often went blank for hours, when she could not reconstruct anything she had learned from him nor conjure his face. She had no experience to fall back on for coping with her situation, since she had never before cared for anyone.

Beggs's body, for the record, was identified and claimed by a brother, who flew over from London and returned it to its native heath. His room was inspected with fastidious distaste and padlocked. The unforgiving family, not without a sense of relief, provided the proper obsequies, and Morley Beggs was gathered home in the tidy confines of a Sussex churchyard.

About two months after these events, Heloise, still grappling with the unremitting ache of her life, was summoned to the office of the manager.

"This is Heloise Bertrand," Mr. Judson said to the man standing there. "Are you sure that was the name? Heloise, this is Mr. Lytton, from London."

"You are Heloise Bertrand?" Mr. Lytton asked.

"That is my name, m'sieu." "You were acquainted with Morley Beggs?"

"Yes, I knew him." The raging memories flooded over her to hear his name spoken aloud. The sound of his voice echoed in her ears, and she welcomed this as an omen of returning life. She was aware that the two men were regarding her with curiosity.

To page 38

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MINK and SPAGHETTI

A short short story

By NELLE PARRISH

ANNE PERRY fell in love and she paid the price. It was just one of those things. The object of her affection was an unfinished cottage with holes in the roof and weeds in the lawn. When she signed the deed her friends thought she was crazy.

"You could have bought mink," one friend remarked.

"I could understand it if you planned to get married, but you aren't even engaged," another said.

Nobody could figure why a knock-out redhead who was also a highly successful career girl should sink her hard-earned money in a piece of rundown property 25 miles from town. But who can figure a dream?

To Anne it was the most beautiful place in the world. It was also the chance of a lifetime to work those interior-decorator symptoms out of her system. So she smiled happily at the commiserations while a silly old jingle ran around in her head . . .

Some girls like mink,
But what do you think?

Some girls prefer spaghetti.

On the first day of her vacation, Anne started looking for a carpenter. She could handle a paint brush, but a hole in the roof is a hole in the roof.

The first carpenter she interviewed was a total loss. Richie Hollis. He was a rugged young man with red hair and a disposition to go with it. Though he made his living as a carpenter, Richie Hollis wanted to build houses, not mend them. Unexpectedly, one look at Anne's cottage brought a gleam to his eye. "What a wreck!" he said.

"I want the walls panelled in birch."

"Mahogany would be nicer," he said thoughtfully. "Warm."

"Can you knock out the partition by those stairs? It will make the room seem larger."

"You need the storage space underneath."

"And the stove and cabinets have to go here with a standing counter as a room divider."

"Door'll get in your way," he shrugged.

"If you send me a written estimate," Anne said coldly, "I'll let you know."

She watched him take off in his old truck with amused exasperation and crossed his name carefully off her list. The world was full of carpenters, and they all advertised.

Anne saw another one next morning. Where Richie Hollis had seemed a trifle casual, this man was clearly a professional. He agreed to everything, complimented Anne on her good ideas, and suggested more. When he got around to all new flooring, Anne retreated to the formula. "If you'll send me a written estimate," she said, and went on to carpenter number three.



"Could you knock out the partition by the stairs to make the room seem larger?" Anne asked Richie.

By the end of her first precious week of vacation, Anne had interviewed seven carpenters and had just about settled on a lifetime weekend do-it-yourself project. So far as she could make out, they charged about 50 cents to hammer a nail.

Then she heard from Richie Hollis. Surprisingly, he had figured on birch panelling, an exposed stairway, and a rounded counter to contain stove and cabinets. Just what she wanted, no more. And the price was right.

Anne picked up the phone and said, "Can you start on Monday?"

Materials flowed in over the weekend and by the time Richie arrived on Monday morning Anne had the feeling she was living in a lumber yard. When he got his equipment set up, she felt like an after-thought in a surrealist painting. Her dressing table held a vice. Two sturdy bookcases supported a table saw. A toolbox straight out of a torture movie lowered over the kitchen floor. A kind of trellis arrangement of saw horses, planks, and a beat-up ladder dominated the living-room.

Richie himself gave an impression of perpetual motion, but he looked kind of beat-up, too, Anne thought. "How about a cup of coffee before you get started?" she suggested.

Richie had already seized a strip of panelling and was half-way up the ladder. He came down reluctantly. "I shouldn't," he said, "but that coffee smells wonderful."

Anne dodged around the toolbox for sugar. "Do you really think you can do all this in just four days?" she asked.

"Less," he grinned, "if I could persuade you to change your mind about that draatted room divider. Look." Richie gulped his coffee left-handed and got a pencil out of his shirt pocket. "Put the stove here," he said, drawing rapidly on the back of an envelope. "Then you can bank up those cabinets under the windows and have room for a hanging counter in between. Give you more work space. Cheaper, too."

"I like it fine just the way you estimated it," Anne smiled sweetly. "Now I'd better get out from underfoot. I've got lots to do in town."

By the time she got back to the cottage, Richie had locked up and gone for the day. But the panelling was up and Anne was thrilled. It looked just the way she had hoped.

The next three days were eye-openers. Richie obviously didn't want her around, so Anne manufactured reasons to be out of the house.

After exhausting all her legitimate errands, she called on the neighbors and got her first taste of small-town, suburban gossip. Everybody knew about Richie Hollis. She could hardly wait to get home.

It was getting dark and starting to drizzle when she turned in at the drive, and Anne could see Richie moving around in the kitchen. Probably putting finishing touches to the room divider, Anne thought.

She opened the door on Richie's broad back. He was aiming a kick at the kitchen cabinets and addressing them in a very loud voice, so he didn't hear her come in.

"Something wrong?" Anne asked.

"You wanted built-in cabinets, you've got built-in cabinets," Richie snarled. He reached out and gave one of the drawers a vicious yank. It moved about half an inch and stuck on the door jamb. "I built the blooming cabinets right into the blooming wall."

Anne didn't want to laugh, but she couldn't help it. "What's so funny?" Richie asked.

"You are," Anne giggled. "I just found out you're studying at nights to be an architect." She dried her eyes and smiled up at the infuriated young man. "Nobody can work and study sixteen hours a day without making some mistakes."

Anne reached over and tried the drawer herself. "There goes tonight's dinner," she said. "Spaghetti."

Richie looked at Anne as though he couldn't believe his ears. "You mean you're not annoyed?" he said. Then he looked at her again as though he couldn't believe his eyes. "I know a place where they make pretty good spaghetti."

"If you'll just wait till I shrug into my mink," Anne said, reaching for her raincoat.

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"I am a solicitor," Lytton said, offering his card.

"I have the honor to inform you that you are sole heir of the late Morley Beggs."

The terms of the instrument were plain and irrefutable. To Heloise Bertrand, his last pupil, Morley Beggs bequeathed all his worldly goods, including an annuity of a thousand pounds sterling for the rest of her natural life. He directed that she should employ this stipend for the furthering of her education, availing herself of the best universities, and that she should do this in memory of him.

In the confusion of her new estate, Heloise went on scrubbing until Mr. Judson took her in hand, arranged the trust, and advised her with genuine kindness. Shortly thereafter, she enrolled at the Sorbonne. In due time, she arrived at

Continued from page 36

Grenoble, and as the years passed she became a familiar of scholars in universities and libraries all over the Continent.

Specialising in French history, she wrote, lectured, and taught. She was elected to the French Academy and wore the proud ribbon. Her private life was little known. She had no taste for academic celebrity and lived in modest retirement, tutoring, and pursuing her researches.

She seemed to have no intimates, though she was not unattractive as she grew older. It was said that she was a true scholar, interested only in the life of the mind.

Heloise's obsession with the Palace of Versailles disturbed her, for it

THE INCIDENT AT VERSAILLES

did not belong to the objective study of history. At her first sight of that massive triplicate facade of enduring stone, surmounted by its airy balustrades and crowned by the roof and clerestory of the chapel, she trembled with some kind of foreboding.

The present seemed to fall away, and she could see the court in all its brilliance, crowds jostling in the anterooms, and thronging the passages, king and courtiers descending the stairs, bespangled with jewels and gold, as Beggs had described it. It was with difficulty that she shook off the mood and pressed forward to explore in fact all she already knew in fancy.

She never ceased to pursue this

objective until she was familiar with every chamber and cranny and was privy to the most minute detail in the history of the palace, from the moment that Louis XIII took it in his head to build a hunting lodge, far from wife and mother, in the wild inhospitable country of the *Etang de Clagny*.

Heloise tried to concentrate on the seventy-two-year reign of the Sun King, who flung out wings and ordained new landscapes at Versailles to contain his greatness. But she was never able to feel a closeness with Louis XIV, though she brooded over his genius and studied his mistresses with determination.

She was aware that the more magnificent parks and gardens were

the results of Louis' efforts to obtain a modicum of privacy for his affairs of the heart. She was a well of information on the ceremonies of *lever and coucher* and knew the most intimate stories of Louise de La Valliere and Madame de Maintenon.

She could describe Louis gourmandising at dinner, watched by his admiring public; but she could never identify with the *Grand Siècle*.

For Louis XV, she entertained a similar detachment, though she was touched by the wistful quality of *Les Cabinets du Roi*, those tiny private apartments clustered around the Court of the Cerfs, with their narrow passageways and minuscule winding stairs, like a lost dollhouse, where that unhappy king sought surcease, with Pompadour, from the burdens of the crown. For Du Barry, she could never summon any sort of regard. She considered Madame du Barry a guttersnipe.

It was to the dying years of the eighteenth century that Heloise was truly partisan. She could not stand in the ornate Royal Chapel without envisioning the wedding of the Dauphin to Marie Antoinette, nor view the *Salle de Spectacles* without seeing it aflame with a thousand candles flickering on the Rameau ceiling and glorifying the azure and gilt.

The splendors of this conjured-up court were dominated by the ungainly figure of a tall man, somewhat slovenly in his dress, given to wine and to walking the roof of the palace with a heavy, lumbering gait. This king had been interested in history and literature.

IT was said that Louis XVI was a great reader. His first alteration of Versailles was the building of the library, decorated by Rousseau, that exquisite room with its rounded corners and its symbols of learning — globe, telescope, volumes, and the masks of Comedy and Tragedy, wreathed in ribbons and flowers.

He had been accustomed to sit there at his small desk, drawn up to the window, books and papers strewn over the great table behind him, staring into his destiny.

And after she carried the keys to Versailles, Mademoiselle Bertrand often sat there, too, through the long, crepuscular evenings, waiting for she knew not what . . .

It would be hard to say when Heloise first began to cross the barrier of time. Outwardly, there were not any signs of it. She went about her work — her tutoring, her studies, her conduct of notables through the palace. If any of her clients noted that she expressed umbrage toward the enemies of Marie Antoinette in the stories she told, they never mentioned it.

If Heloise recited to them more details of the queen's robing or her first public accouchement than they really cared to know, they did not complain.

"How could they say that Louis did not love the Austrian?" she would inquire passionately of some startled diplomat. "He smashed a window and bloodied his hand when she was bearing their first child, to give her air!" She never failed to remark the novelty of a king who had no mistress but his wife.

"How could they have said such evil things of her?" Heloise demanded, conveying a party of Middle Western American ladies through the Little Trianon. She painted for them the picture of a beautiful and blameless girl, dressed in white muslin, moving among her ladies, who did not rise from their embroidery frames at her approach, while scarlet-coated courtiers went on playing billiards. "She wanted only to be an ordinary woman — to love an ordinary man!"

Heloise went on to build an alluring scene of life *en famille* in the playful landscape of the *Hameau*, where Louis XVI impersonated the miller and Marie Antoinette churned butter. The ladies clucked in sympathy, looking a bit nervously behind them.

To page 40

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L'ORÉAL OF PARIS OFFERS YOU A WORLD OF HAIR BEAUTY

Farmhouse cake wins prize

● A recipe for a large, family-size fruit cake that contains yoghurt among the ingredients wins the £5 main prize this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for an unusual grapefruit dessert, and for little biscuits flavored with malt.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.

FARMHOUSE FRUIT CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, 12oz. plain flour, grated rind 1 lemon, 1lb. sultanas, 4oz. chopped candied peel, 6oz. glace cherries (cut in half), 4oz. chopped raisins, 1 pint yoghurt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 table-spoons orange juice, 1oz. blanched whole almonds.

Prepare 8in. round cake tin with 2 layers of greaseproof paper on base and sides. Brush with melted butter. Mix cherries together with other fruits, then mix with 1 dessertspoon of the flour. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add grated lemon rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix bicarbonate of soda with yoghurt, lemon, and orange juices. Sift flour, fold into creamed mixture, then add yoghurt mixture. Stir in fruits; mix well. Turn mixture into prepared tin, arrange almonds over surface. Bake in slow oven 2½ hours. Leave in tin to cool.

Price of £5 to Gary James, "Long-acres," Carroll, via Gunnedah, N.S.W.

MALT NUT COOKIES

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. malted milk powder, 1 cup walnut pieces.

Melt butter, add sugar, stir to dissolve; allow to cool. Stir in beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour and malted milk powder. Lastly add walnuts. Place in small teaspoonfuls on greased oven trays. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Oppy, 1 Jean Crescent, Benalla, Vic.

CARAMEL GRAPEFRUIT

One large grapefruit, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, 2 eggs.

Separate eggs. Cut grapefruit into small pieces, arrange in serving dish. Place brown sugar and water in saucepan, simmer over heat until thick and caramel colored. Pour on to well-beaten egg-whites, beat again until light and thick. Pour over grapefruit, cool and set. Serve with custard made from egg-yolks.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Chapman, "Cambo Cambo," Collarenebri, N.S.W.



FAMILY FRUIT CAKE wins the £5 prize.

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Home hints

● Readers win £1/1- for each of these useful household hints.

A WAIST-HIGH shelf beside the back door is handy when a member of the family comes home laden with parcels. They can be deposited on the shelf, leaving hands free to open the door. — Mrs. C. Bergen, Mowbray Court, Park Ave., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

Keep a packet of macaroni pieces in the cupboard for rainy days. Children can paint the pieces with water-colors and thread them on cotton to make gay necklaces and bracelets. — Mrs. M. O'Malley, 162 Danks St., Albert Park, Vic.

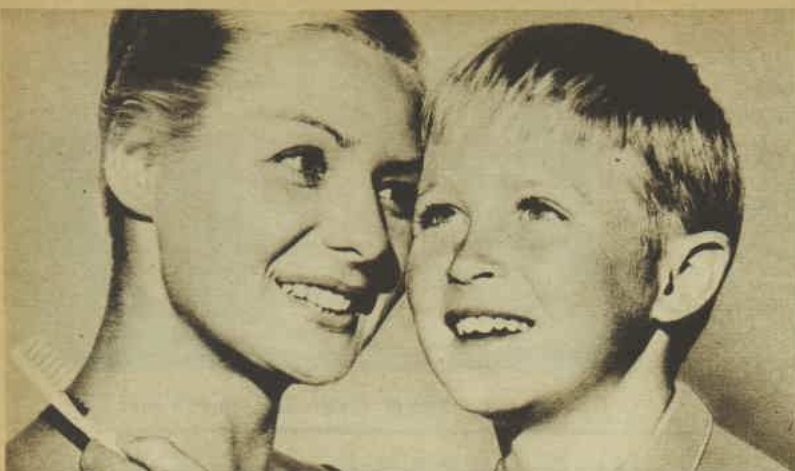
To keep porcelain baths and basins shining rub over lightly with equal parts of methylated spirit and kerosene on a soft cloth. Disperses "water rim" and grime instantly. — Miss M. R. Scott, "Rosebank," Springsure, Qld.

Give eye appeal and piquant flavor to rice that is to be served with curry. Add 4 apricot halves (chopped) and 1 table-spoon sultanas to rice during the last 7 minutes of cooking time. — Mrs. G. Norris, Box 170, P.O., Ashfield, N.S.W.

To strengthen the front of a schoolboy's shirt, remove the buttons (except those at the neck) and insert a length of tin tape between shirt front and facing. Replace buttons, sewing them over the tape. — Mrs. R. Kearle, 6 Pritchard St., Swan Hill, Vic.

Save time and messy slicing when making marmalade; put the citrus fruit through your mincer then cook in the usual way. — Mrs. M. E. Cunningham, Nindethana Bridge, via Wentworth, N.S.W.

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J279

THE INCIDENT AT VERSAILLES

Continued from page 38

It was in the library that Heloise first began to carry on conversations with Louis XVI. Such a lapse may not have been too unusual for a woman who had denied herself most human congress. Time has always been a mystery. Who is it who has said that life is like a river that goes around a bend, leaving the past intact and only out of sight of eyes that strain forward? Heloise retraced the river and arrived at a more agreeable time and place.

At first she was circumspect. She was frightened. She set limits upon this indulgence, consulting her large, ticking watch, rising and stalking out to put an end to it, re-entering the dreary ruts of reality.

It was some time before she began to speak also to Noailles or Madame Campan, Polignac, Rose Bertin, and even the children — to call the members of the court by name and move among them, befriended and beloved. As the weeks passed she became more careless.

She had never expected such happiness, but it was not untinged. Behind it lay the fear. She would be discovered, deprived. It would all be taken away from her. She became increasingly absentminded. She began to think of a hiding place — the Grotto, the Theatre, the *Petits Cabinets*.

The first night she spent in the palace she huddled in a closet in the private apartments. When morning came and the grey light discovered her disarray she rose and fled down the winding stair and did not go back to the palace for several weeks. Still it lay there like a magnet in her mind.

In August of that year, Mademoiselle Bertrand, in common with most Parisians, announced to those who knew her that she was going on holiday, packed a satchel, and disappeared. How she maintained herself in the weeks that followed is not known, but it can be deduced that the world of the present impinged on her no more.

When autumn had turned the foliage around the Trianon to scarlet and enshrined the Temple of Love in leafy gold, her solitary figure was sighted one day leaving the Grotto and walking slowly toward the palace.

It was a Sunday. The fountains were in full cry, and the last sound and illumination spectacle was scheduled for the evening. The spectacle, produced by the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, employing all the best talents of contemporary artists, described in lighting effects, spoken words, and stirring music the history of the Palace of Versailles for the edification of crowds of Parisians and tourists, who swarmed out from the city and stood about in the gardens and courtyards. It was dear to the heart of Heloise, who could repeat the script word for word from memory.

Mademoiselle Bertrand made her distract way up the grand staircase and went on to the *Meridienne*, that small, gilded room, lined with mirrors, where Marie Antoinette had selected her preposterous coiffures, her elaborate dresses, and the blazing jewels custom required of her. There Heloise spoke sharply to a non-existent Rose Bertin, rebuffed the figment of a courtier, and then fell sound asleep.

She awakened at dusk to a susurrant of sound, hauled her ungainly frame up from the floor, and went to a window on the court. The

Place d'Armes was packed with people, in their Sunday best, waiting for the entertainment to begin. The murmur of talk and laughter rose in waves, like the sound of the surf.

In the disordered mind of Heloise, the well-fed bourgeoisie had no such connotation. Around her bend in the river, they had become the mob, tattered, hungry, armed to the teeth, crying: "Death to the Austrian!"

She clutched her throat in panic and fled away from the window. Through the empty, echoing corridors, she ran to the king's apartment, calling out his name in the silence. She made her way to the queen's bedroom, and then crept back to the door of Louis' room, where she flattened herself against the wall and waited.

Outside, the theatrical began and the crowd fell silent. Spotlights roved over the garden, picking out the statue of Apollo. The music rose and swelled, and voices began the long recitation of history. Adroit sound effects produced the beat of marching feet, the clangor of steel as long-departed swords crossed.

THE extinguishing of lights in a chamber re-created the moment when a king died of his wounds. The light voices of ladies resounded in amorous dalliance.

In Heloise, the tension mounted. At that moment, when the voice of Lafayette urged Marie Antoinette to show herself to the mob, Heloise groped her way out of her hiding place and dragged her body into the bedroom of Louis XIV.

Flinging back the doors, she stepped out on the balcony overlooking the Court of Marble. She advanced to the balustrade and stood there stiffly, her head thrown back, her dazed eyes confronting the crowd.

As the spotlight played over the facade, her figure was silhouetted against the pale stone. The emotional climate induced by the crashing score may have accounted for the sudden, indrawn breath of the crowd. Perhaps it was just a trick of light that pricked out the bald, high brow beneath the silvered pompadour, the long-jawed face, the slender neck, the regal stance, and rendered her momentarily a queen.

While the music flowed on and the lighting effects continued, the people on the ground experienced a shiver of apprehension. Feet shifted; murmurs grew into shouts, which drowned the taped voices of the actors. There was a mass gesticulation toward the balcony before pandemonium set in earnest.

In a concerted rush, the crowd broke for the gates. Women fainted. Children were trampled. Families became separated. Hysteria reigned. The police and the guards were helpless to control the mass exit. The entertainment was halted in the middle of the French Revolution, and over the public-address system the police pled for a return to reason.

Lights blazed on everywhere and a superhuman effort was made to restore order. This was of little avail, and for hours the roads to Paris were clogged with vehicles fleeing the scene.

A systematic search of the palace was immediately instituted. The curator and the police soon discovered the still figure of Heloise, crumpled on the stone floor of the balcony. She lay face down, as

she had fallen, and when they turned her over her countenance was composed and peaceful.

"There's your ghost," shouted the prefect. "Get an ambulance!"

"Why, it's Mademoiselle Bertrand!" the curator cried. "Whatever could have persuaded her to do such a thing?"

"Not likely to cause trouble again," the prefect said. "Now get on with it. The accomplice must still be in the building."

As Heloise was borne on a litter to the waiting vehicle, the forces of law and order played out over the vast area of Versailles. But they never found him — that large, unkempt, big-nosed man who had stood behind her on the balcony. It was considered desirable to produce him in the flesh, to scotch all the superstitious nonsense about the shade of Louis XVI materialising in full view of the populace.

Every inch of the palace was searched for days on end. Night watches were set up. Guards were mounted. But no further hint of ectoplasm disturbed the dust of centuries. It was obvious that he had got away . . .

As far as I know, that is the end of this old-fashioned story. It was related to me in its entirety by a seedy stranger who sat down beside me under an umbrella one afternoon on the terrace of that pretty little restaurant in the vicinity of the palace.

He had heard that I was a writer, and his avowed purpose in regaling me with this fabrication was to get it all written down. His real purpose, of course, was to eke a number of drinks, and in this he succeeded admirably. I presume he had a different tale for every type of tourist.

Still, I often think of Mademoiselle Bertrand. (Otherwise, I should never have written it all down.) And I never think of her without venturing to hope, the way women will, that Heloise was rejoined by her accomplice, commoner or king, sometime before her tumbril reached its destination.

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Myra

By WILL STANTON

She was all they had hoped for . . . an amusing story

PEOPLE don't seem to have hired girls any more, but when I was a boy, back in the early 'thirties, we had lots of them. I don't mean we had more than one at a time; but throughout the years I suppose we had twenty or thirty of them. Probably I should make it clear that I'm not talking about maids; maids got a definite salary, and they didn't have to eat with the family.

Hired girls were usually about high-school age. They got their room and board and a little pocket-money and were treated like a member of the family. In exchange, they were expected to perform certain household chores. Now that I look back on it, I guess we must have had about thirty-five hired girls.

Myra was older than the others. She stayed with us part of one summer while my mother was away. I was twelve years old. An earlier generation undoubtedly would have considered Myra a fine figure of a woman. It was her misfortune to live in a time when women were supposed to be skinny. She did her best to look fashionable. Happily, she seemed unaware that her efforts to appear flat-chested and hipless resulted in a spectacular failure.

My sister Helene had no such problem. At sixteen, she was still as lean and drooping as a buggy whip. She used to spend hours in front of her bedroom mirror practising emaciation and keeping what must have been the most detailed and dullest diary ever written.

Her ideal at that time was a tango dancer of Arabian blood who was the captain of a basketball team, but she never found him. My brother, Darrel, and I used to read the diary every couple of weeks, to see if there had been any improvement; but there never was. In fact, if she hadn't forbidden us to touch it, it really wouldn't have been worth the trouble.

The summer Myra came to stay with us, my mother went to Idaho to visit her sister. Aunt Kate was an intellectual type, but subject to spells of absentmindedness. One time, she left the electric sweeper turned on while she and Uncle Fred went away for the weekend. It was still going when they got back. The repairman said he thought it was probably a record, although he couldn't swear to it.

Anyhow, when Aunt Kate's first baby was due, Mother thought she had better be there. At the same time, she worried about leaving us to shift for ourselves.

Even when we were at the station to see her off, she wasn't sure

where her duty lay. "Do you think you'll be all right?" she asked my father. "Myra seems very capable."

"She seems fine," my father had taken off his straw hat and was drying his forehead with his handkerchief. "There isn't a thing to worry about. Now will you please get on the train? Lewis and Clark didn't have this much trouble getting to Idaho."

"Lewis and Clark never got to Idaho," Darrel said.

"You go back and wait in the car," my father told him.

My little sister, Tessie, started to cry. Mother scooped her up. "I'm not going," she said. "I won't set one foot in that train, and that's final."

"All right," my father said, "let Kate worry along by herself. Like as not, she'll leave the baby in the hospital or in the cab. It isn't our problem." He'd been against Mother's going from the first, but he hated indecision and last-minute changes.

"Well, I did tell her I'd be there," she said. She set Tessie down on the platform and took another look at the train. "Do you suppose they have all the brakes connected?"

She finally got aboard, after Father had promised to tell the engineer not to drive too fast.

"After all," Mother said, "I'd rather be a few minutes late than smashed up someplace."

My father assured her the railroad felt the same way about it. At any rate, when the train pulled out, Mother was on it, and we went home to Myra.

As far as the household was concerned, she was all my mother could have wished. She was a good cook in a slapdash way and aggressively clean. Mother had left exhaustive directions concerning menus, clothing, chores, and the procedures to

be followed in the event of every possible catastrophe.

Myra leafed through the brochure, folded it, and put it under the short leg of the kitchen table. Then she placed a hand on either side of the table and tested it. The kitchen floor moved noticeably, but the table was steady as a rock. Myra smiled at us. "We're going to get along fine," she said. She was right.

We washed behind our ears and hung up our clothes and ate whatever Myra thought was good for us.

Even Father, who was not particularly observant, noticed some of the changes. "By George," he remarked one evening, "we've barely started supper, and you've all finished your carrots." He nodded, several times, no doubt congratulating himself on the splendid job he was doing in Mother's absence.

Actually, we had eaten the carrots for a simple but good reason: Myra had told us we would go to hell if we didn't.

Myra was unhampered by inhibitions of any sort. She approached her problems with a singleness of purpose that would have done credit to Genghis Khan. On one occasion, my father remarked with annoyance about how noisy the new milkman was. "You should have mentioned it before," Myra told him. "I'll take care of it."

The next morning, the milkman came whistling up the walk as usual and stamped on to the side porch under my window. There was a pause while he read the note Myra had left for him. Then he crept off the porch and back to his wagon with teeny, tiny steps, the empty bottles clutched to his breast like Lillian Gish sneaking the baby out of her stepfather's house.

Darrel and I later spent many an

To page 68



The children always enjoyed listening to Myra's stories.

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THE THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY OF CLARA HAWKINS

for its own sake, or for any reason other than passion or love, was courting disaster. Marriage that was not exciting was its own antithesis — boredom.

And Clara passionately believed that loneliness was preferable to the blasphemous of being dully wedded. For this reason she rejected the proposal she received when she was twenty-six. It came from a kind and comfortable man whom she met in the restaurant where she always ate her lunch. It is not worthwhile describing this gentleman's courtship of Clara, since it came to nothing; enough to point out that many women in her situation would have leapt at his offer, which was sincere and well backed financially.

But Clara said no, without so much as sleeping on it, because she knew instinctively that married life with this good man would be a lack-lustre thing, without heights or depths, and for this reason alone she could not entertain it. More years followed, and in due course Clara reached the age of thirty.

It is as telling, as insidious an age for a single woman as forty is for a married one—

an age of stocktaking, of looking backward with regret or bitterness (either at lost opportunities or at the lack of any at all) and forward with something akin to terror.

Clara was fundamentally no exception to the malaise that is nature's present to a woman on this significant occasion; but she controlled it rigorously, going to work as usual and telling no one either what day it was or her thoughts concerning it.

Indeed, whom could she tell? She had few friends. This was an injustice she felt keenly; her lack of sexual attractiveness would not have robbed her of women friends. Yet indirectly it did, since married women do not enjoy the company of unmarried ones for whom they have to feel sorry, and by now Clara knew almost no women who were not married.

The few she did know, she did not find good company. They all tended to harbor a grudge against the male sex, which she herself most certainly did not share. This embittered outlook, she felt, did much to bolster the unfortunate reputation of spinsters in general, which, she

found, was one of the aspects of single life hardest to bear.

People, men especially, expected you to be strange in some way — to be bright, desperate, and fast, or, if plain, to keep cats and birds and be beset by tensions.

Clara was not in the least tense, and although it was true she had a cat, it was not a symptom. In fact, she had, so to speak, inherited the creature from the previous owner of her flat, whom she dimly remembered as a dull young fellow, just the sort who would keep a cat; he had parked it on her all of ten years ago, claiming he was going abroad and refusing to transfer his lease unless she accepted the cat as a vital part of the contract.

THIS aged but unvenerated animal was, of course, the only creature she found waiting for her when she arrived home from work on the dubious occasion of her thirtieth birthday. It lay, as usual, in the middle of the small, well-scrubbed kitchen table. Its feet (which age had sagged in a curious way, giving it the appearance, when walking, of a clown wearing very long boots) bunched beneath it, it gazed at her with rheumy but still-knowing eyes, judging to a nicety the exact moment when it must jump to avoid Clara's evening paper.

She invariably hurled this ineffective missile at the cat whenever she caught it sitting on the table. This was as much part of her daily routine as her next move, which was to prepare her own and the cat's supper.

Far from doting on this creature, Clara regarded it with bare tolerance as a temperamental nuisance. But whatever its shortcomings it was alive, and as Clara had no one else to talk to, naturally she sometimes addressed monologues to it. This (she fully realised) dangerously spinsterish weakness she permitted herself, because she had done it for years and the habit was too deeply ingrained to break.

Now, moving briskly about the kitchen, unwrapping lamb chops and putting some evil-smelling fish on to boil, she felt a conversational mood coming upon her, demanding an outlet.

"Well, you old monster," she began, "if you'd had half as vile a day as I've had, you wouldn't be looking so smug."

The cat stared fixedly at the pan containing the fish. The cat had no known name. Clara had forgotten to ask its original owner and, feeling it might not take kindly to a new name, had for ten years called it "cat" or some stronger epithet.

"You're pretty old for a cat," Clara continued, "but what do you care? You've had your fun." The cat, which was a female, had until recently kept Clara constantly harassed with the business of giving away its prolific offspring. "If you can call that fun," added Clara. She was speaking for the cat now. "Producing kitten after kitten, only to have them whisked away. Well, but," answered Clara in her own person, "that's the destiny of a cat. What higher fate can a cat hope for? Unless it lives in Siam, of course," she mentioned vaguely.

She stared at the lamb chops, which were beginning to brown. She thought first about Siam; but after a moment, she found herself thinking about the significance of two small lamb chops grilling side by side. How often she ate them! They

were quick and easy, no leftovers; they stood in lieu of the roasts and casseroles of those with families, and they now seemed, in a small way, a symbol of her solitary life.

On a sudden impulse, she went to her store cupboard and took out of the back a tin without a label. It had been there for years; she had no clear recollection of how she had come by it and had never opened it, because she did not know what was in it. Now, suddenly, she felt its moment had come.

"Right, cat," she said, getting out the tin-opener. "This is my birthday surprise to me. It is my birthday to be fish, you can have a birthday, too."

She had just stuck the point of the opener into the tin when the doorbell rang. Without bothering to take off her apron, she went to answer it. Outside stood a tall, bulky figure in a seaman's duffle-coat with a long kitbag on his shoulder.

"Yes?" she said, instinctively preparing to close the door.

"Miss Hawkins?"

"Yes?"

"Don't you remember me?"

She looked at him more closely. He was very tall, with strong, hard-muscled features and the narrow eyes sunk in crow's-feet that men develop from prolonged exposure to wind and sun. A typical sailor's face, utterly unfamiliar to her. "No, I'm afraid not."

He seemed at a loss. "I'm George Harrington."

"I don't think I know the name," she said politely, thinking about the cat's fish, which, if allowed to boil over, made the most disgusting possible mess and smell.

"The flat," he said helplessly. "The cat."

SHE gaped at him in astonishment. This strapping, weather-toughened figure — that pallid, cat-keeping youth whose image was so pale and vague she had retained scarcely any memory of it? Was it possible? At that moment, she heard the ominous preliminary hiss from the saucepan. "I'm afraid something's burning," she said hastily. "You had better come in."

When she returned from rescuing the fish, she found George Harrington still standing awkwardly in the tiny entrance hall, his tall burlesque shrinking everything around him.

"It all seems so much smaller," he said, "somehow."

"Perhaps you've got bigger?"

"Well—" he grinned at her deprecatingly—"I suppose I may have filled out a little."

She kept staring at him. She couldn't help herself. He really was so extraordinarily different from the other

young man — his former self. She struggled to remember him as well as she could, that other one. She remembered answering his advertisement, hearing his thin, uninflected voice drifting over the telephone wire.

She remembered arriving here, brisk and competent as always, and inspecting the place. (Had he trailed around after her? He had been so unsolid a personality then as to be practically invisible.)

They must have talked; but only one bit of conversation remained with her — when he had asked her, with a strained note in his voice that had focused her attention for the first time, to take care of his cat. Why had he said he was going away? Something about a job abroad. Surely she would have remembered anything so incongruous as the merchant navy.

He was standing clumsily, the kitbag weighting down one strong navy-blue shoulder, like a big packhorse standing in her hall.

She felt impatient — and hungry. She didn't know what to do with him. "Can I do anything for you?" she asked him.

"Well, I really only came to — I suppose she's dead?"

She blinked. "Who, your cat? No, she's not. Can't you smell her horrible supper?"

A great smoothing out of sun wrinkles occurred all over his face over a huge grin broke over it. He had very big, bright white teeth and strange-colored eyes, something between brown and blue, like a baby's eyes when they begin to change. She remembered the teeth now; they had looked out of place in his previous soft, pale face. She remembered, too, that he used to wear glasses.

"Would you like to see her? She's in the kitchen."

He nodded eagerly. Clara led the way through the narrow corridor and down two steps. The cat was back on the table, dabbing with its over-long front paw at the mystery tin and trying to get its tongue inside the small puncture made by the opener.

George Harrington looked at the cat for a moment and then walked slowly over to it. Clara watched, obscurely afraid of some unmanly demonstration; but George only took away the tin and swept the cat on to the floor. "Still got the same bad habits, I'm sorry to see."

The cat, offended, went and sat with its back to them under the gas stove. They could see the tip of its grey tail twitching malevolently.

"I'm afraid I didn't leave you a very well-trained or obedient animal," he said to Clara. "Has she been a frightful nuisance all these years?"

The truthful answer would have been yes; but at that

To page 44

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moment Clara also recalled that for ten years the cat had been part of her life. It had waited for her (or rather for the food she brought) in the evenings, had occasionally deigned to sit on her knee, dribbling and kneading her flesh with sharp claws, true, but also purring in a companionable way — and most important of all, it had been the passive recipient of Clara's conversational moods.

Clara found herself wondering, with a strange unease, if George Harrington would now somehow tuck the cat into his kitbag and take her away.

"No, not too frightful," she said and feeling a sudden urge to praise, added: "She's been quite good com-

pany at times—in a negative sort of way."

They both looked at the twitching tail.

"They're funny little beasts," said George. "She used to be devoted to me, but she obviously doesn't know me from Adam now."

"Heavens! It's been ten years! She's not an elephant."

"Odd, how often I used to think of her when I was abroad or at sea. You have to think of something that you've left behind at home, and I had no family or anybody. I used to think of her and of this place. Sometimes I even thought of —" He stopped and his brown skin flushed a shade darker.

She looked at him curiously. "What were you going to say?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you put that great duffle bag down?"

He set it obediently on the floor in a corner and stood there, as if waiting for further orders.

Once more at a loss, Clara saw his eyes rove to the grill where the chops were still simmering and heard herself say, "Are you hungry? I was just going to have supper."

Lamb chops were obviously not impregnated with any kind of sad symbolism for George, who could not seem to take his eyes off them; but he made a token protest. "I can't eat your chops."

"You may believe it or not," Clara said, "but before you rang the bell I had already decided not to eat those chops tonight, but to open that tin instead and eat whatever was in it."

George looked down at the tin, which was still in his hand. He suddenly frowned and looked closer. Then he sniffed at the puncture and once again his face cleared its decks in preparation for one of his all-over grins. "Where did you get this?" he asked her.

"I honestly don't know. It seems to have been in the back of my cupboard for ages."

"For ten years, to be exact."

She gasped. "You mean — you mean it's left over from you?"

"The buying and eating of exotic foods used to be my substitute for adventure," he said. He picked up the tin-opener and with a couple of dexterous flicks had the tin wide open. A curious aroma filled the air.

"Ugh!" cried Clara. "It's gone off."

"Oh, no, it hasn't." He showed it to her. It was a strange, reddish mixture, in which beans seemed to predominate, but whose queer, hot smell set it entirely apart from any other beans.

"What is it?" she asked gingerly. "Chilli," he said happily. "Chilli con carne."

WITHOUT asking permission, George took a saucepan off its hook and tipped the contents of the tin into it. He lighted the gas and, taking a wooden spoon out of the table drawer, began to heat the strange-smelling stuff.

Clara stared at him, marvelling for only a moment at the extent to which the kitchen seemed to belong to him, before remembering that it once did.

"Best thing on earth to eat with lamb chops," he said. "We'll have a chop each and half of this, and afterward —" He stopped stirring as if struck by an idea, and then he handed the spoon to Clara. "Don't let it stick," he told her. "I just want to get something out of my kitbag."

Clara stirred and watched. In a few moments, her neat kitchen was in chaos. It seemed incredible that one small, cylindrical canvas bag could contain so much. Whatever George wanted was at the very bottom, and everything also had to be tipped on to the floor.

Crumpled pyjamas and underwear, neatly rolled clean shirts, shoes with the toes tucked into each other, bags within bags of every sort, all tidily rolled up with their own tapes — and at the bottom, a treasure trove of astonishing things.

To page 45



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THE THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY OF CLARA HAWKINS

Continued from page 44

Clara forgot to stir as George plunged his long arm to the bottom of the bag, coming up with one fascinating object after another. A roll of bright embroidery escaping from its newspaper wrapping; a carved box set with rough stones; a chunk of colored crystal; a brass bell engraved with Indian dancing maidens; a leather pouch that jingled; a jade Buddha wrapped carefully in a white cloth — and at last, at the very bottom, a few tins.

George set all his treasures on the table, handling each with care. His affection and respect for the tins seemed no less than for the other things. "Of course, food out of tins never tastes the same as when you eat it fresh, in its proper surroundings," he said. "But although tinned stuff is different, sometimes it's even nicer. Ah, here we are!"

Tenderly he set down a tin with a Chinese-looking label. He opened it; again came the outflowing of a strange aroma, this time fragrant and delicate. He gave her one of the white fruits between his fingers, putting it straight into her mouth.

She savored it silently. It was like — like — it was not like anything she had ever eaten, but it tasted the way roses smell.

"Good?"

She nodded, puzzled. A breath had come to her suddenly from the

subtle, oriental flavor still on her tongue. "Yes," she breathed. "Yes." And then, pointing, "You've been there? And there?" Her finger ran tingling, from one tiny red area to another, crossing oceans and continents, slipping over mountain ranges, and huge lakes, landing momentarily on the minute black dots of ports and islands and big cities.

"Yes, I've been there — and there — and there."

"Oh, tell me! Tell me about it, please!"

They ate, and the cat ate, and George talked. The chilli was fiery hot and made her eyebrows prickle; the taste of it, burning her throat,

transported her to Mexico, and he told her about Mexico.

He found a little bottle among his things and insisted on opening it, pouring from it into eggcups an innocent-looking, lucid trickle, which, swallowed, set the mind alight with images, visions, wonders. They ate the white fruits, and George told her how they grew, who picked them, in what manner of shop they were sold.

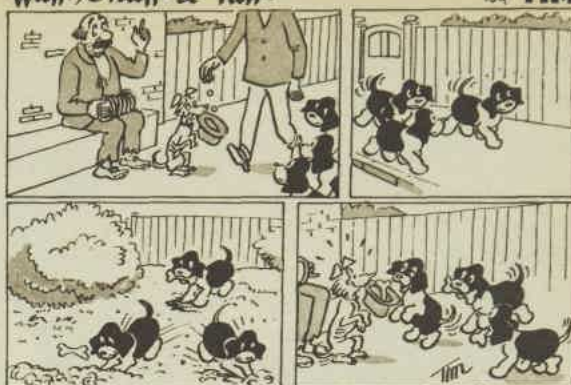
The heat from the chilli was soothed and washed away by the limpid syrup from the tin, leaving the palate perfumed and the imagination awash in dreams.

To page 56

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



FROM THE BIBLE

● Let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.

—Colossians 3:15.

huge mouth of the world. It gave her a strange, lightheaded feeling. How much she didn't know! How many things, large as mountains, tiny and delicate as the little green Buddha, there were to be seen, touched, and tasted!

It was as if, from the contents of the kitbag, she had had a first true glimpse of the width of the world, and instead of feeling awed and humbled by it, she felt suddenly wildly elated. "Have you been everywhere?" she asked with quick heartbeats and shining eyes.

"No. But to a lot of places. To go everywhere is my ambition. The way some people want to be perfect."

A SUDDEN insight came to her from the comparison. Both ambitions were hopeless. But how exciting it would be trying to achieve them! The impossibility of it could not diminish that.

"Do you want to see where I've been so far?" She nodded, speechless. "I'll show you." From an inside pocket he took a leather folder, and from this an oilskin packet.

Clara, fascinated, still breathless from her vision of vastness, watched him unfold a map, expecting it to be aged and cracked and marked with piratical crosses. But it was merely a school map of the world, and it was marked (you could see if you looked closely) with dotted lines and arrows and small shaded patches of red ink.

"I've been to sea now for ten years," said George. "I haven't been back to England once in all that time, and there hasn't been a day when I haven't either been on my way somewhere new or exploring it when I got there. But look how little I've really seen! Or to put it another way, look how much more there is still to see."

Clara was poring over the map, her imagination in a ferment, the



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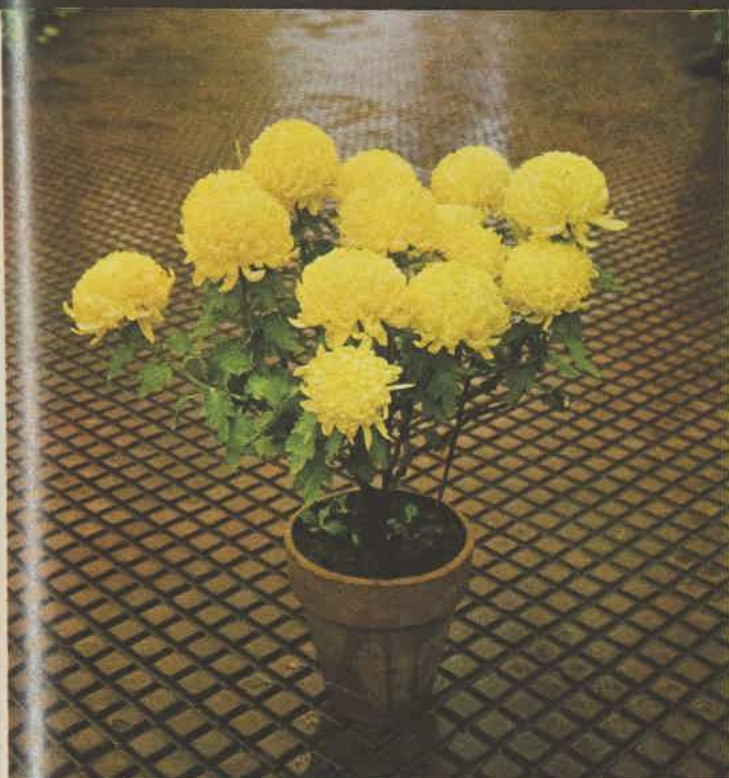
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CHRYSANTHEMUMS



"CONNIE MAYHEW"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 225

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Chrysanthemums, so fine in the garden, are also effective when grown in pots and troughs.

WELL-GROWN plants are a sheer delight, and are very decorative on patios, verandas, and similar places, either singly or massed. They can be moved into the house in full flower.

Most types of chrysanthemum lend themselves to pot culture and there are many varieties to choose from. The free-flowering decoratives such as "Connie Mayhew" are particularly effective.

It is best to start the plants from cuttings taken from the sucker growths or stems. These should be about 2½ in. to 3½ in. long, taken from sturdy but not thick shoots coming from old stems or, preferably, selected from the sucker growth arising from the soil.

Avoid shoots with leaves spaced widely apart. Make the cut squarely across the stem, preferably just below a joint, and remove the lower leaves, leaving three, four, or five at the top.

Take the cuttings in late winter or the first five or six weeks of spring.

The cuttings are placed in boxes or pans, or singly in thumb pots if these are available. A suitable mixture for striking consists of light loam, sharp sands, and peat-moss or leaf-mould in equal parts.

Allow adequate drainage in the boxes, using a good layer of suitable material. Insert the cuttings to a

depth of 1 in. or 1½ in., using a small dibber about the size of a pencil for making the holes. If a little sand can be dropped into the bottom of the hole, so much the better.

The soil around the base of the hole should be firmed by pressing the dibber down at an angle alongside the cutting. Water well, preferably with a fine-rosed can, shelter from wind and direct sun, and keep the soil moist but not over-watered.

The cuttings should start to root in about two weeks, and as soon as growth has started they should be transferred to 3 in. pots.

Successional potting is essential, as it is a great mistake to over-pot by using a large pot for young plants. A general rule is to start with 3 in. pots, then move to 5 in. pots, and finally to 6 or 7 in. pots or, in some instances, to large containers such as tubs.

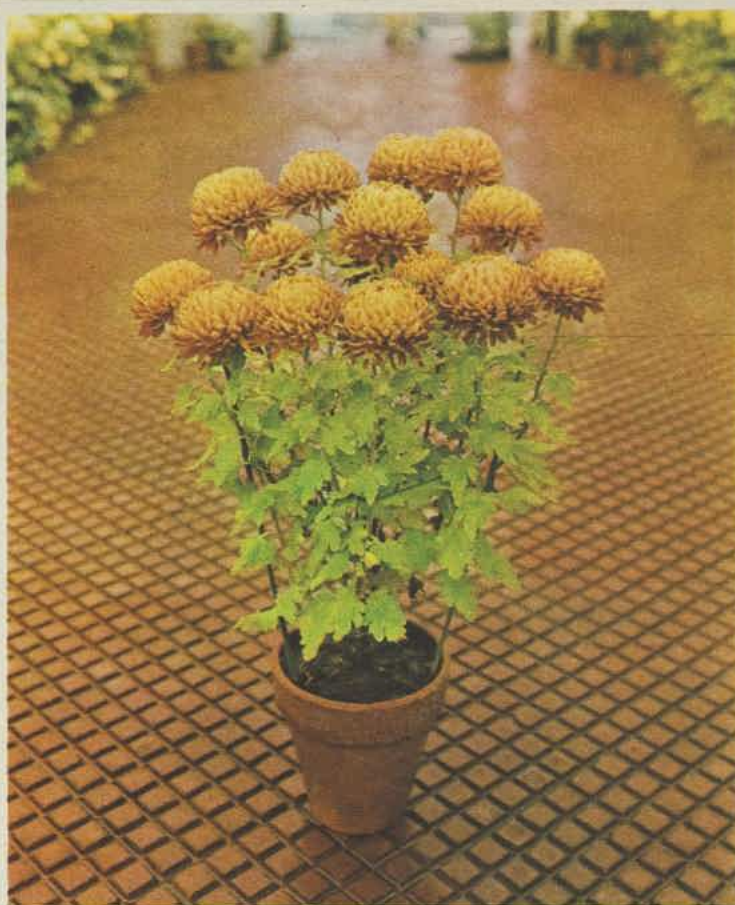
The plants should be moved to the next-sized pots as soon as the roots have filled the soil-ball.

No hard-and-fast rule can be given about the time for each pot. Often the plants will be ready for moving from the 3 in. pots in three or four weeks, but the best way to test the condition of the roots is by carefully knocking out the plant from the pot for inspection.

THEY'RE HANDSOME IN POTS

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 227

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



"WARATAH"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 226

Potting mixtures

There are two schools of thought on potting mixtures. Some successful growers use only a good-quality garden loam and apply liquid fertilisers after the plants are in the 6 in. pots.

Others prefer to use a mixture of three parts loam to one part well-rotted manure, compost, or leaf-mould, with a little coarse sand, to which is added a small amount of bone-meal or other fertiliser.

For those who aim at perfection the mixture can be passed through a ½ in. sieve for the first pot, a ¼ in. sieve for the second shift, and only sifted with the fingers for the last potting.

It is important to provide good drainage.

Stopping, disbudding

Plants in pots look best with a compact habit of growth. This can only be attained by stopping or disbudding.

Stopping means pinching out the growing points, or cutting back the stem, to promote lateral branching. Disbudding can also be used to encourage laterals or greater size in flowers.

A plant left to itself will develop a flower bud at the top of the stem called the break bud, beneath which three or four laterals will develop. The break bud is usually starved by the laterals, but in any case should not be allowed to develop. The laterals in turn form buds which make the first crown. If these buds are not developed, then further laterals are made, forming the second crown.

A fairly common method of stopping is to allow the young plants to grow about 12 in. high and then cut back to about 4 in. from the ground; as a result, five or more lateral branches are produced.

If you wish to grow some as stand-

ards, then the plants are stopped or pinched off at about 18 in. high, allowing the laterals to form the head, unwanted shoots being rubbed off.

Chrysanthemums usually need some staking, but this should be as unobtrusive as possible. Paint the stakes green and use colored raffia or string for tying.

Fertilisers

Chrysanthemums need feeding and this should be done once the plants begin to grow strongly in their final pots and until the flowers begin to open out, when it should be reduced or discontinued. A complete liquid fertiliser, several of which are available, is the most satisfactory, although liquid manure of animal origin, if available, is excellent.

Don't starve the plants but on the other hand don't over-feed. An indication of over-feeding or over-watering is the development of large soft leaf-growth, often with yellowish tinge. If the edges of the leaves shrivel or go brown it usually indicates dryness or insufficient food.

Diseases and pests

Aphids are common enemies and can do considerable damage, but are fairly easily controlled with an insecticide such as DDT emulsion.

Rust appears on the underside of the leaves as brown powdery spots, while leaf-spot shows up as dark brown spots on the leaves. Spray with Bordeaux mixture, 1-1-30, or Zineb.

Nematodes cause the leaves to become blotchy and eventually turn brown and drop off. Badly infected plants should be destroyed, but if the trouble is detected in the early stages it can be controlled by spraying with E605 or Parathion.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 228

More pictures overleaf

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are not satisfied with your skin—if you have acne or blemishes—try washing with pHisoHex. It helps. pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can keep tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. Wash with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. Use pHorac Cream, too, to help heal and cover pimples. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1965

Continuing:

CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR POTS



"Nightingale," "Bun Bu," and "Julie Ann."

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 229



AT LEFT:
"Amethyst"



AT RIGHT:
"Grape Bowl"

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 230



AT LEFT:
"Louisa Pickett"



AT RIGHT:
"Alfred Simpson"

Pictures of chrysanthemums in pots taken at Royal Botanic Gardens, Sydney; of specimen blooms, at Ayre and Robertson's Nursery, Wahroonga, N.S.W.; all by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 231



"Beryl McGuinness," "Golden Bendigo," and "Mrs. Cremlin."

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 232

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Beautiful, yes! But our magic carpet can't fly!

What a shame. But if you'll settle for almost every other magic quality you've always wanted in a carpet, this is the one you'll choose. The magic begins with the fibre. The only fibre developed specially for carpets. Acrilan. 100% Acrilan. All the magical qualities you want are built into it. Beauty. Springiness. Toughness. Resistance to staining, fading; and long, hard

wear. So beautiful you simply must show it off. So resilient it bounces back unmarked and luxurious, time and time again, from the pressure of feet and furniture — and this same springiness gives a fine feel underfoot. And it's so practical, too. Acrilan carpet is as oblivious to staining as a window pane. So fast drying, you can clean it where it lays. So fade-resistant, too, because

the clear, pure colours are locked in for life. These magical things you wanted in a carpet. Acrilan is the only fibre that gives them to you. Until recently, you couldn't buy a carpet like this at any price. Today you can—at ordinary prices from all good carpet departments. No wonder people all over the world look for—and trust—the carpet branded with the magical big red "A".



CHEMSTRAND MERCHANDISING SERVICES, 33 COVENTRY ST., SOUTH MELBOURNE, VICTORIA



Ask these questions when you choose your new carpets

IS WHAT I PAY RELATED TO THE LIFE OF THE CARPET? Very cheap carpets won't wear long. You know that. And experienced carpet men also know that some expensive carpets won't necessarily wear for long either. It depends on the fibre — and the standard of manufacture. Find out what Acrilan carpets have to offer you.

WHAT'S SO DIFFERENT ABOUT ACRILAN? There are many differences. But the major one is the fibre itself. The only fibre developed specially for carpets. No mixing. No part of this, and part of that. 100% Acrilan has all the magic qualities to make a beautiful carpet last and last and last.

HOW CAN I BE SURE IF MY CARPET WILL LAST A LONG TIME? You should have some proof of wear shouldn't you? Well it's a fact that major airlines, hotels, and shipping companies, both here and overseas, have found no equal to Acrilan's magical wearing properties. Even schools in U.S.A. have laid it throughout their corridors to take the continual pounding of feet class after class. And

now, in Australia major departmental stores have laid Acrilan carpets in their high traffic areas! Proof enough for you?

IS THERE ANY RELIABLE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY IN CARPETS? Manufacturers and stores have their own individual guarantees. But this point you should know. The world-wide Chemstrand organisation has restricted the use of the big red "A" trademark to carpets which conform to a certain quality of construction. Best quality. And these specifications are adhered to rigidly — maintained through an active programme of testing.

TO BE PRACTICAL, MUST I LIMIT MYSELF TO DARKER COLOURS? Not these days. Not with the magic of Acrilan anyway. The fibre does not absorb easily. Dust and stains can't sink into it. They sit on top of the fibre, so the most common household spills like black coffee, cordials, mixed drinks and so on can be removed completely with detergent and water. This now makes light colours very practical in Acrilan carpets.

IS SPRINGINESS IMPORTANT APART FROM GIVING CARPETS A FINE FEEL UNDERFOOT? Definitely so. It is this ability to bounce back unmarked and beautiful again and again that determines a carpet's lifetime. Acrilan has this ability — more so than any other fibre (or mixture of fibres) used in making carpets for every purpose.

CAN I TELL AN ACRILAN CARPET AT A GLANCE? No. Nor at a touch either. Even the carpet experts say there's no visible difference between Acrilan and natural fibre. The difference is in the purity of colour — and Acrilan's ability to wear for longer. Amazing isn't it — this magical Acrilan carpet fibre!



For further information on buying carpets, collect this free "Carpet Buying Guide" booklet from better carpet retailers throughout Australia. Or write to Chemstrand Merchandising Services for a free copy.



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Turn fabric into fashion with ...
Beutron
**COLOUR
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BUTTONS**



How I learned to keep house

... and kept my self-respect, too

● *Confusion reigned, confesses Sharon W. Corsiglia, a young wife and mother, until she found ways to change housekeeping from a daily battlefield to a long-range boon. Here she shares the secrets that give her story its happy ending.*

FAMILY AFFAIRS

I AM a career girl turned housewife and mother. I believe they label me "homemaker" on TV quiz shows and panel discussions. But I prefer to be called a housewife, the worthy old-fashioned term that my grandmother uses and understands.

Betrayed by the illusion that I could lick the world because I'd been a magazine reporter for five years, I felt I could conquer housekeeping with ease.

After all, I'd dealt with generals, industrialists, sports champions, and scientists. I had travelled in 20 countries, and commanded a respectable income. As they'd put it in a radio serial, I was the girl from the hills who came to the big city "to find romance and security."

I had found both, but couldn't enjoy them because I did not know how to keep house.

Retiring for love, marriage, and pregnancy, I picked up a mop and broom. It was my desire to create a clean, serene, and happy home for my husband and children.

I couldn't cook or sew, but I felt grimly and smugly that I could keep house well if I put my head and heart into it. I then put head, heart, hands, knees, and feet into "homemaking," but failed to keep my house or me in order.

The clue to my failure in housekeeping was that I could ardently discipline my children but not myself. It was I who needed the spanking. I've been trying for three years to master this discipline—doing what **SHOULD** be done at a particular time instead of what I **FEEL** like doing.

Perhaps my background was not the best to make me a proper housekeeper. Housewifery did not fit into my plans as I grew up. I wasn't taught to "grow up and get married" but to grow up and earn my way.

I felt I was the undisciplined creative type. I learned later that I am indeed. I became an undisciplined housekeeper—turned loose in a big, old four-bedroom house, with a husband who fancies himself a gourmet, and three babies we created in three years.

Good scholar, but no cook

My mother was not domestically inclined, and no one in my family had been orderly. Scholarship, however, was important. In high school I could easily win honorable mention in composition contests, but I couldn't fry potatoes.

I do not blame my personal background for my ineptness as a beginning housewife or for the problems and frustrations I have met in housekeeping. I find few young women who keep house with ease if they do it well.

Housekeeping may be easy for well-disciplined, orderly early risers who have spent years studying home economics; but I doubt it. I doubt that it was easy even for those who were born into it in the days when girls were reared on farms in families of eight or ten.

Several veteran homemakers—elderly women—have whispered to me that the secret of success is to get up early. I think they're right. Some of the prize housekeepers I know rise at 6.30 a.m., but I can't get my head off the pillow before 7.15—unless a baby demands a bottle, or a two-year-old parades nude into my bedroom. This requires discipline, and I'm working on it.

At the risk of showing a beginner's ignorance and mistakes to the seasoned housekeeper, I'd like to speak with the ripe experience of a few years.

I want to do it before I forget what it is like to be a beginner, because the job of running a household is growing easier for me.

My key to easier housekeeping is self-discipline. And it has been my hardest lesson. It takes discipline to break bad habits. And good daily habits make good housekeeping.

Every day that I follow a good schedule makes it a little easier the next day. I try to forget the days when I don't make it, and start every day as the first.

This is the way I began my marriage; and the continuing effort—plus a perfect husband—has made it work.

It is hardest to discipline yourself to do what **should be done first**. This battle starts with waking, with the simple practice of making your bed when you get up, then dressing before you leave the bedroom. This is not easy. It takes discipline, especially if your husband has to eat before catching his train to the office and your children need to be changed and dressed and fed.

It's hard to get back to dressing and bedmaking. If you don't do these chores first, you may find yourself answering your doorbell at noon, your hair shaggy and lips pale, and making the bed after lunch.

And it's surprising how a fresh face and good appearance can help your housekeeping. They give you some strange boost of confidence that lends self-respect.

My mother-in-law once told me, "If your beds are made and your kitchen neat, your house is clean." For peace of mind, there's much truth in this.

My first morning impulse was to clear the kitchen but leave dishes and pans in the sink. I knew I'd have to wash them before my husband came home, so there was no question of not finishing them. But there was something else I wanted to do that I might not have time for at the end of the day, so the dishes could wait.

Working at home instead of in an office has the marked difference that children control much of your time. ONE always needs attention, at least when they are under the age of three.

After I left my dishes in the sink, the remainder of my day might run like this: No dusting in the morning, because this task isn't creative or productive. It's repetitive.

It took me three years to learn that dusting is the quick-and-easy wonder of housekeeping. It brightens, cheers, and conceals the need for heavy cleaning you may want to do tomorrow instead of today.

But as a beginning housewife I postponed dishes, dusting, and other detail "musts" for the last hour of my work day.

This freed me for "creative" cleaning. This meant what

I wanted to do. Washing the kitchen curtains, for example, then shining the window and scrubbing its woodwork.

That shining kitchen window was my notion of what was essential. It somehow reminded me of Dutch domesticity and cleanliness, bringing to mind a vision of bright red tulips swaying in a gentle breeze on a sunny day.

Or waxing floors. I love to do this. No woman who keeps spotless floors, I told myself, can be a poor housekeeper. Or cleaning the kitchen range. What a big job, well done! Who cared if the bathroom didn't get tidied up that day? My husband did, that's who.

Sometimes I'd meet my friend Adele in the park when I took my son out for an airing, my hair straggly and my clothes unkempt. She looked at me with some dismay.

There had been no time to set my hair or change clothes, I explained, because the sun was waning and my youngster hadn't yet had any fresh air.

"Do what you have to do first, Sharon," Adele advised.

"I just can't," was my guilty reply.

"You will," she said.

Her prediction was correct—eventually. But only after I had learned from many bitter experiences.

One of the daily crises

One of the crises my daily habits provoked took place at the end of the day, during the time my husband and I have begun to call "the witching hour"—the time when you get your children bedded down and your dinner on.

Many days I devoted exclusively to such grandiose efforts as washing windows or waxing floors, with the hope of sandwiching in the chores of vacuuming and dusting before feeding the children and fixing my husband's dinner.

On these afternoons it was often my luck to hear the doorbell peal about four o'clock. Uninvited guests have a way of dropping by at that hour, when most housewives who have preserved their sanity have finished their household day.

If you've been missing the outside world—the "career" world—and your caller is congenial, the balm of conversation is welcome. When your husband comes home, you can blame the unexpected dropper-in for ruining your day.

Or it may be a caller who leaves you with a bitter taste—an imperious widow who has survived three husbands, her hair vividly beauty-parloured and her nails manicured.

She asks for a contribution to some cause that does not interest you. Her gaze sweeps your stale menage and its untidiness, but misses your shining window.

When your kind husband comes home, he sees your shining window, but he also sees you.

There were many backward days before I learned to do first what is necessary, and also to save a little time—at the end of the day or while the children nap—for personal satisfaction.

To find these minutes of freedom, I had to learn a second hard lesson: **Do less work each day.**

I must not try to do more than I can accomplish easily in a day. I must learn to do heavy cleaning a little at a time. I have been surprised—almost amazed—to find that the less work I do each day, the better my home looks.

I have learned to concentrate my daily work on the general appearance of my home rather than on heavy cleaning projects.

This means more orderliness, more routine, but, most of all, more "picking up." As I pass through a room I pick up whatever is out of place. One of my friends, who keeps a cluttered house, derides this as a nervous habit, but it has helped me overcome any disorderliness.

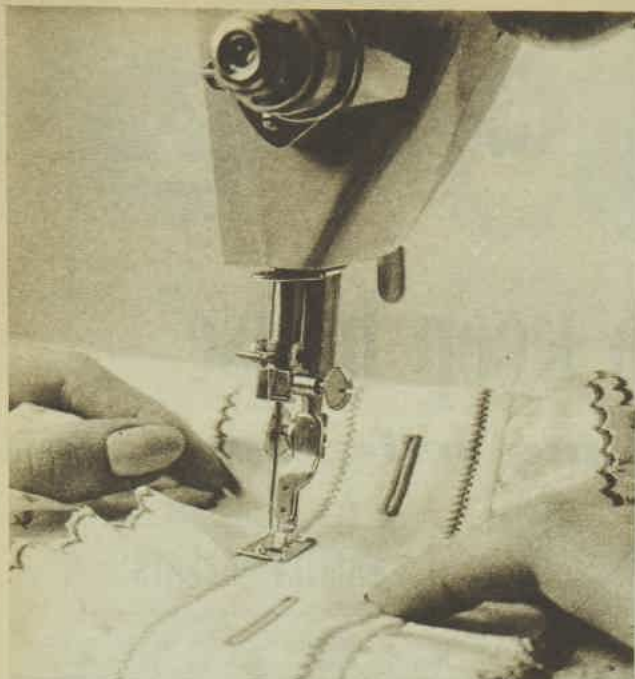
Now I am seldom caught with a disarrayed house. I do not have a frantic pick-up hour to add to the evening confusion of dinner and bedding the children.

Closets, drawers, and shelves are kept in order, and this encourages my husband to help me, for he is no longer frustrated when he looks for the mop or his pyjamas.

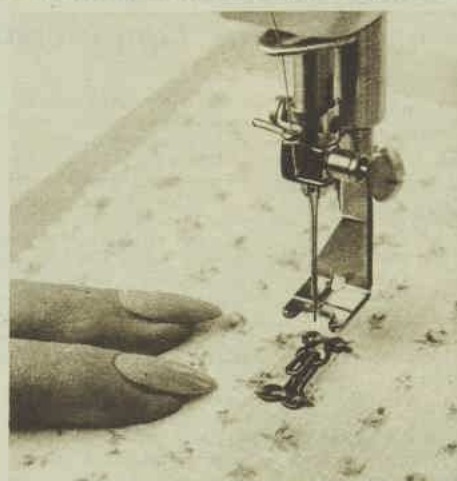
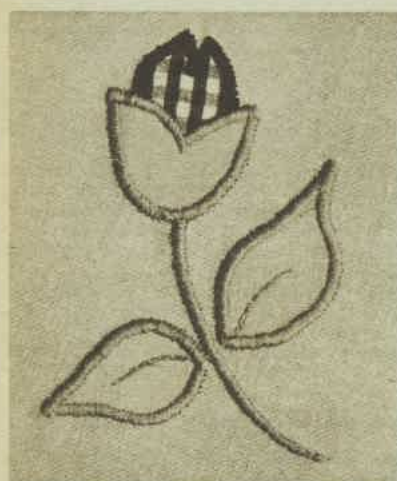
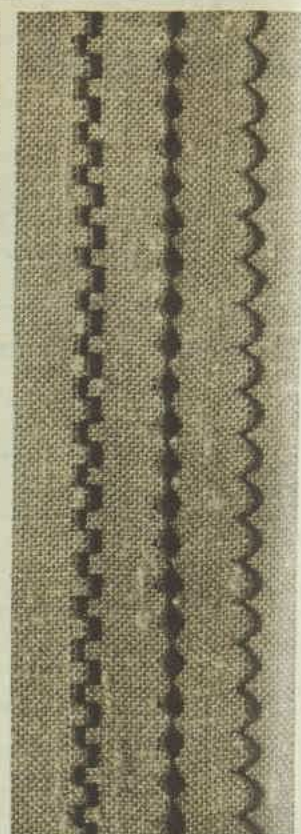
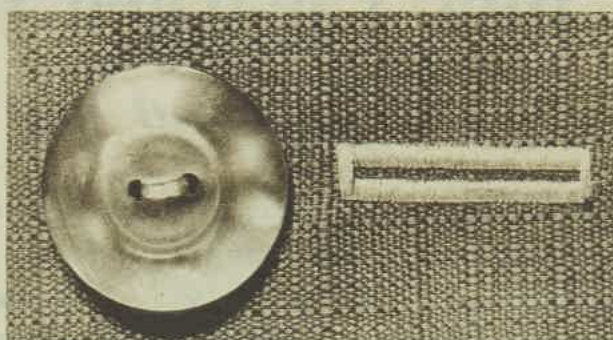
"If your house is neat, nobody knows whether it is really

(Continued on page 55)

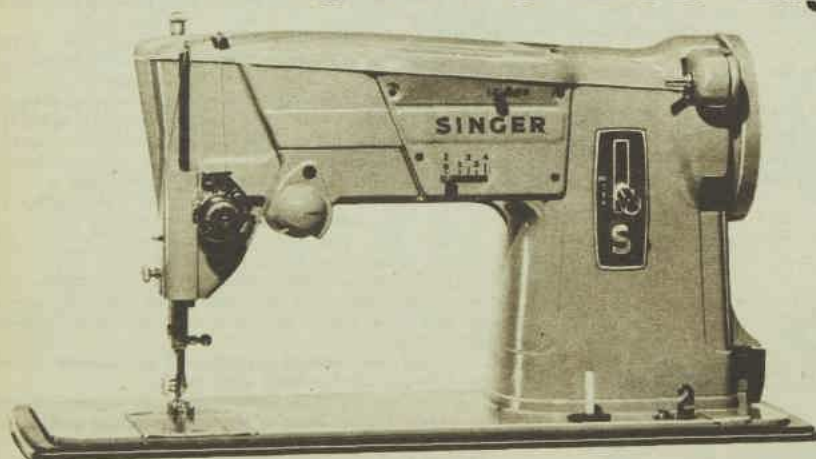




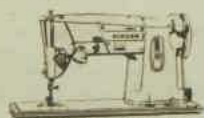
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(Continued from page 53)

clean," an immaculate housekeeper once told me with some disgust.

In the days when I was trying to do as much heavy cleaning as I could, my house was not particularly neat.

Now I do only one SMALL heavy-cleaning chore a day; or I do one big weekly project that I work on a little each day. I may launder a pair of curtains by washing one day, starching the next, then ironing on the third day. Or I clean one window or shelf each day.

I do a regular family washing and ironing daily, and mend several times a week.

Mending is much easier if you have a utility room—or even a basement—where you can keep your ironing-board up and your sewing-machine out, ready for use.

A sewing-machine has been essential to me in making housekeeping easier. Mending by hand can devour time, but a sewing-machine mends in minutes.

A seasoned housekeeper told me, when I was a bride, that she couldn't keep house without a sewing-machine; so I bought one even before I knew how to run it.

Planning ahead makes it easier to do less each day and to convert big tasks into little ones. Having a job before marriage helped teach me to plan ahead for a smoother-running household. This reduces confusion, rush, and tension.

It bears a direct relationship to the pleasure and companionship I have with my husband and the enjoyment we share in our children. And it has been most important to me in feeding my family.

I have learned to make meals that I can prepare in the morning to lessen the evening pressures of the witching hour, when children have to be bathed, fed, and bedded before my husband arrives home from work at 7.30 p.m.;

meals that can be done the day before company arrives; and meals that are economical, yet have variety.

For women who are "creative" types and feel unattuned to domesticity, cooking can be the saving grace. I grew an inch in maturity when I observed that the woman who bakes a beautiful cake is a most artistic individual.

Adventure in cooking puts zest and spirit into a meal. It's an interest my husband and I have learned to share. On occasion I'm proud to serve him sherried chicken breasts in a chafing dish instead of plain roast chicken.

Planning ahead also lessens many a housewife's dread of the holiday season. Last Christmas I was working on several big projects, among them the laundering of all the curtains. I told myself doggedly that the curtains should be crisp and snowy white for Christmas.

My husband quietly watched the deterioration of our household while I worked steadily every day laundering curtains. Finally he said, "Look—you'll eventually get the curtains washed, but the rest of the house will be a mess."

He was right. I stopped the curtain project because I realised I had begun too late. By the time I baked a Christmas cake, made a Christmas cloth and napkins, did a centrepiece I'd learned about at one of my women's group meetings, and looked after my three in napkins, I had quite enough to do to greet Santa Claus. This year I re-dyed my Christmas cloth and napkins last April, long before the approach of the festive panic.

Planning ahead includes a daily schedule. "Routine," once a black word to me, is now a golden one. It helps me complete my daily work and enjoy free time.

I had to become a clock-watcher to develop a workable daily schedule. I now know the average number of minutes it takes me to feed and bathe a child, do the weekly marketing, clean the kitchen floor, and prepare dinner.

Learning to live with time

If I have two hours at home before a doctor's appointment, I know how much I can do within that time. I do not try to do more. I know whether to tell a friend to call at three or at four o'clock in the afternoon, and I know that I shall be ready for her at the time decided on.

I plan my day so that I am not exhausted when my husband comes home. If we're going out for the evening, I'm not frantically dressing at the last minute.

In the past, an evening out with my husband was usually marred by problems I didn't know how to solve. After putting the children to bed, finishing our dinner, and conferring with the babysitter, I had little time to devote to my own appearance.

Then, during a casual afternoon visit with two other young mothers, one of them spoke of her "bridge night out" and how necessary it was to her.

I have no interest in games, so I paid little attention until she mentioned that one member of her group often spoiled the evening by arriving late.

She had given the latecomer this good advice: "Bathe early—in the afternoon. Get almost completely dressed, then put on a housecoat over your slip. Do everything you can toward getting ready, except your make-up. Then you'll find that serving dinner and putting the children to bed won't make you late."

When the whole family has an outing, this little rule has to be expanded. Before I mastered the expansion, I had had some painful experiences.

Because I left planning of clothes to be worn, food to be taken, etc., until the last moment, we were usually late and irritable, and our outings were therefore spoiled.

I have learned to avert this kind of mishap by planning ahead. If our three-year-old is to spend a weekend at his grandmother's, I launder his bathrobe and clean his bedroom slippers early in the week.

On Wednesday or Thursday I shampoo his hair and manicure his nails. And early Friday morning I pack his bag. This prevents last-minute mayhem and strain.

I've also learned not to do the right thing at the wrong time, such as working for an hour rolling cabbage leaves around ground-beef balls when I'm getting a cold and should be resting. Why not serve boiled cabbage and hamburgers for dinner?

Perhaps these rules seem oversimple: Do first what you must do; try not to do too much in one day; plan ahead. But they are basic, and disciplining myself to follow them has enabled me to control my day instead of bearing the brunt of it.

The importance of this control can't be over-emphasised, for it affects the very heart of your home-life by lessening fatigue—that ever-present threat to matrimony.

It helps keep romance in your life with the man you've married, and lets you enjoy your children more.

It lifts the burden from a relatively unimportant part of life. Housekeeping ceases to be a battlefield and becomes a background for living.

An article I read on housekeeping advised concentrating on what is most important to your family—good food or cleanliness, or the artistic appearance of your home. I read this to my husband, and he gave me the answer I expected.

"ALL are important," he said. "I want the menu varied, the house neat, a creative centrepiece on the dining-room table, and you attractive."

I recalled a friend's comment that her husband demands much but also gives much.

Then I reflected that my husband brings flowers for me to arrange, clips recipes he finds appealing, and thanks me when we leave for an outing or vacation without strife.

Dusting my floors 13,000 times won't earn me a place in heaven when Gabriel blows his horn, but my efforts to become a good housekeeper have helped our family life. And I'll work hard to make any day of our life a better one.

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FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL

K135/28

THE THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY OF CLARA HAWKINS

Continued from page 45

Clara sank back at last, replete in soul and body. "I've never had a meal like that before," she said.

"You can get all these things in London," said George, "just as you can get souvenirs from every country just by walking along Regent Street. But it's not the same."

"Of course it wouldn't be."

They sat in companionable silence for a few minutes. The cat came out from under the gas stove and crouched, considering, beside George for a moment before springing unsteadily on to his knee. He looked down at her for a moment and then began to stroke her with firm, gentle strokes from nose to tail tip. She broke immediately into a gurgling purr.

"Does she still like it if you pull her tail at the end of a stroke?" he asked.

"I really don't know. I've never tried it."

HE drew out the tail until it was quite straight. The cat half closed her eyes in bliss and the volume of the purr increased by several decibels. "Cats are very queer creatures," said George. "Twisted."

"Yes, I've noticed she generally bites you when she's especially pleased." The cat bore this out by suddenly sinking her teeth lovingly into George's wrist. He laughed, and she felt like laughing, too, from sheer happiness. Without stopping to think, she said, "Well! It hasn't been a bad sort of birthday, after all." Then could have bitten out her tongue.

He looked at her across the cat, the grin spreading again slowly. "Your birthday, eh?" Then the grin faded. "But perhaps I'm keeping you from

something you'd rather be doing. Weren't you going to celebrate, somehow?"

She felt trapped. Another word along these lines and he would begin to feel sorry for her. She stood up briskly and began to clear the table. "Nonsense. At my age, birthdays aren't something to celebrate." But that wasn't right, either; it sounded as if she were inviting some fatuous remark about looking young — only pretty women can afford the luxury of fishing for compliments.

However, George didn't say anything fatuous. He simply asked how old she was. And she told him. It was the first time she had had to utter the dread words, "I'm thirty."

George sat up. "I say, that's interesting! So am I. I was thirty last month. I was so pleased to reach it at last — I hated having to keep telling people, 'I'm twenty-seven, I'm twenty-nine.' Silly, immature ages to be. One only begins to feel grown-up at thirty, don't you agree?"

She stared at him. "Well, no," she said, "but I suppose it's quite different for men. For women, it's a terrible age. The beginning of not being young any more."

To page 58

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Continued from page 56

"Exactly!" cried George, so enthusiastically that the cat took fright and leapt indignantly to the floor. "That's what's so good about it, and why shouldn't it be just as good for women? I'll tell you something — women are awfully boring till they get to be about thirty. I've had a lot to do with women, and I can tell you, it's true."

"Oh, young, pretty girls are very sweet, very touching in a superficial way; but they're never interesting for long. They quite simply haven't lived long enough."

Clara stood still, grappling with this new idea. "But surely it isn't how long you've lived that makes you interesting," she said. "It's how much."

"That's certainly part of it," said George, and then asked matter-of-factly: "Have you lived a lot?"

"I don't think I've lived at all," said Clara, and suddenly that seemed very much worse than being thirty—or, rather, it made being thirty very much worse. To have lived all those years and not really to have done anything, seen anything, felt—Ah, but that was not true. She had felt. She had felt a lot. It had just not been a very happy feeling, that was all; not the kind that makes you interesting to know at thirty.

Immediately upon this thought came the usual one she had whenever she happened to be with a man: "He probably wants to get away. He must be bored to death." She glanced at her watch and said kindly, "I expect you want to be off somewhere."

He looked surprised, but got obediently to his feet. "Oh—do I? Perhaps so." He began putting things back in his bag.

She was washing the dishes and not looking at him, feeling abruptly flat and miserable, wondering if she had been, perhaps a little drunk from that odd liquor a while ago.

After a bit, George coughed, and she turned to him. He was standing by the door with his duffle-coat on and the kitbag back on his shoulder. "Well—I suppose I should be off."

How nice of him, Clara thought warmly, to pretend reluctance! She went with him to the front door and in the hall shook hands with him briskly.

His hard-surfaced hand closed over hers, and the odd eyes fixed themselves on her face. "You know, I can't get over it," he said. "The way you haven't changed at all since the day you came about the flat. You're exactly as I remembered you, all this time."

CLARA was so unaccustomed to having remarks of this kind made to her that she did not see the implication behind it. She answered simply: "Well, it's nice of you to say so. I suppose I haven't changed because nothing's happened to me."

"I can't get over that, either," he said in his direct way. "Why hasn't it?"

She was taken aback. "It's hard to say. Perhaps because I don't — attract things, exciting things, the sort that change you and make you—" She petered out, certain she must be boring him.

He was not bored, however, only amused, for he laughed uproariously. "You silly girl, what do you think people are

—magnets? Experiences won't come to you; you have to chase them! Take me, for example. I notice you didn't say that I haven't changed! I have, thank goodness. And why? Because, when I was twenty, I looked at myself one day in a mirror at the dreary office where I worked. I saw a pasty-faced, shortsighted weed with stooping shoulders and glasses and soft, nervous, pen-pushing fingers.

"My hands actually made me feel quite sick when I

but you could be a stewardess on a liner, or see the world in a dozen different ways. And it's the same with other kinds of experience — whichever kind you want. You have to go and get it, don't you see?"

He looked at her humorously for a moment and then he did something so astonishing that she was completely dumbfounded. He took her right hand, which somehow or other he was still holding, carried it to his mouth, and bit the side of it quite

That she especially pleased him. Such an idea was fantastic! And yet — the tooth marks bedecked her hand. She walked slowly and unsteadily back to the kitchen.

At once she saw the two alien objects left on the kitchen table. One was a tin. The other was the little jade Buddha.

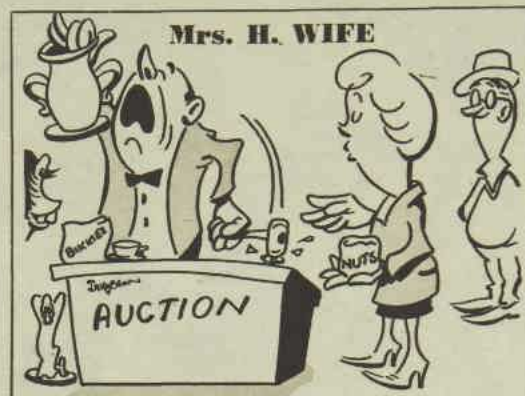
She picked up the tin first. The label was torn and the color was cheaply printed on it in a series of tiny dots. The picture showed unmistakably an ant. Ants? To eat? Her head reeled. Perhaps it was she who was mad.

Then she lifted the jade figure. Warm as flesh and yet cool, silk soft yet hard as marble, it fitted her hand so perfectly, so — sensuously that she never wanted to relinquish it. Its wise, old, fat, smiling face looked at her. It actually seemed to be laughing at her, but kindly, gently mocking, as if to say, "I dare you!" George, too, had dared her, had challenged her somehow. But how? To what?

A softness brushed her legs and she looked down at the cat, who was flatfooted past, its feet flapping like oversize galoshes. Round the base of its tail (she was going mad!) was a bit of paper.

Clara bent down to look. It was a note, pierced in the middle by a hole, through which the tail had been threaded. Written round the hole were the words: "Please pull." The tail, or the note? Beginning to giggle a little, Clara drew the paper off. On the other side, it said: "Please, if you like, ring me. Sailors' Hostel, West India Docks, George. P.S. Happ. 30th Birth."

To page 60



looked at them. I'd just finished washing them, and they were very clean and pink—ugh! Anyway, that's when I decided to go out and find some life. And I did."

She swallowed. Too many new ideas were hurtling at her. She couldn't cope with them all. "But it's different for men!" she almost wailed.

"You keep saying that," he said reasonably, "but I simply can't see why. If you want to travel, so all right, you can't join the merchant navy,

hard. "Like master, like cat," he said and left.

She stood in the tiny hall, so lately dwarfed by his bulk in it, and stared in utter confusion at her hand. His tooth marks were actually appearing on it in red. Yet she couldn't believe it had happened. Was he mad? "Like master, like cat." What could it possibly mean?

What it meant flashed across her mind a moment later. That she pleased him! But it couldn't mean that.



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THE THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY OF CLARA HAWKINS

Continued from page 58

Clara sat down abruptly and stared unseeingly at the cat, which, divining her lack of awareness, jumped on to the table and went to sleep there. After a long time, Clara suddenly and sharply shook her head, as if to clear it of the wild, dizzying scraps of imagery that had been floating in it.

She stood up, smoothing down her skirt, and went with quick, decisive footsteps into the hall. Taking her coat and bag, she went out.

She had intended to go to the pictures, though it was not her night for that. She had to do something to ward off these waves of excitement, of temptation to undefined madness, which, as she sat in her kitchen, had threatened to engulf her. But as she walked past the three cinemas that stood close together in her district, she was shocked to see that George might have stocked them himself.

ONE film was French; that clearly beautiful and romantic of languages would enter her uncomprehending ears like music and seduce her soul. The second was a film about the merchant navy, and the third—she groaned aloud, incredulously, when she came to it—was a reshewing of "Around the World in 80 Days."

So, instead, she walked. She walked for two hours, in the hope of tiring herself out so that when she went home, she would sleep, immediately and without dreams; so that she would not think about George, who would soon be arriving at his tawdry, friendless night's lodgings in the sailors' hostel, without even a cat to keep him company (she forgot about the other sailors, envisaging him quite alone in the place); so that she would not think about the telephone, which stood silent and patient in her darkened flat, the telephone on which she had never, in her whole life, initiated a conversation with a man.

Women did not telephone men, certainly not men they barely knew, men who invited it by leaving notes strung on the tails of ancient cats. Well—women like Clara did not do so.

She stopped in a lonely street. A light shone on a darkened shop window, showing her clearly her own reflection. It was something she did not dwell on as a rule; but as she looked at herself now, her mind reached back and reminded her of the day her father had come upon her, standing erect and sobbing before her bedroom mirror.

"What's the matter, Clara?" he had asked. "Oh, Father!" she had cried with all the tragic, sudden realisation of sixteen. "I'm plain! I'm plain!"

He had looked at her sadly for a long moment. "You are not plain to me," he had said. "But you don't really see me! I see myself and I know I'm plain!"

"If you think you are, then you are. And you will be until you see yourself in the eyes of someone who thinks you're pretty."

Now she stared at herself in the shopwindow. She felt a sense of surprise. She hadn't changed in any way, and yet—perhaps it was the light? Her face was soft and unlined, her eyes bright amid mysterious shadows. She had not combed her hair lately, and now it escaped in a soft, fine halo from its confining pins.

Her mouth—her mouth was thin and firm, as always; yet was it her imagination or was it less so than before? Had it relaxed a little, somehow, into a—almost anticipatory fullness?

As if to confirm her thoughts, a man walked past and whistled softly. It was not a vulgar whistle, just a passing comment—a compliment, surely. Clara had to restrain herself from turning around and saying, "Thank you." An unbelieving happiness was beginning to fill her. She turned and hurried home. What had George said? "It's the same with other kinds of experience—which ever kind you want to have to go and get it."

Did she want to see the world? Yes—but not as she was now. She would just be another colorless, two-dimensional woman to whom nothing had ever happened, drifting from place to place like a poor ghost. First—perhaps even instead—she needed another kind of experience.

She almost ran, the happy blood beating in her head. They say life with a sailor is lonely, she thought. But it couldn't be dull. Especially not with George.

As she opened the front door and switched on the light she saw the cat coming down the passage to meet her. Clara knew quite well that this cat had not a thought, nor indeed a brain worth the name, in her head, and yet now it seemed that she fixed Clara with her wise feline eyes and said, "So you've made up your mind to do something about yourself at last? Thank heaven for that!"

Clara scooped her up, feeling the scuffed against her cheek, burying her fingers in the yielding coat. "Cat," she said breathlessly, "cat! I'm going to find out what your name is and give it to you for a birthday present."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1965



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When slips are so pretty, isn't it a shame to cover them up?

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I've been getting a lot of amusement lately out of all the comments (male, of course) on what will be chosen as the proper form of address for the first woman appointed to the High Court Bench in England.

LAATEST report I read (though by the time this is printed the experts may have seen the light and changed their minds) is that she's to be Mr. Justice Lane, because there isn't a precedent for calling a woman judge anything different!

Let's hope she's strong-minded enough to kick over the traces and create her own precedent. Why, in heaven's name, can't she be allowed both the dignity of her office and the dignity of her sex? Why not Madam Justice Lane? Or even Mrs. Justice Lane?

I admit Miss Justice Lane wouldn't do, because misjustice isn't what she's there to administer. But to call her Mr. Justice Lane, and have barristers address her as M'Lad instead of M'Lady, would surely bring a faintly comic atmosphere into the extremely serious proceedings over which she presides.

The whole business is further complicated by the fact that English judges are commonly knighted. If they're going to call her Mr. Justice, then why not go the whole ridiculous hog, knight her, and call her Sir Elizabeth?

The only alternative is to create her a Dame — an honorable title certainly, but one that makes our American cousins laugh themselves sick. We're all dames to them.

Our whole attitude to titles for women who do things dates back to the dodo, or at least to Dr. Samuel Johnson, who said: "A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs; it is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

In Johnson's day woman's place was in the home and in the background; now that she's out in the world and turns up on the Bench and in the chair at public meetings, we're surely trying to make her look like a dog walking on his hind legs if we force her to pretend to be a man and accept such awkward terms of address as Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, Sir, and M'Lad.

I wonder why it isn't a general rule that where a man, because of his office, is addressed as Mr., his feminine counterpart should be addressed as Madam.

Oh, why can't a woman be named like a man?

THERE'S another aspect of this, too, which is really part of the same question. Why, oh why, do we have to invent these awful feminine endings for words which describe people's trades.

Why do we allow a woman to be a writer or a novelist, but not an author — she has to be an authoress. Why is she allowed to be a doctor or a plumber or a singer, but not a poet — she has to be a poetess.

That great expert on the English language Fowler says in his "English Usage" that "the authoress, poetess, paintress, and sometimes the patroness, and the inspectress take exception to the indication of sex in these designations."

"They regard the distinction as derogatory to them and as implying inequality between the sexes . . . with the coming extension of women's vocations, feminines for vocation words are a special need of the future . . . far from needing to reduce the number of our sex-words, we should do well to indulge in real neologisms (new words) such as teacheress, singeress, and danceress . . ."

OK, Mr. Fowler, from now on I'm a housekeeperess, and if I'm caught breaking the speed limit I shall refuse to stop unless the traffic cop who zooms after me says, "Pull over, driveress."

Perhaps all this sounds as though I'm arguing on both sides of the question, but I don't think I am.

What I'm arguing is that where a woman holds a high office she should have a feminine title equivalent to that which a man in the same office would have (after all, our Sovereign doesn't call herself King of England, or allow herself to be addressed as Sir instead of Ma'am).

But when it comes to the trades and the arts and the professions, where men and women work on an equal footing, the name of the trade is good enough and we don't really need to have a special word which tells us whether, in their perambulator days, they had blue ribbons in their bonnets or pink ones.

Anyway, there's one cheering thought — those who achieve great things often have statues raised in their honor after they are dead. Let the paintresses and the poetesses plug on; maybe a grateful nation will raise statue-esses to them all some day.

WITH meat the price it is, I intend to trick my reluctant family into eating things like brains a bit more often.

I had this Brains-in-the-Shell dish at a friend's house recently, and it was very good. You need: Two sets of calf's brains, 4 round bread rolls, 4oz. gruyere cheese, lemon juice, salt, cayenne pepper.

Soak the brains in salted water for two hours, then blanch them in boiling salted water for two minutes, and

remove the skins. Split the bread rolls in halves, scoop out the crumb, and fry the "shells" in deep fat till they're golden brown.

Cut each of the two sets of brains into four pieces, place one in each of the "shells," sprinkle it with salt and lemon juice, cover it with the grated cheese, and pop the whole thing under a hot griller until it is nicely browned.

We had this served with a salad, but it would go equally well with grilled tomatoes and green peas if you want to make a more substantial meal of it.

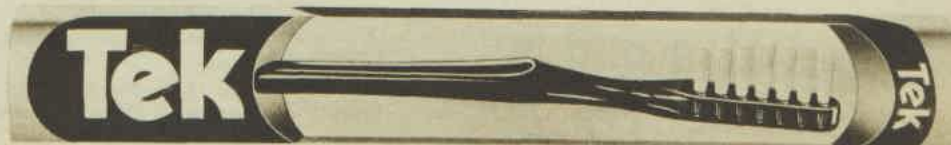
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Curried Eggs Bengal

with sun-rich, sun-dried fruits

Sue Murray shows you how to give eggs an Indian accent, that gives a meal a real lift. Look. It's easy!

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED:

- 4 eggs
- 1 medium sized onion
- 1 apple
- 1 oz. butter
- 2 dessertspoons cornflour
- 1½ teaspoons of curry powder
- 2 beefstock cubes
- ½ pint boiling water
- 2 dessertspoons chutney or fruit jam
- 3 oz. Sultanas
- 3 cups of cooked rice
- Parsley to garnish
- 1 casserole serving dish

Note. All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup, and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

- STEP 1.** Boil the eggs until they're hard (about eight minutes). Then plunge them into cold water and stand them aside.
- STEP 2.** Peel the onion and chop it finely.
- STEP 3.** Peel, core and grate the apple.
- STEP 4.** Melt the butter in a saucepan. Then add the chopped onion and brown it lightly. Remove the saucepan from the heat.
- STEP 5.** Now stir in the cornflour and curry powder. Then return the saucepan to the heat and cook for about three minutes.
- STEP 6.** Crumble the beef cubes into the mixture.

STEP 7. Gradually add the boiling water to the mixture, stirring well all the time.

STEP 8. Add the grated apple, chutney (or jam) and Sultanas to the mixture.

STEP 9. Simmer the curry for 30 minutes.

STEP 10. Put the cooked rice in the bottom of the casserole dish and around the sides.

STEP 11. Shell the hardboiled eggs and cut them in halves lengthwise. Then arrange them on the bed of rice.

STEP 12. Pour the curry sauce over the eggs.

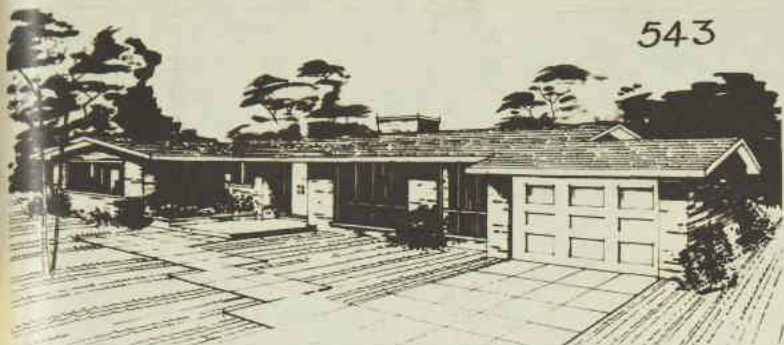
STEP 13. Chop the parsley finely and sprinkle it over the dish as a garnish.



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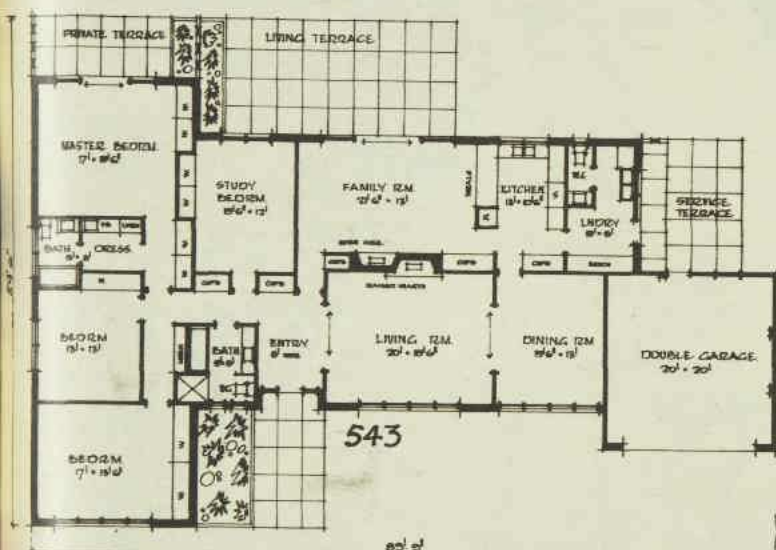
Home Plans Service

543



PERSPECTIVE (above) shows house set well back on wide block. Note full-length windows of living- and dining-rooms.

FLOOR PLAN (below) shows separation of living and sleeping areas by wide entrance hall. Note spacious outdoor living areas.



● This week's Plan, No. 543, is for a spacious family home suited to a large metropolitan site or a country property. Facilities for varied age groups are features of this design.

THE master bedroom has its own bathroom and dressing-room. The two bedrooms close to parents' suite but well separated from reception area would be ideal for young children, while the study-bedroom opening on to the living terrace would suit one or two teenagers.

Comfort in all seasons is provided by open fireplaces in living and family rooms and wide terraces for outdoor living adjoining master bedroom and family room.

These could be partly roofed or provided with pergolas for appropriate planting.

Separation of private and living terraces is by inset flowerbeds and screens. An additional terrace at front of house is sheltered by projection of bedroom wing.

Definite separation of bedrooms, reception rooms, and family room makes management easier, lessens traffic through house.

Kitchen is convenient to dining-room and family room, from which it is separated by family-size snackbar.

Easy access to house from double garage is provided by large service terrace adjacent to laundry, which is also rear exit for kitchen. Note handy bench for folding clothes and ironing.

Storage space is generous and includes built-ins in all bedrooms, hall, family room, and kitchen, and two large linen cupboards.

Area is 26.5 squares.

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A person can eat just so much in four days—but with all this pageant of sumptuous dishes, where do you start—or stop? Malay satay à la genuine thing—with tamarind and spices beaten and mixed for hours on end, to give you a relishing feast. Chinese food is a way of life! We sat down to 12 courses last night. Each one a wonder of exotic tastes. Then there are the stimulating Indian muslim foods, spicy and aromatic. There is an endless variety of the world's best European food served in the many seaside night clubs and palm fringed modern hotels.



WEST AUSTRALIANS, do you know that it is almost as cheap to travel to Singapore as it is to visit Sydney. In about the same time that it takes to fly from Perth to Sydney you could be setting foot in the heart of the Orient—Singapore.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Sevres-style vases.

COULD you please tell me something about my meat dish and vases brought from England years ago by my mother? Marking on the back of the meat dish is a crown with a belt made into a circle underneath. Printed on the belt is the word Hawthorne surrounded by the letters "T.G.B." The vases have two semi-nude women with veiling and cupid and numbers 7822 stamped on the bottom of them.—Mrs. I. Hall, Claremont, W.A.

Your oval meat dish was made by Thomas G. Booth, Church Bank pottery, Tunstall, Staffordshire potteries between 1876 and 1883. The floral and bird motif is transfer-printed.

The pair of vases are about 1890. Unfortunately, your photograph is indistinct and I cannot supply further details.

CAN you tell me about a coin I have? I have written to many dealers in England and Australia, including the British Museum, but all they can tell me is that the coin is Russian. I wonder if you can carry on from there. The coin is about one-eighth of an inch thick and is made of heavy metal. I would be grateful if you can identify this currency by the "rubbing" I enclose.—Mr. P. A. Blano, Maroochydore, Qld.

Your large copper or bronze coin was struck in Russia during the reign of The Empress Catherine II the Great, 1762-1796. It is a five-kopek piece.

SOME years ago I purchased a powder bowl from an antique shop. It has a silver lid and round it there are these markings: J.D., a lion, and what appears to be three trees, "WD" and also the letter "F." Could you please give me any idea of the age of this? — Miss Evelyn Lampard, The Basin, via Baywater, Vic.

Your powder bowl is Edwardian. The silver mount bears the Chester hallmarks representing the year 1906-07.

I HAVE two pewter plates left to my sons by my mother-in-law, who referred to them as "christening plates." One is 13in. in diameter, inscribed with family initials, name, and 1812. It has an indiscernible marking on the back. The other is about 10 1/2 in. across, initialed and dated 1791, followed by the same name and date as the other one. It has a faint oval imprint on its back. They are both like old-style dinner plates and would seem to have been used to hold christening cakes. — Mrs. L. Larkin, Kooloonong, Vic.

The pewter plates are dinner plates. Obviously, they have been given as christening presents. It is a pity that you cannot decipher the pewter's touch marks which occur underneath. This would have enabled me to identify the maker. However, you are fortunate in possessing dated examples.

THERE appears to be no identifying marks on a pair of ornaments I own. I enclose a photograph in the hope you can tell me something about them.—Mrs. H. Binney, Tauranga, N.Z.

These attractive French porcelain and gilt metal vases in the Sevres style are 19th century — about 1875. Originally they belonged to a clock set. The reverse panels are hand-painted. Ornamental clock sets were fashionable throughout the Victorian era. They were generally displayed on the mantelshelf.

I HAVE a teapot, cup and saucer, and plate which have the word France written on the bottom with various marks such as two Es facing each other and the letters "W.G." with the numbers 63 beneath on the teapot, cup and saucer. The plate has the numbers 6027 with the word "England," a crown with the letter "W" in a circle and the numbers 117226. Can you give me information?—Miss W. M. Petrie, Canberra.

Your attractive pieces of china are Staffordshire about 1905.



● Staffordshire china.



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Page 67

ROLICKING



AMOROUS



BOISTEROUS



AND SAUCY!

Wildest wench of a wanton era . . . Female "Tom Jones" . . . a foundling who fawned on fortune . . . and her name was MOLL FLANDERS. The full "Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders," from the sensational film, start this week (with seven pages) in

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW 1/6
on sale next week in W.A.

Continued from page 41

hour in the fruit cellar, smoking corn silk and speculating on what Myra had put in the note. I don't suppose we ever came very close.

There was one inexplicable romantic streak in Myra's otherwise practical nature. She was crazy about gangsters. They would appear in her conversation at the most unexpected times. "Ma Baker always put an eggshell in with the coffee grounds," she would say while fixing breakfast.

Or, "The way your father goes through his socks is a wonder. The Touhy Boys were the same way." I don't think she ever stated specifically that she was on familiar terms with all these people, but that was certainly the impression we got.

At any rate, Legs Diamond and Basil ("The Owl") Banghart and the rest were Myra's knights in armor. The comparison, I think, is a good one; the modern underworld is the obvious refinement of old-fashioned knighthood. The knights made the first faltering steps toward gangsterism—protection for a price, hired assassins, and ambush of the opposition—but, with their complete ignorance of book-keeping and their bad roads, their downfall was inevitable.

DARREL and I had always been interested in mobsters in a casual way, but now they became part of our daily lives. Our vocabularies were enriched with the expressions that studded Myra's conversation.

"You track mud on my floor one more time," she would say, "and you'll wind up in a barrel of concrete." She'd glare at me for a moment, and then she'd grin and give me a friendly, rib-snapping squeeze. "I was only kidding," she'd say. "But you let me catch you teasing your sister again, and you're going to get yourself tanned." This time, she wasn't kidding.

Myra never missed a gangster movie, although she always seemed to find the technique slipshod. "Is that their idea of casing a bank?" she would ask scornfully. "Boy, how dumb can you get?" And she would take another fistful of popcorn. "Look at the way he handles a rod," she'd say. "In Chicago, he wouldn't last ten minutes."

There was one thing that puzzled me: Every once in a while, when Myra was recounting some gangland escapade, I would suddenly realize that I had seen Chester Morris or Edward G. Robinson play the scene exactly as she was describing it. I'm sure Myra was not aware that her memory was playing tricks. Certainly, I never brought it to her attention.

I doubt that Myra ever showed any particular favoritism, but I remember saying to Darrel one time that Tessie seemed to get all the special treatment.

MYRA

Myra heard me. "Listen, you two," she said. "You're old enough to look after yourselves, but Tessie is only a baby, and she misses her mother."

"She doesn't act like it," I said.

"She doesn't even know it," Myra said, "and she better not find out. Now go find something to do."

This line of reasoning was over my head. In fact, I doubt that it was reasoning at all, but rather the sure instinct Myra seemed able to call up on demand.

Anyhow, Darrel and I went outside, and within five minutes both of us fell off the garage roof. Whether we were simply showing off or whether that was our way of proving we missed our mother just as much as Tessie did, I couldn't say.

Myra cheerfully patched us up, as she did most days. "You two look like a couple



of Bugs Moran's boys that got caught out of your territory," she told us. "Better stay on the ground for a while."

Even my father noticed our condition that evening. "What's the matter with you boys?" he asked. "Did you hurt yourselves?"

"We ran into the Dutchman's mob," Darrel said. "He'd just brought in some torpedoes from Chi."

"I don't think you should be playing with torpedoes," Father said. "Just because your mother is away is no reason you shouldn't be careful."

"It's the torpedoes that better be careful," Darrel said. "They won't catch us without our heaters again."

"Yes, I dare say," my father said. "Finish your squash."

It was a day or two later that we had our next discussion. This one was about sex. For the most part, I think my father was unaware of Myra's presence in the house; but occasionally one of her more flamboyant costumes or unguarded remarks would remind him that there were four impressionable young persons present.

It was his responsibility to guard them against any premature exposure to the more stimulating aspects of life. By this I mean he was hoping that nobody would think about sex until my mother got back.

He needn't have worried about Myra. She had a boyfriend in her hometown, an automobile mechanic. He was going straight, she told us, with just a touch of regret in her voice. She did have a few dates while she was with us—movies and a soda and that sort of thing. Myra would stand for no nonsense on a date. She proved this to one young man by pushing him over our porch railing into the trumpet vine.

The incident that prompted Father to have a talk with Darrel and me didn't even concern Myra. "I don't want you boys to think I'm not an understanding person," he said to us in his study. "I feel we've always been free to exchange our problems as the occasion arose. But when it's a question of moral judgment, I don't think there's any room for self-indulgence or guesswork."

WHAT he was leading up to was the Saturday night band concerts. These were held in the park every summer. The grown-ups would stroll along the paths or sit in their cars, while the kids played cops and robbers and so on.

This last Saturday evening a bunch of us had found a way to crawl through the shrubbery and under the bandstand—about twenty-five of us boys and girls. Probably nothing would have come of it; but there happened to be a manhole in the floor under the tuba player, and one of the fellows got hold of a stick.

That's all it amounted to; but they sent a cop in after us, and as we crawled out one by one we may have looked somewhat bedraggled and guilty.

My father cleared his throat. "Now, you boys have a sister—"

"We have two sisters," Darrel said. "Helene and Tessie."

"Yes, I know," Father said. "Your sister Helene has reached the age where she entertains friends occasionally, and the reputation of her family is of great concern to her. Appearances count for a great deal, as I'm sure you must realise. What I'm getting at is this: Conduct that might be perfectly acceptable on the playground takes on quite a different aspect when it occurs underneath a bandstand."

I'm not sure what he had in mind. I do know that scabbling around in loose dirt with only three feet of crawl space and "The Washington Post March" blasting away overhead is not conducive to improper thought or conduct. If my father had ever been under a bandstand, he would have known that.

"As a young man and woman approach marriageable age," he continued, "certain things become more and more important."

To page 70

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



don't be a lilywhite—tan overnight with "magic tan"

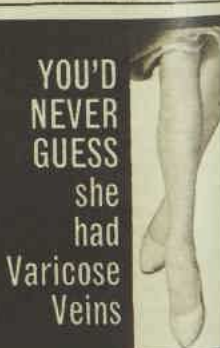
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VACULOID

"He can rent her an apartment," Darrel said, "and use it for a hideout. When he's on the lam."

"I can't say I approve of this indiscriminate use of slang," Father said. "However, as I say, certain things are important."

"It's important for a moll not to have a record," Darrel said. "You want one that's never been mugged."

My father stared at him for a minute and then turned to me. "Don't you ever have anything to say? Are you going to let your brother do all the talking for you?"

"He's my mouthpiece," I explained.

"Oh, for heaven's sake." My father stomped over to his desk and got a cigar from the humidor. He scratched a match, lighted the cigar, and puffed on it savagely. "Well," he said, after a few moments, "I suppose we shouldn't try to cover everything at once. You boys think over what I've told you and try to stay out of trouble until your mother gets home."

We went to the kitchen, where the others were. "I certainly hope he gave you a good lecture," Helene said. "Sneaking under the bandstand like that! The idea!"

"I suppose it would have been better if I'd been sitting in Otis Creevy's rumble seat," I told her, "like certain other people I could mention if it didn't make me sick at my stomach."

SHE threw the dishrag at me. "We were just listening to the music, you miserable little spy."

"You should have gone under the bandstand," Darrel said. "That's the place to be if you like music."

"What are you talking about?" Helene asked him. "You weren't under the bandstand."

"I don't care that much about music," Darrel told her. "I'd rather watch the people in the cars."

"That's enough," Myra said. "Somebody's going to wind up in a wooden kimono if they don't watch their step." She was scraping carrots.

I couldn't see any purpose in scraping carrots at that hour of the night, but nobody questioned anything that Myra did.

Tessie climbed up on her knee. "Tell us about St. Valentine's Day," she said. "You know, when they got all those men in that garage."

"Not now, baby," Myra said. She bit off the end of a carrot and crunched it in her powerful white teeth. "I'll tell you a story when you're in bed."

"Well," Helene said, "I guess I'll go up to my room." "Now, you listen to me," Myra told her. "Don't you pay any attention to your brothers. A nice evening like this, why don't you ask some of your friends to come over?"

"Well, maybe I'll walk over to Geraldine's," Helene said. She and Geraldine spent a lot of time together. There were other girls she liked just as well; but on the way to Geraldine's were four houses where high-school boys lived; if you went the long way there were two more.

Usually Geraldine would turn up fairly early in the day. Then they would stroll back to her house. After a while they'd come back to our house for some writing-paper and then back to her place for a stamp and back to our place again for Ramon Navarro's address. They'd spend a whole day that way - sometimes a day and a half.

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Continued from page 68

The only thing they didn't like was when Darrel and I would follow them. I had a mouth organ and he had a kazoo and we would trail along about half a block behind playing "Here Comes the Bride" or "Lover Come Back to Me." Like most girls that age, they seemed to have very little sense of humor.

Myra, I believe, regarded Helene as something of a protegee. Helene was a girl of good background and fashionable figure; the only thing that stood between her and the top was her boundless inexperience. For someone with her potential, to become the moll of an ordinary hood like James Cagney or George Raft would be a tragic waste. What Myra had in mind for Helene was somebody with class, like Lewis Stone, the secret head of the entire syndicate.

She used to advise Helene and some of her friends on hairstyling and make-up and other matters that Darrel and I found pretty boring. They also discussed something in hushed voices that we could never quite manage to overhear.

Then, when Myra had gone to start dinner or something, the girls would talk about her. Darrel and I didn't consider this very nice, and after Helene's friends had left, we told her so.

"You think Myra's fine when she shows you how to put on eyebrow pencil," Darrel said, "but as soon as

she's out of the room you make fun of her. You think you're so high class."

"You've got a lot to talk about," she said, "eavesdropping the minute a person's back is turned." She was pretty mad at us; but she was uneasy, too.

"There isn't any other way you can eavesdrop," Darrel pointed out.

"Anyway, I'm surprised at you," she said. "I don't know why you should do such a thing."

"I don't, either," Darrel said, "but we've always done it. I can't see what you're so surprised about." Darrel had a straightforward, logical way of looking at things. He was a good mouthpiece.

Helene chewed on her lip. "Listen," she said, "we really didn't mean anything by what we said. I don't see why you have to say anything to Myra about it."

Darrel gave her a cold stare. "We don't squeal on people," he said, "even people we don't like."

Of course this wasn't exactly true, but Helene was in no position to argue. I expect she felt guilty and sort of embarrassed. I know whenever I say something mean about a person I really like it always makes me uneasy - especially if I get caught.

It's easy to see how it happened. Helene and her friends must have envied Myra her capabilities and her easygoing assurance. So if they could be condescend-

MYRA

ing about her social background, their own lack of any human characteristics wouldn't be so obvious. Psychologists know all about this.

The day Mother came home from Idaho, Myra left. She said she had another job waiting for her; but I think she must have known that she and my mother weren't likely to see eye to eye, so she packed up and went.

We received a Christmas card from her that year. It was signed "Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stromberg (Myra)." The Mrs. was heavily underlined and surrounded by exclamation marks. That was the last we heard from her.

By that time, no doubt, she was on her way to acquiring a large family of her own. With her temperament and physique, it seemed inevitable. She was about as far removed as a woman could be from the conventional picture of motherhood; but I'd be willing to bet her kids think the world of her.

H

ER influence on us was slow to wear off, if it ever really did. For one thing, Darrel and I continued quite thoughtlessly to straighten our room and hang up our clothes long after she had gone. It was weeks before we realised we could go back to leaving our things on the floor without being measured for a wooden kimono.

There was a considerable change in Helene. Mother confiscated most of the cosmetics she had acquired; but some of Myra's training must have stayed with her. Her diary continued to be as dreary as ever; but at least she began writing about real people. She started to date the vice-president of the junior class and a second-string half-back. That's not saying a great deal, but both Darrel and I felt that it showed improvement.

It was in Tessie that the change was most noticeable. She started out by complaining about my mother's bedtime stories. After all, the three bears were pretty bland stuff for anyone who had had six weeks of the Chicago school. Tessie wanted to know why Snow White didn't have one of her boyfriends take the wicked stepmother for a ride and rub her out.

Mother found this upsetting. "I got home in the nick of time," she told my father. "That girl has been filling their heads with murders, and speakasies, and I don't know what all. It's enough to give them all nightmares." This was back in the days before insecurity and traumatic experiences. Nightmares were about the worst thing that conscientious parents had to be concerned about.

As a matter of fact, Mother had no reason to be disturbed. We were about as unworried a set of kids as you could find. It seems to me that children have always thrived on mayhem of some kind or other. It doesn't matter whether it's historical, biblical, or contemporary; kids require a certain amount of violence.

And speaking for Darrel and me, with Myra on our side, even hell had no terrors. We wouldn't be there long, I felt sure, before she would figure out some way to spring us.

Even today, I can picture that black Pierce-Arrow roaring up through the brimstone, with Myra at the wheel and the back seat loaded with Al's boys, blasting the imps and demons with their tommy guns.

It's a comforting thought. (Copyright)



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COOL SPRING FASHIONS



WHIRL of brilliant color in a poncho cover-up (left) with deep-set cape sleeves and buttoned front. The jacket covers matching, brief bikini for the water.

● There are a lot of very bright and appealing young fashion looks in store for this spring into summer. The new styles shown here are a fair sampling. They're made in cool, comfortable cotton — printed, plain, and checked — and in light, easy-care pique. These are two of the "innest-in" fabrics of the season to keep fresh in.

(Fashions by Burda on sale at main stores throughout Australia.)

Teenagers
WEEKLY



SLICK young casuals (above) with their dashing hats. Double frill style (left) has built-in bra. Striped pique beach-shift (right) has broderie and red-bow trim.

FLING of tartan bikini (below) in polished cotton with a wired bra. A smart topping is the navy cotton-mesh jacket with twin pockets and push-up sleeves.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1965



CRISP as a spring day is this go-to-town suit of pink gingham check with its own cute matching hat. Jacket has plain contrast trim on collar, cuffs, and pocket flaps.

the CROYDE look



New Hair Beauty



YOUR hair takes on a more youthful, clearer, radiant appearance, behaves beautifully and responds to your every whim when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" Glow shampoo by Delph.

Letters

Crosswords help with English

I WOULD advise anyone who finds difficulty with English at school — or anywhere else — to attempt all the crossword puzzles he can lay his hands on.

If he does this, within a few weeks he will notice a tremendous improvement in his command of English. Doing crosswords, especially difficult ones, will impress on your memory words that you would never have a hope of learning from long lists.

This is the best method of expanding your vocabulary. A command of the English language is considered very important for advancement in good jobs. — G. Logan, Gatton, Qld.

Exam solace

PERHAPS there would be less heartbreak and sorrow if our teachers would let us know that if we do fail in the sphere of education we aren't necessarily total failures.

With common sense we can still be worldly successes and even live more richly than the swotting students who seek academic distinction. — M. Szaparaewicz, Corrigin, W.A.

"Folk" fades

I REGRET very much that many teenagers have turned their backs on folk-singing, and are beginning to look for something "new" as a main interest.

As I suppose some others do, I feel disappointed that such a beautiful musical art form was dragged down and known as a "craze" — which is now passing.

Unless, of course, he turns his interest to something higher still, such as classical music or opera, the teenager who is on the lookout for something new is really showing ignorance in leaving



"Can't see you tomorrow, Harry. My dad wants me at his board meeting."

behind such a high and beautiful musical standard.

I only hope the two arts of classical music and opera are never lowered sufficiently to be known as "fads." — R. Colquhoun, Paddington, N.S.W.

Part-time job

IN my third year at secondary school I took a part-time position in a milk bar, working after school and at weekends. Despite suggestions to the contrary, I found that I had time to study and do homework at night, and I played sport every Saturday afternoon.

During this time I had to buy my own clothes and, having rather extravagant tastes, I soon learned the value of money and why many of my requests for new clothes had been refused.

I suggest that teenagers should try to work part-time during the third and fourth year at high school, but definitely not fifth year, as there is too much study. It is a step toward maturity and teaches that parents possibly

do know a thing or two. — Lynne M. Payne, Geelong, Vic.

Give blood

I AM 19 years old and I am a blood donor. This is a service which all healthy teenagers over the age of 18 can perform. It is not time-consuming nor, contrary to popular belief, is it painful.

Too often people selfishly place the responsibility on someone else. However, just to know the blood I give may be used to save someone's life — even my own — makes me want to go back again and again.

I think teenagers and parents alike should consider the possibility of becoming blood donors. — "Samantha," Corrimal, N.S.W.

Beach clean-up

IN summer teenagers usually spend as much time as possible at the beach. Before the season starts, couldn't youth clubs be encouraged by local councils to clean up beaches

not normally cared for and to continue keeping them tidy during the summer?

A council-organised dance or barbecue would be a good reward. — S. Beale, Kilsyth, Vic.

Sad duty

PLEASE, parents, if a member of your family is dying, tell those of the children who are old enough to understand and control their emotions.

My mother passed away last year when I was 16. I only found out she would not recover when I rang the hospital from work to ask how she was. I have never forgiven my relatives for letting me find out in such a cruel way. — "Tell Them," Belmore, N.S.W.

Terse verse

THE jingle about keeping left and being right reminds me of one on how to avoid taking needless risks when driving:

Right, dead right as he drove along —

Dead, as dead as if he were wrong!

— "Kubla Khan," Mulwala, N.S.W.

Girls' faults

WHILE overseas recently I had the opportunity to discuss with various groups of college freshmen what they considered were the most dire female crimes in looks and dress. In all discussions the following faults were mentioned:

Make-up so heavy that it comes off on a boy's jacket at a dance.

Fingernails that belong to the bride of Fu Manchu.

Charm bracelets so clunky that they drown out conversation.

Jewellery so flashing a boy needs dark glasses.

A raucous voice or sloppy speech.

Not knowing the difference between looking casual and rumpled.

A stance like that of a football player in a huddle.

I guess these make it pretty clear that boys don't miss a trick when it comes to a girl's appearance. So never let that look of sleepy indifference lull you into carelessness about the impression you make. — Suzanne Hurlburgh, Glenorchy, Tas.

THE CLASSICS

BEETHOVEN: "Emperor" Concerto

BEETHOVEN, a fierce republican who had little time for kings and emperors, would probably have had some gruff things to say about the nickname of "Emperor" which attached itself to his fifth piano concerto.

But the nickname has stuck, and there is some point to it, since this concerto has an imperious grandeur and scope which no concerto had ever anticipated at the time it was written (1809).

This bigness of style comes through dynamically in a splendid new recording of the work from RCA, in which the ageless veteran Artur Schnabel collaborates with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf.

The "Emperor" was revolutionary not only in its massive proportions; it carried to a new point the new approach to concerto writing which Beethoven had been developing in his two previous piano concertos.

Piano and orchestra, instead of keeping up the formal dialogue of the classical concerto, are brought into much closer collaboration and sometimes into a heroic conflict. For this reason it requires a soloist of great power and strong personality — such as it has here.

— MARTIN LONG

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



The scene

this summer

● Anything goes (almost) in next summer's delightful fashions. Experiment with ideas from these pictures.



NOT ONLY MATTRESSES look terrific in ticking. The smart suit and cool dress (above) are examples of what's being done with unusual fabrics.



POLKA-DOT and pin-striped pants (above) in navy and white, slot-belted in red, are madly "in." Wear them with silky - knit ribbed sweaters.



OP ART IN FASHION. Above: a black crepe dress with a zig-zag of white across the hips. The background is a cotton carrier bag to match the crazy shoes. Below, left, a navy-and-white "lightning" op dress, and, right, a beret and skirt in one of the mad patterns.



MIX 'N' MATCH checks hitherto taboo. Gingham dress has collar and cuffs in smaller checks and detachable organza tie. Blouse with white collar and cuffs is worn with white skirt with zip pocket. Black crepe is worn with black gingham bell-bottom hipsters.



GUARANTEED to fade to give the soft, washed look that's loved, these tartans are selling like mad. His jacket is cotton in navy, pale blue and red. Her outfit of a shirt, skirt and Donovan cap is in cream and brown tones.



FANS ARE ROUND ROBIN OVER THE FENCE

● I see that the Beatles's neighbors are up in arms about the trouble sightseeing fans cause

IT seems the fans annoy the neighbors when they invade their homes to snatch glimpses of their idols.

I can sympathise with these people. Those living near me have the same problem with my fans.

I turned up at home the other night and there was a knock on the door. It was the woman next door.

"There was that man from Incredibly Cheap Car Sales looking for you again," she said wearily.

Aha, I thought, the penalty of fame. I knew the fellow had a 17-year-old daughter when I bought the car.

I didn't know at the time, however, that she would keep sending him around as an emissary. He always pretended it was all about money, of course.

Another day I received a note, via Mrs. Screech down the road, that an insurance man had turned up wanting me to sign a policy.

Poppycock! Imagine a woman his wife's age wanting my autograph.

I was most embarrassed, and my neighbors most put out, when a character popped around, while I was out, asking for my radio and TV licence.

I mean, if they want me to be a disc jockey and help out Brian Henderson on "Bandstand," why can't he make a proper approach?

Yes, indeed, I know exactly how the Beatles's neighbors feel about callers.

Why, every day I believe people in my street are driven crazy because the postman's kid sister makes him whistle when he brings me a letter!

- Robin Adair



THESE STYLES TO SET YOU THINKING are from a London collection, but could be made with ingenuity, an old school velour and contrasting felt. Left: a black felt cut square and piped with white. Centre: a head-hugger trimmed with a huge daisy. Right: A quaint pull-on that's more holes than hat. These and other styles can be made in straw.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Fighting it out

"MY problem is that there are two boys who both like me, but I prefer one of them. They found out about each other and say they are going to fight it out. The one I like best is the one I think is going to lose. The winner gets me. Could you help me?"
"Booty," N.S.W.

In this day and age the choice is yours as much as theirs. Although it is divinely romantic to have two men fighting over you, you could not, and are not obliged to, like the winner just because he is the better fighter. I think you should stop the fight before it begins and tell them both which one you prefer.

She's going away

"I AM 18 and in love with a very nice girl. I just found out that she is going to France at the end of the year, and as far as I know she is going to stay there. I'm not sure this girl knows that I like her, but as I may never see her again what do you think I should do?"
"Doubtful," Vic.

I think you should ring her up, ask her out, and take it from there. Act quite normally and enjoy yourself, but don't immediately start putting any pressure on her not to go away. After a few months you will have sorted out your feelings for each other.

Troubled threesome

"WE are three 18-year-old girls who usually go to dances in a threesome. I don't know why, but we always seem to have a boring time, no matter how hard we try to enjoy ourselves. The boys seem to ask the younger girls to dance. However, the annoying thing is that as soon as we are outside the hall there are boys asking us if we'd like a ride home. On a few occasions we've gone home with the boys, but they rarely ring us up or see us again. As we're respectable girls, I can't see where we go wrong, can you?"
"Bored," N.S.W.

Try breaking up that threesome. It might put the boys off to have to approach such a clique. Arrive together and go home together, but inside you should try to mix around a bit. And don't rely entirely on the dance for meeting people. Go to other functions and clubs, too—and not always as a group.

Getting married

"I'M a girl of 16 who is very much in love with a boy of 21. We have been going together for six months and have often discussed marriage. I can't wait until I marry him. Do we have to have my mother's permission to become engaged? At what age can I marry him? Do I need my parents' permission to get married? Is it possible to get married without their permission?"
"Impatient," S.A.

You don't need your mother's permission to become engaged, but wouldn't it be more pleasant if you had it? You can't marry without permission until you are 21 except by a court order, and this is given only under very unusual and special circumstances. You must face the fact that at 16 you are too young for marriage. If you really love each other, why not make the best of the next few years and bide your time? Forget about marriage and enjoy yourself.

Flirting friend

"I AM 16 and fond of a boy two years older. He knows I like him and stares at me when we talk. My best friend always flirts with him while I'm around. She has told me she doesn't like him. She has her own boyfriend. I get jealous and very upset, but I just smile and talk as if I don't notice. How can I tell my friend to stay with her own boyfriend and leave this boy alone without hurting her feelings?"
M.N., N.S.W.

She's not worrying too much about hurting your feelings, is she? Just tell her that you wish she would stop flirting with him and give you a chance. If you say it nicely she won't be hurt. She's a girl, too, and she'll understand.

Freckles

"I WOULD like to know if there is a freckle cream in existence that really works. I love surfing, and every time I go out on the beach everyone teases me and this is giving me an inferiority complex. Please don't tell me freckles give me personality, as I'm covered in them."
"Freckles," N.S.W.

There are creams that help some people, and if you shop around you might find one that suits you. But, on the whole, if your skin freckles it will keep on freckling—unless you cover up and stay out of the sun. There's really nothing you can do except grin and put up with it. It's hardly worth getting an inferiority complex over. You might find that the freckles fade as you get older.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 15, 1965

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

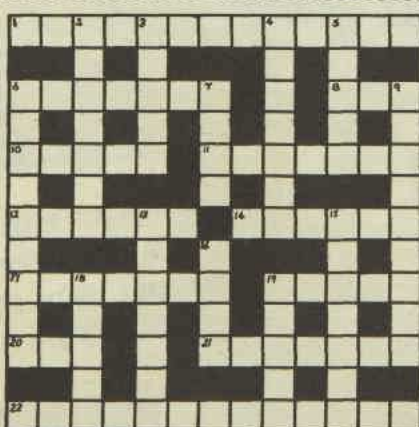
MANDRAKE is not sure whether to believe the stranger's story or not. However, he goes by helicopter to the place where the Stranger insists his beautiful land was. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. No; it is not tossing the caber (8, 5).
6. Gift when headless to regard as an injury (2).
8. Breach in making a plan (3).
10. Set in a row with anger (5).
11. Her note (anagr., 7).
12. Encroachment or a din (6).
14. Equipping with weapon (6).
17. Shakespeare called it "this other Eden, demi-Paradise" (7).
19. Pertaining to the sun (5).
20. Weight observed with astonishment (3).
21. Hot rice (anagr., 7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Corn-gatherer with lean inside (7).
3. Vassal in a Belgian city (5).
4. Treat with patience an ancestor (7).
5. Leg in a fire on the hearth (5).
6. Suitable, but it becomes insolent if I'm put on the top (9).
7. Small children (4).
9. Eulogy for a gay prince (9).
13. Cupidity mostly with rice (7).
15. Region, mainly Yugoslavia, stretching along the Adriatic Sea from Trieste to Albania and inland to the Danube (7).
16. Entrance to a mine (4).
18. Tutelary spirits (5).
19. To be dormant strips the skin when turned (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3443.—Useful three-piece suit cut in large size range. Jacket is slightly fitted with raglan sleeves and fake pocket flaps, back-buttoned overblouse is semi-fitted and short-sleeved, and skirt is slim. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

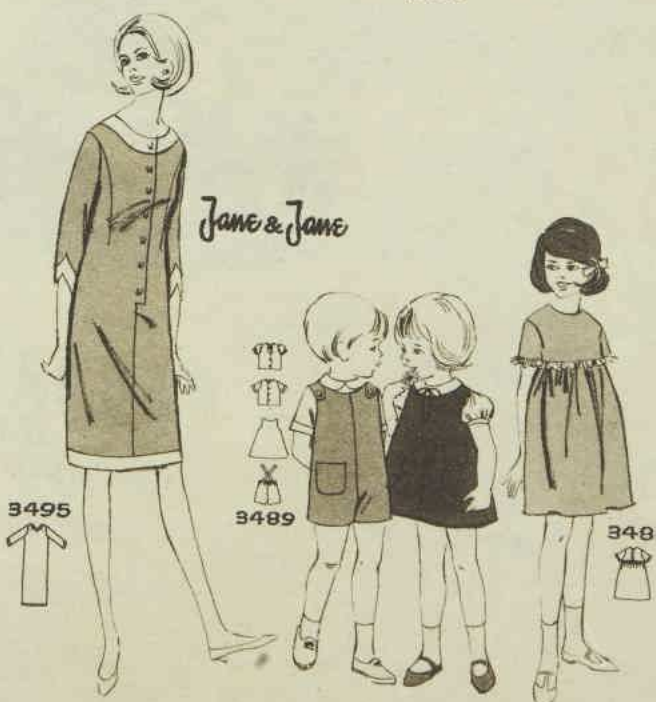
3429.—Slim semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress with attached away-from-neck notched collar, fake pocket flaps. Pattern also provides long sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3481.—Eyelet-trimmed hi-line dress with back-buttoning for 7 to 14 size range. Sizes 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Price 5/- includes postage.

3427.—Pretty bow-necked dress with fitted bodice and unpressed, box-pleated skirt. Purchased belt. Pattern for long, full, cuffed sleeves also provided. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- inc. postage.

3489.—Brother & Sister outfits for toddlers. Blouse and pinafore for girl and shirt and short overalls with elasticised back-waist for boy. Sizes 1 1/2 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3495.—Attractive dress from Jane & Jane of London, step-in front-buttoning, semi-fitted, with V-seamed, bracelet-length sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in., Junr. sizes 30 1/2, 31 1/2, 33in. bust. Price 7/- includes postage.



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COOK CHINESE

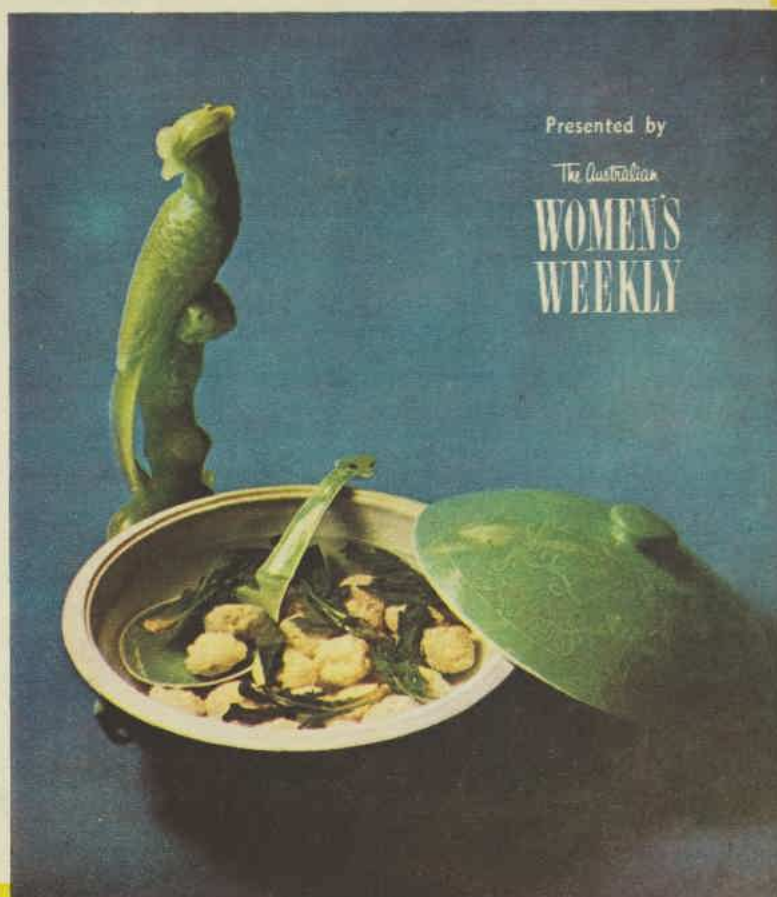
By **NANCY CHIH MA**

● This booklet contains some wonderful recipes and an explanation of the art of Chinese cookery from a new book, "Cook Chinese," by Nancy Chih Ma. She is internationally known as an authority on Chinese cookery and as a demonstrator and teacher of this famous cuisine.



Fish Ball Soup

(Recipe on page 13)



Presented by

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

Preface

THERE was a time when, to many Westerners, Chinese cookery was epitomized by chop suey or chow mein, but those days are happily forgotten, and authentic Chinese cooking is today probably one of the most popular forms of food preparation in the world.

Travel where you will — Europe, the Americas, all parts of Asia, Africa, Australia — and you will always find Chinese restaurants and Chinese cookery. There is no need to ask why once you have tried Chinese cuisine. Its eye-appeal, its aroma, and its delicious flavors are the answer and the explanation.

And it is perhaps because of the felicitous combination that adventurous cooking enthusiasts tend to feel that it is a difficult and complicated form of cookery. This is not true, as perusal of these recipes will indicate. Proper organisation of equipment and ingredients, as set forth on pages 4 and 5, will dispel such ideas.

Eating, according to the Chinese, is much more than satisfying hunger. It is an aesthetic pleasure, and any Chinese meal is a social occasion, a time for relaxation, conversation, and the enjoyment of food. Whether it is a simple family meal or a gathering of guests and relatives, the sharing of these pleasures is believed to promote understanding and friendship.

Even the manner in which the food is served and eaten is indicative of this.

Each participant in this delightful ritual is provided with an attractive, colorful porcelain or china service consisting of a rice bowl, soup bowl and spoon, main

course plate, sauce or condiment dish, dessert plate, wine cup, and, sometimes, a teacup.

Chopsticks of silver, ivory, lacquer, or wood are used not only to serve one's self but also to help one's neighbor to choice bits from the serving dishes. This serving and sharing makes for longer and happier meal hours.

An informal Chinese meal consists of four courses (not including dessert): an hors-d'oeuvre or first course of three or four cold dishes, sometimes served on a lazy susan, sometimes in individual bowls, and already on the large round table when the guests sit down; four hot dishes — sautéed or fried; four more hot dishes, this time steamed or braised, with which rice is served; soup; and, if you wish, dessert may follow. More festive occasions require more courses.

Obviously, leisure is necessary for the full enjoyment of Chinese cuisine, an added reason for its popularity.

Chinese wine, Shao Hsing, Japanese sake, Western wines, or other pre-dinner drinks can be served with the first course, with fruit juice or soft drinks for those who prefer them. Chinese tea, favored by so many Westerners, can be served throughout the meal, or, in true Chinese fashion, can be produced after dessert is finished.

From this it is apparent that the cocktail hour takes place at the table, and that most of the appetisers served at this time

require some sort of dining utensils — chopsticks, if you're dexterous. However, many of the hors-d'oeuvre described here can be served on skewers or toothpicks for those who prefer their preprandial snacks and drinks in the living-room or patio.

The ingredients required in these recipes are, of course, indigenous to the Far East, but most of them can be obtained in the West from Chinese or Japanese food stores and restaurants.

Substitutions are suggested in some recipes for your convenience. Read carefully "How to COOK CHINESE" on pages 4 and 5 before you attempt Chinese cookery. It will save you time and effort.

If quantities used seem small, remember that Chinese meals consist of several courses, and that rice is always served with one of them. Unless otherwise noted, these recipes are designed for four servings. It is better to prepare an additional dish, as the Chinese do, rather than to double or increase recipes.

(Note: "Cook Chinese," in its original book form, uses American spoon measurements; the American tablespoon is equal to the Australian dessertspoon. Recipes in this feature use Australian spoon measures.)

The decorative accessories and Chinese objets d'art used in the color pictures are family possessions used to enhance the pleasure in our meals.

The preparation of these recipes, alone or as a joint venture in cookery with friends, will provide you with as much pleasure as your family and guests will derive from sharing the eating of them. Happiness, in China, is always associated with good food. — NANCY CHIH MA.

Pictures and recipes in this booklet from "Cook Chinese," by Nancy Chih Ma, photographs by Yoshikatsu Sasaki (publishers Kodansha International Ltd.), distributed in Australia by Ward Lock & Co. Ltd. Price 78/-.



**Fried Chicken with
Prawn Wafers**

(Recipe on page 7)

**Fried Sweet Dumplings:
Fried Pastry**

(Recipe on page 7)



How To COOK

COLOR, texture, and seasoning of Chinese food are matched by carefully planned presentation in appropriate settings. It isn't necessary to possess a collection of costly Chinese ware to serve beautifully.

Your own colorful bowls and platters are suitable if you follow the suggested arrangements in the photographs and make each dish as pleasing to look at as it is to eat.

So many kinds of attractive and inexpensive oriental bowls, cups, and plates are available now that the acquisition of a few sets is a modest investment.

Your own cooking utensils can be used. However, you may be interested in Chinese equipment. The coolie-hat pan, an all-around and indispensable item in Chinese kitchens, is rounded at the bottom (enabling the heat to reach the food more quickly and uniformly), and it is used for both cooking and frying. A steamer with a rack is another basic need. The Chinese kind, made of wood and bamboo, is always used to reheat food as well as for the usual steaming process. Other utensils are those found in any kitchen.

The correct preparation of rice is a must when you COOK CHINESE. One cup of raw rice produces 2 cups of cooked rice. Wash the required amount of rice several times until the water runs clear. For "dry" rice use 1 cup of rice and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water. Soft rice requires 2 cups of water to 1 cup of rice. Boil in covered pan over strong heat until the water is absorbed. Turn the flame low and let the rice simmer 20 minutes.

If you ever have the misfortune to scorch rice, the disagreeable smell can be eliminated (the taste won't be affected if you discard the scorched part) by pressing a cup filled with water into rice and replacing

lid. You can keep cooked rice in the refrigerator for one week — it makes excellent fried rice.

Advance preparation of ingredients and assembling of equipment save time and energy in all forms of cooking, and especially in Chinese cuisine. Preliminary steps such as soaking, washing, cutting, parboiling, and pre-deep-frying should be done. Seasonings should be handy.

All ingredients should be arranged in order of use, cut to proper size. Each dish usually contains two or more main ingredients (meat and vegetables or fish and vegetables), and these are always cut in the same manner. The methods of cutting are:

Chop: Cut into very small bits.

Cube: Cut into lin. cubes.

Dice: Cut into smaller-than-lin. cubes.

Flake: Grate into shavings.

Grate: Grate into fine grains.

Mince: Cut very fine with knife.

Section: Cut into lin.-to-2in. lengths.

Shred: Cut into thread-like strips.

Slice: Cut into very thin pieces.

Wedge: Cut into triangular shapes.

Chinese food is usually braised, deep-fried, sauteed, smoked, or steamed. **Braising** means browning in a small amount of oil, adding broth or water, covering tightly, and cooking over a low flame until ingredients are tender. Braised dishes can be prepared in quantity, reheated and served at a later meal. **Deep-frying** is frying, either with or without batter, in plenty of oil. To saute means to cook in a small amount of hot oil very briefly.

Food is steamed by placing it on a rack and steaming over boiling water for the indicated amount of time.

All recipes in this feature requiring oil are based on the use of vegetable oil. Even when food becomes cold, if it has been cooked in peanut oil it is still delicious.

● Before you plan your first Chinese meal, fix firmly in your mind that each dish must be a finished work of art and must appeal to the eye, the nose, and the palate. If it does not, it is not true Chinese cuisine, says author Nancy Chih Ma.

Peanut, soybean, or cottonseed oil are most often used and they should be purified first. This is done by pouring 5 cups of oil into a pan and adding 3 slices of ginger and 1 leek cut in 3 pieces. Heat the oil until the ginger and leeks are browned. Remove them and the oil is ready to use, and it has an improved flavor. A few tablespoons of sesame-seed oil can be added after purification to provide a richer taste.

A few more hints about the use of oil will prove helpful. The pan should always be well heated before the oil is put in. The oil must be heated well before ingredients are added. Ginger, leek, and garlic should be browned slightly before other ingredients are added. Deep-fry oil can be used again and again if it is properly saved after each use: Strain used oil through sieve lined with cotton fabric; keep oil in covered container.

A good stock is important in many Chinese dishes. Stock from a whole chicken or from beef or pork meat is best. Bones produce a less appetizing stock. Beans and certain other vegetables can also be used. The method for all is the same. Boil ingredients in plenty of water with stalk of

leek and 3 slices of ginger. Cook over low flame, uncovered, for 1 hour. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of monosodium glutamate. The stock should be clear. Remove meat or bones.

And now a few words about ingredients that are not commonly used in Western cookery or that may require special preparation. If fresh abalone is used, it should be cleaned with a brush and salt, and steamed 40 minutes or more, then cut in slices. Bamboo shoots are available in cans.

Bean curd, which is a soft custard-like paste made from soy beans, should be kept in a cool place. It spoils quickly in a warm climate. One cake equals $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. or 2 cups. Canned bean sprouts should be drained before using. Heads and tails should be removed from fresh beans. Oriental cucumbers, eggplants, and green peppers are much smaller than their Western counterparts, but these recipes indicate correct quantities to be used. When ham is required, boiled ham, about 4in. in diameter, is used.

Because of their outstanding flavor, dried mushrooms are most frequently used in these recipes. They should be soaked in lukewarm water 15 to 20 minutes, and the stems should be discarded. "Onions" means the

CHINESE



ordinary round onions and they can be substituted in slightly smaller quantities for leeks. The size of potatoes should be such that one potato equals $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Snow peas are strung and are cooked and served shell and all. (They are also available in quick-frozen form.) String beans can be substituted. The vermicelli listed in the recipes is the Chinese, not the Italian, type, and is used in hot or cold dishes and in soup. It should be dipped into boiling water briefly before using.

Chinese cuisine uses numerous seasonings, some of which may be new to Western cooks. Listed below are the most commonly used, with brief general information about them. However, be sure to follow exact instructions in individual recipes when using them.

Bean paste: A thick sweet paste made from soy beans.

Cornflour: Oriental cornflour is heavier than its Western counterpart. In using the latter, increase quantity slightly. (Recipes in this feature have been adapted, in accordance with Mrs. Ma's suggestion, to use cornflour of the weight available in Australia.)

Ginger: Fresh ginger is always best. If not available, substitute $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of ground ginger for 1 tablespoon of fresh chopped ginger. One slice of ginger in these recipes means a thin slice about 1 in. in diameter. Fresh ginger can be kept from drying out by burying it in a flower-pot of moist sand or loose earth. Ginger juice is extracted by grating fresh ginger and squeezing it through cloth or garlic squeezer.

Leek: The white part only is used. In this feature, "stalk" means 4 or 5 in. of this white part. Onions can be substituted in slightly smaller quantities.

Red pepper: Chilli or cayenne pepper can be used. It is preferable to make your own by toasting chilli peppers in a skillet and

rolling them on a board to produce a powder.

Red-pepper oil: Heat 3 tablespoons of sesame-seed oil, fry 3 or 4 red peppers in it until dark, remove peppers, and use oil only. Heated sesame-seed oil can also be mixed with ground or rolled red pepper.

Sesame-seed oil: This is used to add flavor to vegetables.

Sesame seeds: The black or white varieties can be used unless the recipe specifies otherwise. For added flavor they can be toasted, but be careful because they burn easily.

Soy Sauce: Probably the most important seasoning in all oriental cookery—as salt is in Western cooking. The use of oriental soy is recommended because the occidental variety is more concentrated and salty. If the latter is used, reduce quantity.

Sugar: White granulated sugar is used unless otherwise specified. Oriental sugar is not as sweet as occidental sugar. Therefore, if the latter is used, decrease quantity slightly. (Recipes in this feature have been adapted to use sugar of the sweetness available in Australia.)

Tabasco: This can be used in place of red pepper if preferred.

Wine: Substitute sherry, cognac, dry white wine, or sake if Chinese wine is not available.

Always cook meat or fish partially before adding soy sauce and salt. Boiled or fried vegetables will become a brighter green if a little salt is first sprinkled into the water or oil. It is wise to mix seasonings in advance and have them in a convenient place for adding quickly to the recipe at time indicated. Do not add sauces to cold dishes until just before serving.

With these brief general instructions in mind, you are now ready to enjoy yourself and please your family and friends when you COOK CHINESE.

SWEET-AND-SOUR PORK

MANY devotees of Chinese cooking date their interest from their first taste of sweet-and-sour pork. Here's a specially good version of this famous dish:

One pound lean pork, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick bite-sized pieces, 1 dessertspoon wine, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 egg lightly beaten, 1 tablespoon cornflour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, oil for deep-frying, 1 small onion, quartered, 3 green peppers, quartered and seeded, 1 clove garlic, minced, 3 slices canned pineapple, drained and quartered, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil.

Sauce: Quarter cup sugar, 2 tablespoons ketchup or Chinese crabapple sauce, 1 tablespoon wine, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, all mixed well together.

One dessertspoon cornflour mixed with 1-3rd cup water.

Utensils and Equipment: Bowls, oven-proof platter, absorbent paper, skillet, deep-fryer.

Mix pork with wine, soy sauce, egg, cornflour, and flour. Heat oil for deep-frying, separate pork pieces, deep-fry until well done and crisp on edges. Remove to oven-proof platter covered with absorbent paper, place in low oven to keep warm. Heat $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, saute onions, green peppers, and garlic over high heat 2 minutes, mixing well. Add sauce, bring to boiling point. Thicken with cornflour mixture, stirring constantly. Add fried pork and pineapple, mix well, and serve hot.



Steamed Chicken with Spinach

(Recipe on opposite page)



Egg Fu Yung

(Recipe on opposite page)

FRIED PASTRY

(Picture, page 3)

CHINESE pastry is noted for its light crispness and rich fillings. Fried pastry is the perfect accompaniment for tea or coffee parties, or as the delicious finale for dinner.

Wrappings: Dough A. One and a half cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard or other shortening, little water. Dough B. Three cups flour, 3 tablespoons lard or other shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water.

Filling: Half pound sweetened bean paste or date paste (see Eight Treasures Rice Pudding on page 10), 2 tablespoons nuts, chopped, 2 cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lard or other shortening, 1 cup water, 1 egg-yolk mixed with 1 teaspoon water, 1 dessertspoon white sesame seeds, oil for deep-frying.

Utensils and equipment: Pastry board, rolling pin, bowl, deep-fryer.

Mix A ingredients and knead into dough. Roll to form long sausage $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. Cut into 28 pieces. Mix B ingredients, knead into dough. Divide into 28 pieces. Mix bean paste, nuts, sugar, salt, lard, and water well to make 28 fillings. Roll B dough into doily form, place A dough in centre, and spread over the B dough. Roll up sponge-roll style. Then curl in snail shape. Press and roll out again. Repeat procedure 2 or 3 times. Press and form flat circle. Place ball of filling in centre, wrap, and press lightly with rolling pin. Apply thin coating of egg-yolk water on top and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Heat oil, fry pastry over medium heat until golden brown. Serve cold or hot.

FRIED SWEET DUMPLINGS

(Picture, page 3)

SWEET dumplings are another delectable pastry and are simple to make. Serve them with a flourish at your next luncheon, barbecue, or dinner.

Wrappings: One and a half cups flour, sifted, 3 dessertspoons lard or other shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup water.

Filling: One tablespoon flour, roasted in

dry pan until light yellow, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, chopped, 3 dessertspoons white sesame seeds, roasted, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon water, 1 teaspoon sesame seed oil, oil for deep-frying.

Utensils and equipment: Pastry board, bowl, deep-fryer, rolling-pin.

Mix flour with lard, using finger tips. When well mixed, add salt and water and knead well. Form into 32 balls. Mix ingredients for filling. Roll dough to form thin round doily, making 32 of these. Place 1 teaspoon filling in centre, fold in half. Seal edges with finger tips to form half moon. Heat oil, deep-fry dumplings until golden brown. Drain and serve cold.

STEAMED CHICKEN WITH SPINACH

(Picture opposite)

HERE is a Chinese version of chicken and ham that proves what subtle seasoning can do to everyday fare.

Half chicken (1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb.), dressed, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ stalk leek, cut into 2 in. pieces, 3 slices ginger, 5 slices boiled ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spinach, washed and cut into 3 in. lengths, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock (from steamed chicken), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon wine, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon ginger root juice, dash of black pepper, 1 dessertspoon cornflour mixed with 1 dessertspoon water.

Utensils and equipment: Bowl, steamer, platter.

Place chicken in bowl and sprinkle with salt, leek, and ginger. Steam 30 minutes. Cool and bone. Cut into about 16 pieces. Cut sliced ham into pieces slightly larger than chicken. Place on platter, top with chicken pieces.

Heat oil and saute spinach, adding salt. Add to chicken-ham arrangement. Heat stock, add sugar, salt, wine, soy sauce, ginger juice, and pepper. Bring to boil, thicken with cornflour mixture, stirring constantly. Pour over chicken, serve hot.

FRIED CHICKEN WITH PRAWN WAFERS

(Picture, page 3)

DEEP-FRIED chicken with Chinese prawn wafers and chestnuts is for special occasions.

One and a half to 2 lb. spring chicken, dressed, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon black pepper, 1 stalk leek or onion, chopped, 3 or 4 slices ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons simple syrup, oil for deep frying, Chinese dried prawn wafers for garnish, deep-fried according to directions on package, 10 cooked chestnuts or sufficient canned pineapple or canned cherries for garnish, sprigs of parsley.

Utensils and equipment: Steamer, bowls, deep-fryer, pastry brush.

Wash and dry chicken. Mix together salt, pepper, leek, ginger, and cinnamon, and rub well inside and outside of chicken. Place chicken in bowl, steam until tender (about 30 minutes or more). Remove chicken, cool, and dry. Brush simple syrup thoroughly over chicken skin. Heat oil, deep-fry chicken about 20 minutes or until crispy brown. Serve chicken whole, garnish with prawn wafers and chestnuts. If you prefer, chicken can be boned and cut into bite-size pieces and served with same garnish.

Prawn wafers can be made at home as follows: Mix well 2 cups finely minced prawns, 2 cups cornflour, 4 to 6 tablespoons wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar. Knead well like dough and form into long sausage (2 in. diameter). Steam for 30 to 45 minutes. Remove, cool, and wrap in wax paper, chill and let stand for one day. Slice thin, let dry in refrigerator 2 or 3 days. Heat oil and deep-fry slices until they puff (about 1 or 2 minutes). Serve hot or cold.

EGG FU YUNG

(Picture opposite)

EGG FU YUNG has long been a favorite dish among Westerners because it is simple to prepare, delicious to eat, and good to look at.

Half pound canned crabmeat, gristle removed, separated into bits, 1 teaspoon ginger root, minced, 1 dessertspoon wine, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons oil, 2 dried mushrooms (soaked, stems removed, and shredded), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bamboo shoots, shredded, $\frac{1}{2}$ stalk leek or onion, shredded, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soup stock, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon green peas, canned or cooked, 1 dessertspoon cornflour mixed with 1 dessertspoon water.

Utensils and equipment: Bowls, skillets, spatula, egg-beater.

Mix crabmeat with ginger root and wine. Beat eggs lightly, add crabmeat and salt. Heat 4 tablespoons oil in skillet, pour in egg-crabmeat mixture. Use 9 in. skillet if one large omelet is desired or smaller skillet for individual omelets. Use spatula to draw solidified portions to one side, tilt skillet to let uncooked part run to sides. Use medium heat. Repeat process until omelet sets. Fry on both sides. Heat remaining oil, saute mushrooms, bamboo shoots, and leek over high heat 1 minute. Add green peas, soy, and soup stock to make sauce. Bring to boiling point, add cornflour mixture to thicken. Pour sauce over omelet and serve hot.



Cantonese Style Hot Pot

(Recipe on page 10)



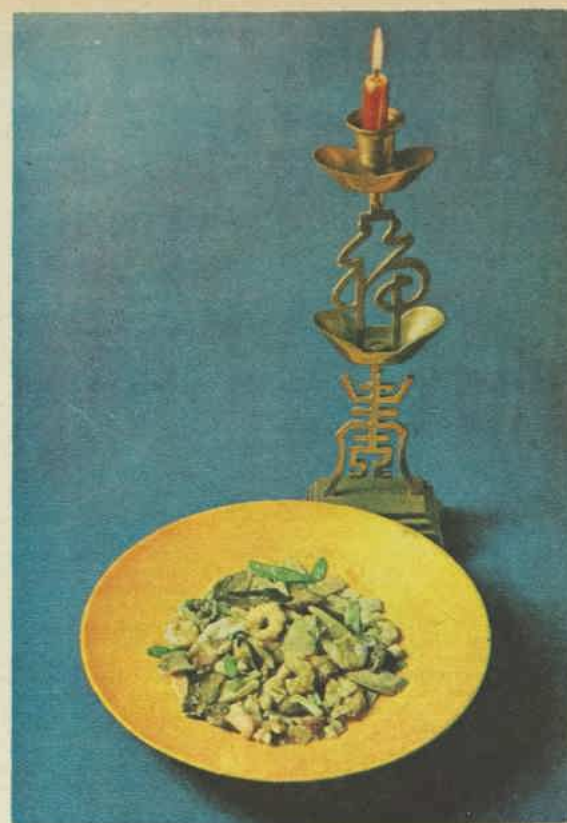
Fried Cake with Turnip Stuffing

(Recipe on page 10)





Saute Blend
(Recipe on page 12)



Barbecued Genghis Khan Mutton
(Recipe on page 12)

CANTONESE STYLE HOT POT

(Picture, page 8)

THIS famous Cantonese hot-pot soup is a full meal—a delicious and unusual one. It is perfect for buffet or barbecue.

Soup stock: In pot $\frac{1}{2}$ full of hot water put 3 tablespoons wine, 1 stalk leek, chopped, 5 thin slices ginger, 2 teaspoons salt, and dash of pepper, and bring to boil.

Half pound prawns, shelled and with black vein that runs down back removed, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. oysters, shelled and washed, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. white fish fillet, cut to bite-size pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chicken liver, cleaned and cut to bite-size pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chicken fillet, cut to bite-size pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef, sliced, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork, sliced, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef liver, cut to bite-size pieces, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. vermicelli, 1 lb. Chinese cabbage, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spinach, 1 lb. Chinese noodles, cooked.

Condiments: Wine, soy, sesame-seed paste or peanut butter, chopped leek.

Utensils and equipment: Mongolian hot-pot (Dutch oven on a brazier or hibachi is a good substitute), bowls for condiments and bowls for guests.

Make soup stock in hot-pot. Put condiments in separate bowls and arrange all ingredients attractively on one or more platters. Each guest helps himself to meats and sea foods, cooks them in the soup until color changes, and then adds whatever condiments he wants. The meat and sea foods enrich the broth. Vegetables and noodles are cooked in the same way and the remaining broth is served as the last course.

FRIED CAKE WITH TURNIP STUFFING

(Picture, page 8)

THESE delectable cakes make an ideal snack.

Dough A: One and a half cups flour, 3 tablespoons lard, little water.

Dough B: Three cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon lard, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups turnip, shredded and soaked in enough salt water to cover for 30 minutes (1 teaspoon salt).

Two ounces ham, chopped, 1 teaspoon lard, oil for deep-frying.

Utensils and equipment: Rolling pin, pastry board, knife, deep-fryer, absorbent paper.

Mix ingredients separately to form Dough A and Dough B. Knead each well to make soft dough. Roll each into long sausage form, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. Cut each into 18 golf-ball-size pieces. Roll ball B to flat round shape about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter and place ball A in centre, wrap and roll. Roll flattened piece like sponge roll, press, and then roll lengthwise. Flatten showing layers on top, roll with rolling-pin to form round pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter. Squeeze soaked turnips, mix well with ham and lard to form filling. Place 1 dessertspoon of filling on centre of wrapping and wrap. Heat oil for deep-frying, fry until golden brown, remove to absorbent paper. Reheat in oven if necessary before serving.

SPRING ROLLS

(Picture, opposite page)

SPRING rolls are perfect as hors-d'oeuvre for the Western host.

Filling: Half pound of chicken meat, shredded and mixed with 1 dessertspoon wine and 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 cup cooked prawns or crabmeat, shelled, shredded, and mixed with 1 dessertspoon wine and 1 dessertspoon cornflour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups bamboo shoots, shredded, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried mushrooms, soaked, stems removed and shredded, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon cornflour mixed with 3 dessertspoons water, oil for frying.

Wrapping: One cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Utensils and equipment: Skillets, bowls, pastry brush, 7 in. frying pan, pancake turner, deep-fryer.

Filling: Heat $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, saute chicken and seafood mixtures over high heat until color changes (about 3 minutes). Remove to bowl. Heat second $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons oil, saute bamboo shoots over high heat about 2 minutes. Add chicken, seafood mixtures, mushrooms, soy sauce, and salt, mix well. Add cornflour mixture, stirring well to thicken. Transfer to bowl, let cool.

Wrapping: Mix flour, salt, and water to form smooth batter, let stand 30 minutes. Grease heated skillet slightly and use pastry brush to spread thin 5 in. pancake. As soon as batter sets, remove from skillet. Repeat process until batter is used up.

Place $1\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons filling on lower half of wrappings. Fold bottom edge up, left and right edges over, then roll. Moisten top edge with a flour-and-water mixture to seal. Heat oil in deep-fryer, fry rolls until golden brown and crisp.

EIGHT TREASURES RICE PUDDING

(Picture, opposite page)

EIGHT TREASURES rice pudding transforms a childhood standard dessert into this delicious concoction.

One and a half cups rice, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. date paste or sweet red bean paste (see below), 2 tablespoons sesame paste or peanut butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ can mandarins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peaches, canned, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup green grapes, canned or fresh (seeded), 8 chestnuts, canned, 1-3rd cup raisins, 1-3rd cup cherries, canned.

Sauce: Two teaspoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup water, or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup juice from canned fruits and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Utensils and equipment: Bowls, rice cooker, wax paper, steamer, knife, platter.

Wash rice 4 times in cold water. Put $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and rice in rice cooker. Bring to a boil, then simmer 20 minutes. Add sugar and stir well. Line 7 in.-deep bowl with wax paper cut in circle and coated with butter on both sides. Arrange fruits in the bowl in pleasing design. Divide rice in 2 equal portions. Place one portion over the fruit arrangement. Cover this with layer of date or bean paste. Put remaining rice on top of paste to form final layer. Place bowl in steamer 20 minutes. Remove, loosen edges, invert pudding on large platter, remove paper. Boil sauce, stirring constantly until it thickens. Pour sauce over pudding before serving. Serve hot. Serves 6 to 8. Reheat by steaming.

Note: Sweet red bean paste can be bought already prepared or can be made at home by boiling red beans with enough water until they become soft, adding sugar and a little salt, and mashing with 2 tablespoons sesame paste or peanut butter. Date paste is made by boiling dried dates until soft, removing skins and seeds, mashing with 2 tablespoons sesame paste or peanut butter. One small can of drained fruit cocktail can be used in place of dried fruits and nuts listed above. Syrup from fruit cocktail can be substituted for some of the water used in making sauce.



Spring Rolls

(Recipe on opposite page)

Eight Treasures Rice Pudding

(Recipe on opposite page)



FRIED CUSTARD

HERE is an old favorite Western dessert in a new form. Fried custard has a surprisingly delicate flavor.

Three egg-yolks, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon almond or banana extract, oil for deep-frying, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 3 dessertspoons sesame seeds, toasted and ground (optional), 3 dessertspoons sugar.

Utensils and Equipment: Saucepan, platter, deep-fryer.

Mix thoroughly egg-yolks, water, flour, cornflour, sugar, and almond or banana extract in saucepan and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture becomes firm. Remove to platter (platter should be sprinkled with cornflour to prevent sticking), flatten and mould into square shape $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick with hands, sprinkle with cornflour, and cool. When cool, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 1 in. strips. Heat oil for deep-frying, fry strips until golden brown. Mix sesame seeds and sugar and garnish fried strips. Serve hot.

FRIED CHICKEN WITH CASHEW NUTS

DEEP-FRIED chicken with cashew nuts is simple enough to prepare for a hurried meal and delicious enough to feature at your next party.

One pound chicken, boned (or chicken fillet), cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cubes, 1 egg-white, unbeaten, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cornflour, 2 cups cashew nuts, blanched, oil for deep-frying, 2 slices ginger, 1 stalk leek, cut into 3 in. pieces, 3 tablespoons oil.

Seasoning: One tablespoon wine, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 dessertspoons soy sauce.

One and a half teaspoons cornflour mixed with 1 tablespoon water.

Utensils and Equipment: Bowl, deep-fryer.

Mix chicken cubes with egg-white and cornflour. Heat oil, deep-fry cashew nuts, stirring constantly, until golden brown. Nuts burn easily, so as soon as color changes, remove and drain. Heat 3 tablespoons oil and saute ginger and leek with chicken until chicken turns white. Add seasoning, stirring 2 or 3 times, and thicken with cornflour mixture. Add fried cashew nuts, mix well, and serve hot.

SAUTE BLEND

(Picture on page 9)

TRANSLATED, the name of this recipe means "eight precious (ingredients) sauteed." It is a delicious dish, equally good as a main course at lunch or as a side dish at dinner or buffet.

Half pound prawns, shelled, black veins removed. Marinade: One teaspoon wine, 1 teaspoon cornflour, dash pepper.

Quarter pound chicken fillet or pork, sliced thin. Marinade: Half teaspoon wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cornflour.

Two chicken livers, washed and cut into bite-sized pieces. Marinade: Half teaspoon wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger root juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cornflour.

Two abalone, canned, sliced thin, and cut into bite-sized pieces, 2 dried mushrooms, soaked, stems removed, and cut into bite-sized quarters, 2 slices ham (thin), cut into bite-sized pieces, 2 oz. snow peas, washed and strings removed (or use quick-frozen snow peas), $\frac{1}{2}$ stalk leek, cleaned and cut into 1 in. pieces, 1 dessertspoon wine, 3 dessertspoons soy sauce, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 5 tablespoons oil.

Utensils and equipment: Bowls, skillet, platters.

Marinate separately prawns, chicken fillet, and chicken liver in respective mixtures, let stand 10 minutes. Heat 2 tablespoons oil, saute prawns until color changes. Remove to platter. Heat another 2 tablespoons oil, saute chicken until color changes. Remove to platter. Use remaining oil to saute chicken livers until color changes. Add abalone, mushrooms, ham, snow peas, and leek, saute 3 minutes over high heat. Add prawns, chicken, wine, soy sauce, and sugar, stir well. Serve hot.

BARBECUED GENGHIS KHAN MUTTON

(Picture on page 9)

SERVED with soup and rice, this dish provides a full dinner.

Two pounds mutton cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.-thick slices. Marinade: One tablespoon wine, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 2 tablespoons leeks, chopped into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices.

Two medium-sized onions cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, 16 fresh or dried mushrooms, soaked, stems removed, 1 lb. spinach, washed and cut into 3 in. lengths, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spring onions, washed and cut into 3 in. lengths.

Dips (to be mixed at table): One cup wine, 1 cup grated apple, 1 cup finely chopped leek, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon ginger root juice, 1 teaspoon grated garlic.

Utensils and equipment: Bowl, chopsticks, Genghis Khan grill (brazier or habachi can be substituted).

Marinate mutton 15 minutes. Heat grill over charcoal fire and grease thoroughly with suet. Place mutton slices on grill, cook until color changes and meat is tender. Cook vegetables in same way until tender. Place dip ingredients in separate bowls so each guest can mix his sauce to taste. Guests can also grill their own meat and vegetables. Serve and eat barbecued food hot.

Variations: For mutton, substitute any kind of meat, domestic or wildfowl, or liver. Try sliced green peppers or sliced sweet potatoes in place of any of the above vegetables.



FISH BALL SOUP

(Picture on page 1)

FISH BALL soup is a colorful dish that is as hearty as any Western chowder and just as filling.

Twelve ounces white-flesh fish fillet, 2½ tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, 2 teaspoons ginger root juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ dessertspoons wine, 1½ dessertspoons cornflour, 2 dessertspoons ketchup, 5 stalks spinach cut into 2in. pieces, dash salt, 6 cups broth or water, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon wine, dash pepper, dash monosodium glutamate.

Utensils and equipment: Chopping block, chopper, saucepans, ladle, soup pot, bowls.

Chop fish well, adding water gradually. Mix fish thoroughly with egg-white, ginger root juice, salt, wine, and cornflour. Divide mixture equally into 2 bowls. Add ketchup to one bowl. Form mixture into 1in.-diameter balls, making 12 pink and 12 white balls. Soak in water 10 minutes. Prepare a pot half full of boiling water and drop in balls. Boil until they float to top. Remove to plate. Parboil spinach with dash of salt until tender, rinse, and drain. Bring broth to boil and add fish balls, spinach, and seasonings, and bring to boil. Serve hot.

FISH CONGEE

THIS fish congee is simple to prepare, delicious to eat, and a new taste treat on "fish day."

Half cup rice, washed and drained, 5 cups water, 6oz. white-flesh fish fillet, cut into 1in. squares, 1-3rd cup dried mushrooms, soaked in water, stems removed and diced, 2 teaspoons wine, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, dash of monosodium glutamate.

Utensils and Equipment: Rice-cooker, bowl.

Put rice and water in cooker and cook over high heat to boiling point. Lower heat and let simmer 40 minutes until a gruel is formed. Add fish and mushrooms, stir, and boil 5 minutes. Add other ingredients. Stir and serve.

Variations: Sprinkle with finely chopped leek or chopped cooked prawns.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 15, 1965

ASSORTED MEAT AND VEGETABLE SOUP

PRAWNS, pork, and assorted vegetables produce a hearty soup that can serve as a one-dish meal. It may be prepared in advance and reheated and tastes even better.

Quarter pound prawns, shelled and black veins removed, 2 teaspoons wine, 1 teaspoon cornflour, ½lb. minced pork, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon wine, ½ beaten egg, dash pepper, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ½lb. spinach, washed and cut into 3in. pieces, ½lb. sliced bamboo shoots, 4 dried mushrooms, soaked, stems removed and halved, 1oz. vermicelli cut in 5in. lengths, 1lb. Chinese cabbage or heart of European cabbage, washed, outside leaves discarded, cut in 4in. slices crosswise, tied with thread to form flower shape and parboiled, 5 cups broth, 2 teaspoons salt.

Utensils and Equipment: Saucepans, bowls, teaspoon, soup pot.

Mix prawns with wine and cornflour and cook until color changes. Remove prawns, strain, and reserve stock. Mix minced pork with salt, wine, egg, pepper, and cornflour. Roll into balls, using teaspoon as measure. Parboil meatballs 10 minutes in a little of the broth. Remove meatballs and reserve stock. Parboil spinach lightly and discard water. Heat broth and add stock from prawns and meatballs. Add bamboo shoots, mushrooms, vermicelli, cabbage, prawns, meatballs, spinach, and salt. Simmer until ingredients are tender. Serve hot.

CORN IN BATTER

DEEP-FRIED corn in batter, crisp and golden, will add tang to any meal, and is particularly good with leftovers.

Two and a half ears of corn, fresh, oil for deep-frying.

Batter: Two eggs, ¾ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1-3rd cup flour, dash monosodium glutamate.

Utensils and Equipment: Saucepan, bowl, deep-fryer, absorbent paper.

Strip corn, leaving a few husks. Cover with water and boil until tender. Cut off kernels (about 2½ cups). Mix batter ingredients together and add corn. Mix well. Heat oil, drop in batter, 1 tablespoon at a time. Deep-fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot.



BEEF, TOMATO, CABBAGE SALAD

BEEF, tomato, and cabbage salad is a dish for the diet-conscious. It is a sturdy salad that makes a perfect Sunday night supper for two or a hearty salad course for four.

Quarter pound beef, shredded. Marinade: One dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon wine, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Two tablespoons oil, ½lb. cabbage, outside leaves discarded, washed, shredded, and sprinkled with 1 teaspoon salt, ½lb. tomatoes, peeled, sliced, and shredded.

Sauce: One teaspoon ginger root juice, 1½ dessertspoons sesame seed oil, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce mixed together.

Utensils and Equipment: Bowls, platter, skillet.

Marinate beef and let stand 5 minutes. Heat oil and saute beef until color changes. Remove to platter and cool. Squeeze water from cabbage. Arrange salad on a platter as follows: cabbage on the bottom, tomatoes next, and beef on top. Pour sauce on salad before serving. Serve cold.



Fried Fish Wrapped in Paper

(Recipe on opposite page)



Egg Roll

(See opposite)



FRIED FISH WRAPPED IN PAPER

(Picture opposite)

DEEP-FRIED fish wrapped in paper is so simple to prepare that even a beginner cook can produce a gourmet dish.

Half pound white-flesh fish fillet, sliced in 12 pieces, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon wine, dash of pepper, 12 slices of ginger, 12 snow peas, 12 small pieces of sliced onion or leek, 12 slices of mushroom, 2 teaspoons sesame-seed oil or lard, oil for deep-frying.

Utensils and equipment: Twelve 6in. squares of wax paper, deep-fryer, brush.

Sprinkle fish with salt, wine, and pepper. Smear centre of wax-paper squares with sesame-seed oil or lard, place on each one piece of fish, ginger, peas, onion, and mushroom. Fold wax paper like envelope, tuck in flap to secure. Heat oil, place wax-paper packets in, flap-side up. Deep-fry 3 minutes or until slightly brown. Remove from oil, drain, and serve hot. Paper wrapping should be broken in centre when ready to eat.

EGG ROLL

(Picture opposite)

EGG roll, an unusual combination of flavors, is a useful dish—equally welcome as a cocktail snack or a dinner side dish.

Half pound minced beef or pork, 2 teaspoons wine, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon ginger root juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cornflour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons onion, chopped, 1 tablespoon oil, 3 eggs, beaten and sprinkled with dash salt, 3 dessertspoons flour mixed with 3 dessertspoons water, oil for frying.

Utensils and equipment: Bowls, deep-fryer, 9in. skillet, knife.

Mix ground meat well with wine, soy, ginger root juice, salt, cornflour, and onion. Divide into 5 equal portions, flatten to pancake shape. Apply thin coating of oil on 9in. skillet and heat. Pour in 1-5th of egg mixture — enough to make thin pancake covering skillet bottom. As soon as egg sets, remove from heat to cool slightly. Using fingers, peel egg sheet from skillet, set aside. Repeat until all 5 sheets are finished. Place one portion of ground meat mixture on each egg sheet, roll from outside in sponge-roll style. Seal with flour-and-water mixture. Cut diagonally into 6 pieces. Heat oil, deep-fry. Serve with salt and ground pepper, ketchup, or your favorite condiment.

SWEET-AND-SOUR FISH

(Picture overleaf)

THIS recipe for sweet-and-sour fish is a new and different one for those who like to venture into new taste fields. And who doesn't?

One and a half pounds white fish, cleaned and scaled, oil for deep-frying, 1-3rd cup carrots, shredded, 1-3rd cup leek or onion, shredded, 1-3rd cup bamboo shoots, shredded, 1-3rd cup dried mushrooms, soaked, stems removed, and shredded, 3 dessertspoons oil.

Mixture A: Two tablespoons wine, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 2 tablespoons cornflour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour.

Mixture B: Two tablespoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon salt.

One dessertspoon cornflour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Utensils and equipment: Deep-fryer, absorbent paper, skillet, bowls.

Make 3 diagonal slashes on each side of fish. Rub well inside and out with Mixture A. Heat oil, deep-fry fish until crisp and golden brown (about 15 minutes). Remove fish to paper, drain. Flatten fish's stomach slightly to make fish stand as shown in picture overleaf. Place in slow oven to keep warm. Heat oil, saute carrots, leek or onion, bamboo shoots, and mushrooms over high heat 2 minutes. Add Mixture B, bring to boil. Add cornflour mixture and cook, stirring constantly, until it thickens. Pour over fish, serve hot.

EGGS AND CHICKEN IN POTATO BASKETS

(Picture overleaf)

FRIED hard-boiled quail eggs and diced chicken in shredded potato baskets make an unusual and appetising brunch dish.

Quail eggs: Eight quail eggs, hard-boiled and shelled (substitute pullet eggs), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce (or enough to cover), 2 teaspoons flour, oil for deep-frying.

Utensils and equipment: Bowl, skillet.

Soak shelled eggs in soy for 15 minutes, turning occasionally. Coat eggs lightly with flour. Heat oil and fry eggs until golden brown. Serve in potato basket as shown on page 16.

Potato basket: Two medium-sized potatoes, peeled and shredded fine (do not wash after shredding), oil for deep-frying. Utensils and equipment: Deep-fryer with basket, large spoon, fork.

Fill deep-fry basket with shredded potatoes. Heat oil and drop basket to fry. An oiled soup ladle can be substituted for deep-fry basket. Press potatoes firmly with back of spoon to make basket shape. Remove when golden brown. Loosen edges with fork to remove from basket.

Diced chicken: One $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. chicken fillet, diced in 1in. cubes and sprinkled with 1 teaspoon wine and 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 1-3rd cup cucumber, seeded and diced in 1in. cubes, 1-3rd cup dried mushrooms, soaked, stems removed, and sliced, 4 tablespoons oil.

Seasoning: Three dessertspoons soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour mixed with 1 teaspoon water.

Utensils and equipment: Skillets, bowls, platter.

Heat 3 tablespoons oil, saute chicken over medium heat until white, remove to platter. Add remaining tablespoon oil, add garlic, and saute until edges brown. Discard garlic. Place cucumber, mushrooms in skillet and mix for 1 minute. Add chicken and seasoning, stir a few times, thicken with cornflour mixture. Serve in potato basket.



Sweet-and-Sour Fish

(Recipe on page 15)



Eggs and Chicken in Potato Baskets

(Recipe on page 15)